HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

BOOK VIII.

CROWN-PRINCE RETRIEVED: LIFE AT CUSTRIN.

NOVEMBER 1730—FEBRUARY 1732.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	CHAPLAIN MULLER WAITS ON THE CROWN-PRINCE	1
II.	CROWN-PRINCE TO REPENT AND NOT PERISH .	4
	Crown-Prince begins a new course, p. 7.	
III.	WILHELMINA IS TO WED THE PRINCE OF BAIREUTH	10
IV.	CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN PREUSSEN AND ELSEWHERE	16
	Case of Schlubhut, p. 17.	
	Case of the Criminal-Collegium itself, 20.	
	Skipper Jenkins in the Gulf of Florida, 22.	
	Baby Carlos gets his Apanage, 24.	
V.	INTERVIEW OF MAJESTY AND CROWN-PRINCE AT CUSTRIN	26
	Schulenburg's Three Letters to Grumkow, on Visits to the Crown-Prince, during the Cüstrin time, p. 35.	
	His Majesty's Building Operations, 47.	
VI.	WILHELMINA'S WEDDING	50

BOOK IX.

LAST STAGE OF FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP: LIFE IN RUPPIN.

1732-1736.

I.	PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHRISTINA OF BRUNSWICK-BEVERN	58
	Who his Majesty's Choice is; and what the Crown-Prince thinks of it p. 66.	
	Duke of Lorraine arrives in Potsdam and in Berlin, 75.	
	Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to the Brunswick Charmer, Niece of Imperial Majesty, Monday evening, 10th March 1732, 77.	

CHAP. PAGE

II. SMALL INCIDENTS AT RUPPIN 79

III. THE SALZBURGERS 86

IV. PRUSSIAN MAJESTY VISITS THE KAISER . . 100

V. GHOST OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE RISES; TO NO PURPOSE 117
Session of Tobacco-Parliament, 6th December 1732, p. 120.

VI. KING AUGUST MEDITATING GREAT THINGS FOR POLAND 123

VII. CROWN-PRINCE'S MARRIAGE 127

VIII. KING AUGUST DIES; AND POLAND TAKES FIRE . 134
Poland has to find a new King, p. 136.
Of the Candidates; of the Conditions. How the Election went, 138.
Poland on Fire; Dantzig stands Siege, 142.

IX. KAISER'S SHADOW-HUNT HAS CAUGHT FIRE . 143
Subsequent course of the War, in the Italian part of it, p. 146.
Course of the War, in the German part of it, 148.

X. CROWN-PRINCE GOES TO THE RHINE CAMPAIGN . 149
Glimpse of Lieutenant Chasot, and of other Acquisitions, p. 174.
Crown-Prince's Visit to Baireuth on the way home, 176.

XI. IN PAPA'S SICK-ROOM; PRUSSIAN INSPECTIONS: END OF WAR 180

BOOK X.

AT REINSBERG. 1736-1740.

I. MANSION OF REINSBERG 196
Of Monsieur Jordan and the Literary Set, p. 205.

II. OF VOLTAIRE AND THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCES 210

III. CROWN-PRINCE MAKES A MORNING CALL . . 235

IV. NEWS OF THE DAY 242
Of Berg and Jülich again; and of Luiscius with the one Razor, p. 247.

V. VISIT AT LOO 251
Crown-Prince becomes a Freemason; and is harangued by Monsieur de Bielfeld, p. 254.
Seckendorf gets lodged in Grätz, 260.
The Ear of Jenkins reëmerges, 262.

CHAP. PAGE

VI. LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; JOURNEY TO PREUSSEN 264

Pine's Horace; and the Anti-Macchiavel, p. 266.
Friedrich in Preussen again; at the Stud of Trakehnen. A tragically great Event coming on, 270.

VII. LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG: TRANSIT OF BALTIMORE AND OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS. 275

Bielfeld, what he saw at Reinsberg and around, p. 279.
Turk War ends; Spanish War begins. A Wedding in Petersburg, 282.

VIII. DEATH OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM . . . 285

MAPS.

CUSTRIN 43

PHILIPSBURG 170

KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA . . . . *to face p.* 298

HISTORY

OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BOOK VIII.

CROWN-PRINCE RETRIEVED: LIFE AT CUSTRIN.

November 1730—February 1732.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPLAIN MULLER WAITS ON THE CROWN-PRINCE.

FRIEDRICH'S feelings at this juncture are not made known to us by himself in the least; or credibly by others in any considerable degree. As indeed in these confused Prussian History-Books, opulent in nugatory pedantisms and learned marine-stores, all that is human remains distressingly obscure to us; so seldom, and then only as through endless clouds of ever-whirling idle dust, can we catch the smallest direct feature of the young man, and of his real demeanour or meaning, on the present or other occasions! But it is evident this last phenomenon fell upon him like an overwhelming cataract; crushed him down under the immensity of sorrow, confusion and despair; his own death not a theory now, but probably a near fact,—a welcome one in wild moments, and then anon so unwelcome. Frustrate, bankrupt, chargeable with a friend's lost life, sure enough he, for one, is: what is to become of him? Whither is he to turn, thoroughly beaten, foiled in all his enterprises? Proud young soul as he was: the ruling Powers, be they just, be they unjust, have proved too hard for him! We

hear of tragic vestiges still traceable of Friedrich, belonging to this time: texts of Scripture quoted by him, pencil-sketches of his drawing; expressive of a mind dwelling in Golgothas, and pathetically, not defiantly, contemplating the very worst.

Chaplain Müller of the Gens-d'Armes, being found a pious and intelligent man, has his orders not to return at once from Cüstrin; but to stay there, and deal with the Prince, on that horrible Predestination topic and his other unexampled backslidings which have ended so. Müller staid accordingly, for a couple of weeks, intensely busy on the Predestination topic, and generally in assuaging, and mutually mollifying, paternal Majesty and afflicted Son. In all which he had good success; and especially on the Predestination point was triumphantly successful. Müller left a little Book in record of his procedures there; which, had it not been bound over to the official tone, might have told us something. His Correspondence with the King, during those two weeks, has likewise been mostly printed;[1] and is of course still more official,—teaching us next to nothing, except poor Friedrich Wilhelm's profoundly devotional mood, anxieties about 'the claws of Satan' and the like, which we were glad to hear of above. In Müller otherwise is small help for us.

But, fifty years afterwards, there was alive a Son of this Müller's; an innocent Country Parson, not wanting in sense, and with much simplicity and veracity; who was fished-out by Nicolai, and set to recalling what his Father used to say of this adventure, much the grandest of his life. In Müller Junior's Letter of Reminiscences to Nicolai we find some details, got from his Father, which are worth gleaning:

'When my Father first attempted, by royal order, to bring the 'Crown-Prince to acknowledgment and repentance of the fault com-'mitted, Crown-Prince gave this excuse or explanation: "As his 'Father could not endure the sight of him, he had meant to get out of 'the way of his displeasure, and go to a Court with which his Father 'was in friendship and relationship,"'—clearly indicating England, think the Müllers Junior and Senior.

'For proof that the intention was towards England this other 'circumstance serves, that the one confidant—Herr von Keith, if I 'mistake not' (no, you don't mistake), 'had already bespoken a ship 'for passage out.'—Here is something still more unexpected:

[1] Förster, i. 376-379.

'My Father used to say, he found an excellent knowledge and con-
'viction of the truths of religion in the Crown-Prince. By the Prince's
'arrangement, my Father, who at first lodged with the Commandant,
'had to take up his quarters in the room right above the Prince; who
'daily, often as early as six in the morning, rapped on the ceiling for
'him to come down; and then they would dispute and discuss, some-
'times half-days long, about the different tenets of the Christian Sects;
'—and my Father said, the Prince was perfectly at home in the Polemic
'Doctrines of the Reformed (Calvinistic) Church, even to the minutest
'points. As my Father brought him proofs from Scripture, the Prince
'asked him one time, How he could keep chapter and verse so exactly
'in his memory? Father drew from his pocket a little Hand-Concord-
'ance, and showed it him as one help. This he had to leave with the
'Prince for some days. On getting it back, he found inside on the fly-
'leaf, sketched in pencil,'—what is rather notable to History,—'the
'figure of a man on his knees, with two swords hanging crosswise over
'his head; and at the bottom these words of Psalm Seventy-third
'(verses 25, 26), *Whom have I in Heaven but thee? And there is none*
'upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart fainteth
'and faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for-
'ever.'—Poor Friedrich, this is a very unexpected pencil-sketch on his part; but an undeniable one; betokening abstruse night-thoughts and forebodings in the present juncture!—

'Whoever considers this fine knowledge of religion, and reflects on
'the peculiar character and genius of the young Herr, which was ever
'struggling towards light and clearness (for at that time he had *not* be-
'come indifferent to religion, he often prayed with my Father on his
'knees),—will find that it was morally impossible this young Prince
'could have thought' (as some foolish persons have asserted) 'of throw-
'ing himself into the arms of Papal Superstition,' (seeking help at Vienna, marrying an Austrian Archduchess, and I know not what,) 'or
'allow the intrigues of Catholic Priests to'—Oh no, Herr Müller, nobody but very foolish persons could imagine such a thing of this young Herr.

'When my Father, Herr von Katte's execution being ended, hast-
'ened to the Crown-Prince; he finds him miserably ill (*sehr alterirt*);
'advises him to take a cooling-powder in water, both which materials
'were ready on the table. This he presses on him: but the Prince al-
'ways shakes his head.' Suspects poison, you think? 'Hereupon my
'Father takes from his pocket a paper, in which he carried cooling-
'powder for his own use; shakes-out a portion of it into his hand, and
'so into his mouth; and now the Crown-Prince grips at my Father's
'powder, and takes that.' Privately to be made away with; death resolved upon in some way! thinks the desperate young man?[2]

That scene of Katte's execution, and of the Prince's and

[2] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 183-189.

other people's position in regard to it, has never yet been humanly set forth, otherwise the response had been different. Not humanly set forth,—and so was only barked at, as by the infinitude of little dogs, in all countries; and could never yet be responded to in austere *vox humana*, deep as a *De Profundis*, terrible as a Chorus of Æschylus,—for in effect that is rather the character of it, had the barking once pleased to cease.

'King of Prussia cannot sleep,' writes Dickens: 'the officers 'sit up with him every night, and in his slumbers he raves and 'talks of spirits and apparitions.'[3] We saw him, ghost-like, in the night-time, gliding about, seeking shelter with Feekin against ghosts; Ginkel by daylight saw him, now clad in thunderous tornado, and anon in sorrowful fog. Here, farther on, is a new item,—and joined to it and the others, a remarkable old one:

'In regard to Wilhelmina's marriage, and whether a Father 'cannot give his daughter in wedlock to whom he pleases, 'there have been eight Divines consulted, four Lutheran, four 'Reformed (Calvinist); who, all but one' (he of the Garrison Church, a rhadamanthine fellow in serge), have answered, "No, your Majesty!" 'It is remarkable that his Majesty has not 'gone to bed sober for this month past.'[4]

What Seckendorf and Grumkow thought of all these phenomena? They have done their job too well. They are all for mercy; lean with their whole weight that way, — in black qualms, one of them withal, thinking tremulously to himself, "What if his now Majesty were to die upon us, in the interim!"

CHAPTER II.

CROWN-PRINCE TO REPENT AND NOT PERISH.

In regard to Friedrich, the Court-Martial needs no amendment from the King; the sentence on Friedrich, a Lieutenant-Colonel guilty of desertion, is, from President and all members except two, Death as by law. The two who dissented, invoking royal clemency and pardon, were Major-Generals by rank,—Schwerin, as some write, one of them, or if not Schwerin,

[3] Despatch, 3d October 1730. [4] Dickens, 9th and 19th December 1730.

then Linger; and for certain, Dönhof,—two worthy gentlemen not known to any of my readers, nor to me, except as names. The rest are all coldly of opinion that the military code says Death. Other codes and considerations may say this and that, which it is not in their province to touch upon; this is what the military code says: and they leave it there.

The Junius Brutus of a Royal Majesty had answered in his own heart grimly, Well then! But his Councillors, Old Dessauer, Grumkow, Seckendorf, one and all interpose vehemently. "Prince of the Empire, your Majesty, not a Lieutenant-Colonel only! Must not, cannot;"—nay good old Buddenbrock, in the fire of still unsuccessful pleading, tore open his waistcoat: "If your Majesty requires blood, take mine; that other you shall never get, so long as I can speak!" Foreign Courts interpose; Sweden, the Dutch; the English in a circuitous way, round by Vienna to wit; finally the Kaiser himself sends an Autograph;[1] for poor Queen Sophie has applied even to Seckendorf, will be friends with Grumkow himself, and in her despair is knocking at every door. Junius Brutus is said to have had paternal affections withal. Friedrich Wilhelm, alone against the whispers of his own heart and the voices of all men, yields at last in this cause. To Seckendorf, who has chalked-out a milder didactic plan of treatment, still rigorous enough,[2] he at last admits that such plan is perhaps good; that the Kaiser's Letter has turned the scale with him; and the didactic method, not the beheading one, shall be tried. That Dönhof and Schwerin, with their talk of mercy, with "their eyes upon the Rising Sun," as is evident, have done themselves no good, and shall perhaps find it so one day. But that, at any rate, Friedrich's life is spared; Katte's execution shall suffice in that kind. Repentance, prostrate submission and amendment,—these may do yet more for the prodigal, if he will in heart return. These points, sometime before the 8th of November, we find to be as good as settled.

The unhappy prodigal is in no condition to resist farther. Chaplain Müller had introduced himself with Katte's dying admonition to the Crown-Prince to repent and submit. Chaplain Müller, with his wholesome cooling-powders, with his

[1] Date, 11th October 1730 (Förster, i. 380).
[2] His Letter to the King, 1st November 1730 (in Förster, i. 375, 376).

ghostly counsels, and considerations of temporal and eternal nature,—we saw how he prospered almost beyond hope. Even on Predestination, and the real nature of Election by Free Grace, all is coming right, or come, reports Müller. The Chaplain's Reports, Friedrich Wilhelm's grimly mollified Responses on the same: they are written, and in confused form have been printed; but shall be spared the English reader.

And Grumkow has been out at Cüstrin, preaching to the same purport from other texts: Grumkow, with the thought ever present to him, "What if Friedrich Wilhelm should die?" is naturally an eloquent preacher. Enough, it has been settled (perhaps before the day of Katte's death, or at the latest three days after it, as we can see), That if the Prince will, and can with free conscience, take an Oath ("no mental reservation," mark you!) of contrite repentance, of perfect prostrate submission, and purpose of future entire obedience and conformity to the paternal mind in all things, "*Gnadenwahl*" included,—the paternal mind may possibly relax his durance a little, and put him gradually on proof again.[3]

Towards which issue, as Chaplain Müller reports, the Crown-Prince is visibly gravitating, with all his weight and will. The very *Gnadenwahl* is settled; the young soul (truly a lover of Truth, your Majesty) taps on his ceiling, my floor being overhead, before the winter sun rises, as a signal that I must come down to him;—so eager to have error and darkness purged away. Believes himself, as I believe him, ready to undertake that Oath; desires, however, to see it first, that he may maturely study every clause of it.—Say you verily so? answers Majesty. And *may* my ursine heart flow out again, and blubber gratefully over a sinner saved, a poor Son plucked as brand from the burning? 'God, the Most High, give His 'blessing on it, then!' concludes the paternal Majesty: 'And 'as He often, by wondrous guidances, strange paths and thorny 'steps, will bring men into the Kingdom of Christ, so may our 'Divine Redeemer help that this prodigal son be brought into 'His communion. That his godless heart be beaten till it is 'softened and changed; and so he be snatched from the claws 'of Satan. This grant us the Almighty God and Father, for 'our Lord Jesus Christ and His passion and death's sake!

[3] King's Letter to Müller, 8th November (Förster, i. 379).

19th Nov. 1730.

'Amen!—I am, for the rest, your well-affectioned King, FRIED-'RICH WILHELM (*Wusterhausen, 8th November* 1730).'[4]

Crown-Prince begins a new Course.

It was Monday 6th November, when poor Katte died. Within a fortnight, on the second Sunday after, there has a Select Commission, Grumkow, Borck, Buddenbrock, with three other Soldiers, and the Privy Councillor Thulmeyer, come out to Cüstrin: there and then, Sunday November 19th,[5] these Seven, with due solemnity, administer the Oath (terms of Oath conceivable by readers); Friedrich being found ready. He signs the Oath, as well as audibly swears it: whereupon his sword is restored to him, and his prison-door opened. He steps forth to the Town Church with his Commissioners; takes the sacrament; listens, with all Cüstrin, to an allusive Sermon on the subject; 'text happily chosen, preacher handling it well.' Text was Psalm Seventy-seventh, verse eleventh (tenth of our English version), *And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High;* or, as Luther's version more intelligibly gives it, *This I have to suffer; the right hand of the Most High can change all.* Preacher (not Müller but another) rose gradually into didactic pathos; Prince, and all Cüstrin, were weeping, or near weeping, at the close of the business.[6]

Straight from Church the Prince is conducted, not to the Fortress, but to a certain Town Mansion, which he is to call his own henceforth, under conditions: an erring Prince half-liberated, and mercifully put on proof again. His first act here is to write, of his own composition, or helped by some official hand, this Letter to his All-serenest Papa; which must be introduced, though, except to readers of German who know the '*Dero*' (Theiro), '*Allerdurchlauchtigster*,' and strange pipe-clay solemnity of the Court-style, it is like to be in great part lost in any translation:

'Cüstrin, 19th November 1730.

'All-serenest and All-graciousest Father,—To your Royal Majesty, 'my All-graciousest Father, have,'—*i.e.* 'I have,' if one durst write the

[4] Förster, i. 379.

[5] Nicolai, exactest of men, only that Documents were occasionally less accessible in his time, gives (*Anekdoten*, vi. 187), 'Saturday November 25th,' as the day of the Oath; but, no doubt, the later inquirers, Preuss (i. 56) and others, have found him wrong in this small instance.

[6] Preuss, i. 56

'I,'—'by my disobedience as Theiro' (Youro) 'subject and soldier, 'not less than by my undutifulness as Theiro Son, given occasion to 'a just wrath and aversion against me. With the All-obedientest re- 'spect I submit myself wholly to the grace of my most All-gracious 'Father; and beg him, Most All-graciously to pardon me; as it is not 'so much the withdrawal of my liberty in a sad arrest (*malheureusen 'Arrest*), as my own thoughts of the fault I have committed, that have 'brought me to reason: Who, with all-obedientest respect and sub- 'mission, continue till my end,

'My All-graciousest King's and Father's faithfully obedientest 'Servant and Son,

'FRIEDRICH."[7]

This new House of Friedrich's in the little Town of Cüstrin, he finds arranged for him on rigorously thrifty principles, yet as a real Household of his own; and even in the form of a Court, with Hofmarschall, Kammerjunkers, and the other adjuncts;—Court reduced to its simplest expression, as the French say, and probably the cheapest that was ever set up. Hofmarschall (Court-Marshal) is one Wolden, a civilian Official here. The Kammerjunkers are Rohwedel and Natzmer; Natzmer Junior, son of a distinguished Feldmarschall: 'a good-hearted but foolish forward young fellow,' says Wilhelmina; 'the failure of a coxcomb (*petit-maître manqué*).' For example, once, strolling about in a solemn Kaiser's Soiree in Vienna, he found in some quiet corner the young Duke of Lorraine, Franz, who it is thought will be the divine Maria Theresa's husband, and Kaiser himself one day. Foolish Natzmer found this noble young gentleman in a remote corner of the Soiree; went up, nothing loath, to speak graciosities and insipidities to him: the noble young gentleman yawned, as was too natural, a wide long yawn; and in an insipid familiar manner, foolish Natzmer (Wilhelmina and the Berlin circles know it) put his finger into the noble young gentleman's mouth, and insipidly wagged it there. "Sir, you seem to forget where you are!" said the noble young gentleman; and closing his mouth with emphasis, turned away; but happily took no farther notice.[8] This is all we yet know of the history of Natzmer, whose heedless ways and slapdash speculations, tinted with natural ingenuity and goodhumour, are not unattractive to the Prince.

[7] Preuss, i. 56, 57; and Anonymous, *Friedrichs des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, Posen und Bromberg, 1838), p. 3.
[8] Wilhelmina, i. 310.

19th Nov. 1730.

Hofmarschall and these two Kammerjunkers are of the lawyer species; men intended for Official business, in which the Prince himself is now to be occupied. The Prince has four lackeys, two pages, one valet. He 'wears his sword, but has no sword-tash (*porte-épée*),' much less an officer's uniform: a mere Prince put upon his good behaviour again; not yet a soldier of the Prussian Army, only hoping to become so again. He wears a light-gray dress, '*hechtgrauer* (pike-gray) frock with narrow silver cordings;' and must recover his uniform, by proving himself gradually a new man.

For there is, along with the new household, a new employment laid out for him in Cüstrin; and it shall be seen what figure he makes in that, first of all. He is to sit in the *Domänen-Kammer* or Government Board here, as youngest Rath; no other career permitted. Let him learn Economics and the way of managing Domain Lands (a very principal item of the royal revenues in this Country): humble work, but useful; which he had better see well how he will do. Two elder Raths are appointed to instruct him in the Economic Sciences and Practices, if he show faculty and diligence;—which in fact he turns out to do, in a superior degree, having every motive to try.

This kind of life lasted with him for the next fifteen months, all through the year 1731 and farther; and must have been a very singular, and was probably a highly instructive year to him, not in the Domain Sciences alone. He is left wholly to himself. All his fellow-creatures, as it were, are watching him. Hundred-eyed Argus, or the Ear of Dionysius, that is to say, Tobacco-Parliament with its spies and reporters,—no stirring of his finger can escape it here. He has much suspicion to encounter: Papa looking always sadly askance, sadly incredulous, upon him. He is in correspondence with Grumkow; takes much advice from Grumkow (our prompter-general, president in the Dionysius'-Ear, and not an ill-wisher farther); professes much thankfulness to Grumkow, now and henceforth. Thank you for flinging me out of the six-story window, and catching me by the coatskirts!—Left altogether to himself, as we said; has in the whole Universe nothing that will save him but his own good sense, his own power of discovering what is what, and of doing what will be behoveful therein.

He is to quit his French literatures and pernicious practices, one and all. His very flute, most innocent "Princess," as he used to call his flute in old days, is denied him ever since he came to Cüstrin;—but by degrees he privately gets her back, and consorts much with her; wails forth, in beautiful adagios, emotions for which there is no other utterance at present. He has liberty of Cüstrin and the neighbourhood; out of Cüstrin he is not to lodge, any night, without leave had of the Commandant. Let him walk warily; and in good earnest study to become a new creature, useful for something in the Domain Sciences and otherwise.

CHAPTER III.

WILHELMINA IS TO WED THE PRINCE OF BAIREUTH.

CROWN-PRINCE FRIEDRICH being settled so far, his Majesty takes up the case of Wilhelmina, the other ravelled skein lying on hand. Wilhelmina has been prisoner in her Apartment at Berlin all this while: it is proper Wilhelmina be disposed of; either in wedlock, filially obedient to the royal mind; or in some much sterner way, 'within four walls,' it is whispered, if disobedient.

Poor Wilhelmina never thought of disobeying her parents: only, which of them to obey? King looks towards the Prince of Baireuth again, agreed on before those hurly-burlies now past; Queen looks far otherwards. Queen Sophie still desperately believes in the English match for Wilhelmina; and has subterranean correspondences with that Court; refusing to see that the negotiation is extinct there. Grumkow himself, so over-victorious in his late task, is now heeling towards England; 'sincere in his wish to be well with us,' thinks Dickens: Grumkow solaces her Majesty with delusive hopes in the English quarter. "Be firm, child; trust in my management; "only swear to me, on your eternal salvation, that never, on "any compulsion, will you marry another than the Prince of "Wales;—give me that oath!"[1] Such was Queen Sophie's last proposal to Wilhelmina,—night of the 27th of January 1731, as is computable,—her Majesty to leave for Potsdam on the morrow. They wept much together that night, but

[1] Wilhelmina, i. 314.

Feb. 1731.

Wilhelmina dextrously evaded the oath, on a religious ground. Prince of Baireuth, whom Papa may like or may not like, has never yet personally made appearance: who or what will make appearance, or how things can or will turn, except a bad road, is terribly a mystery to Wilhelmina.

What with chagrin and confinement, what with bad diet (for the very diet is bad, quality and quantity alike unspeakable), Wilhelmina sees herself 'reduced to a skeleton;' no company but her faithful Sonsfeld, no employment but her Books and Music;—struggles, however, still to keep heart. One day, it is in February 1731, as I compute, they are sitting, her Sonsfeld and she, at their sad mess of so-called dinner, in their remote upper story of the Berlin Schloss, tramp of sentries the one thing audible; and were 'looking mournfully at one 'another, with nothing to eat but a soup of salt and water, and 'a ragout of old bones full of hairs and slopperies,'—nothing else; that was its real quality, whatever fine name they might give it, says the vehement Princess,—'we heard a sharp tap-'ping at the window; and started up in surprise, to see what 'it could be. It was a raven, carrying in its beak a bit of 'bread, which it left on the window-sill, and flew away.'[2]

'Tears came into our eyes at this adventure.' Are we become as Hebrew Elijahs, then; so that the wild ravens have to bring us food? Truth is, there was nothing miraculous, as Wilhelmina found by and by. It was a tame raven,—not the soul of old George I., which lives at Isleworth on good pensions; but the pet raven of a certain Margravine, which lost its way among the intricate roofs here. But the incident was touching. "Well," exclaimed Wilhelmina, "in the Roman Histories I am "now reading, it is often said those creatures betoken good "luck." All Berlin, such the appetite for gossip, and such the famine of it in Berlin at present, talked of this minute event: and the French Colony,—old Protestant Colony, practical considerate people,—were so struck by it, they brought baskets of comfortable things to us, and left them daily, as if by accident, on some neutral ground, where the maid could pick them up, sentries refusing to see unless compelled. Which fine procedure has attached Wilhelmina to the French nation ever since, as a dextrous useful people, and has given her a disposition to help them where she could.

[2] Wilhelmina, i. 316.

The omen of the raven did not at once bring good luck: however, it did chance to be the turning-point, solstice of this long Greenland winter; after which, amid storms and alarms, daylight came steadily nearer. Storms and alarms: for there came rumours of quarrels out at Potsdam, quarrels on the old score between the Royal Spouses there; and frightful messages, through one Eversmann, an insolent royal lackey, about wedding Weissenfels, about imprisonment for life and other hard things; through all which Wilhelmina studied to keep her poor head steady, and answer with dignity yet discreetly. On the other hand, her Sisters are permitted to visit her, and perceptible assuagements come. At length, on the 11th of May, there came solemn Deputation, Borck, Grumkow, Thulmeyer in it, old real friends and pretended new; which set poor Wilhelmina wringing her hands (having had a Letter from Mamma overnight); but did bring about a solution. It was Friday 11th of May; a day of crisis in Wilhelmina's history; Queen commanding one thing, King another, and the hour of decision come.

Entering, announcing themselves, with dreadful solemnity, these gentlemen, Grumkow the spokesman, in soft phrase, but with strict clearness, made it apparent to her, That marry she must,—the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth,—and without the consent of both her parents, which was unattainable at present, but peremptorily under the command of one of them, whose vote was the supreme. Do this (or even say that you will do it, whisper some of the well-affected), his Majesty's paternal favour will return upon you like pent waters;—and the Queen will surely reconcile herself (or perhaps turn it all her own way yet! whisper the well-affected). Refuse to do it, her Majesty, your Royal Brother, you yourself Royal Highness, God only knows what the unheard-of issue will be for you all! Do it, let us advise you: you must, you must!—Wilhelmina wrung her hands; ran distractedly to and fro; the well-affected whispering to her, the others 'conversing at a window.' At length she did it. Will marry whom her all-gracious Papa appoints; never wished or meant the least disobedience; hopes, beyond all things, his paternal love will now return, and make everybody blessed;—and O, reconcile Mamma to me, ye well-affected! adds she.—Bravissimo! answer they: her Majesty, for certain, will reconcile herself; Crown-Prince get back from Cüstrin, and all will be well.[3]

[3] Wilhelmina, i. 327-333.

11th May 1731.

Friedrich Wilhelm was overjoyed; Queen Sophie Dorothee was in despair. With his Majesty, who 'wept' like a paternal bear, on reëmbracing Wilhelmina the obedient some days hence, it became a settled point, and was indicated to Wilhelmina as such, That the Crown-Prince would, on her actual wedding, probably get back from Cüstrin. But her Majesty's reconcilement,—this was very slow to follow. Her Majesty was still in flames of ire at their next interview; and poor Wilhelmina fainted, on approaching to kiss her hand. "Disgraced, vanquished, and my enemies triumphing!" said her Majesty; and vented her wrath on Wilhelmina; and fell ill (so soon as there was leisure), ill, like to die, and said, "Why pretend to weep, when it is you that have killed me!"—and indeed was altogether hard, bitter, upon the poor Princess; a chief sorrow to her in these trying months. Can there be such wrath in celestial minds, venting itself so unreasonably?—

At present there is no leisure for illness; grand visitors in quantity have come and are coming; and the Court is brilliant exceedingly;—his Majesty blazing out into the due magnificence, which was very great on this occasion, domestic matters looking up with him again. The Serenities of Brunswick are here, young and old; much liked by Friedrich Wilhelm; and almost reckoned family people,—ever since their Eldest Son was affianced to the Princess Charlotte here, last visit they made. To Princess Charlotte, Wilhelmina's second junior,—mischievous, coquettish creature she, though very pretty and insinuating, who seems to think her Intended rather a phlegmatic young gentleman, as Wilhelmina gradually discovers. Then there is old Duke Eberhard Ludwig, of Würtemberg, whom we saw at Ludwigsburg last year, in an intricate condition with his female world and otherwise, he too announces himself,—according to promise then given. Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig comes, stays three weeks in great splendour of welcome;—poor old gentleman, his one son is now dead; and things are getting earnest with him. On his return home, this time, he finds, according to order, the foul witch Grävenitz duly cleared away; reinstates his injured Duchess, with the due feelings, better late than never; and dies in a year or two, still childless.—

These are among the high guests at Berlin; and there are

plenty of others whom we do not name. Magnificent dining; with 'six-and-twenty blackamoors,' high-coloured creatures, marching up the grand staircase, round the table, round it, and then down again, melodious, doing 'janizary music,' if you happen to prefer that kind;—trained creatures these blackamoors, all got when boys, and set to cymballing and fifing betimes, adds my authority.[4] Dining, boar-hunting (if the boar be huntable), especially reviewing, fail not in those fine summer days.

One evening, it is Sunday 27th of May, latish, while the high guests, with Queen and Wilhelmina, are just passing in to supper (King's Majesty having 'gone to bed at seven,' to be well astir for the review tomorrow), a sound of wheels is heard in the court. Modest travelling-equipage rolls up into the inner court; to the foot of the grand staircase there, whither only Princes come:—who can it be? The Queen sends to inquire. Heavens, it is the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth! 'Medusa's Head never produced such effect as did this bit of 'news: Queen sat petrified; and I,' by reflex, was petrified too! Wilhelmina passed the miserablest night, no wink of sleep; and felt quite ill in the morning;—in dread, too, of Papa's rough jests,—and wretched enough. She had begged much, last night, to be excused from the review. But that could not be: "I must go," said the Queen after reflection, "and you with me." Which they did;—and diversified the pomp and circumstance of mock-war by a small unexpected scene.

Queen, Princess and the proper Dames had, by his Majesty's order, to pass before the line: Princess in much trouble, 'with three caps huddled on me, to conceal myself,' poor soul. Margraf of Schwedt, at the head of his regiment, 'looked swollen with rage,' high hopes gone in this manner;—and saluted us with eyes turned away. As for his Mother, the Dessau Margravine in high colours, she was 'blue in the face' all day. Lines passed, and salutations done, her Majesty and Dames withdrew to the safe distance, to look on:—Such a show, for pomp and circumstance, Wilhelmina owns, as could not be equalled in the world. Such wheeling, rhythmic coalescing and unfolding; accurate as clockwork, far and wide; swift big column here, hitting swift big column there, at the appointed place and moment; with their volleyings and trumpetings, bright uniforms and streamers and field-music,—in equipment

[4] Fassmann, p. 726, &c.

28th May 1731.

and manœuvre perfect all, to the meanest drummer or black kettledrummer :—supreme drill-sergeant playing on the thing, as on his huge piano, several square miles in area! Comes of the Old Dessauer, all this; of the "equal step;" of the abstruse meditations upon tactics, in that rough head of his. Very pretty indeed.—But in the mean while an Official steps up; cap in hand, approaches the Queen's carriage; says, He is ordered to introduce his Highness the Prince of Baireuth. Prince comes up accordingly; a personable young fellow; intelligent-looking, self-possessed; makes obeisance to her Majesty, who answers in frosty politeness; and—and Wilhelmina, faint, fasting, sleepless all night, fairly falls aswoon. Could not be helped: and the whole world saw it; and Guy Dickens and the Diplomatists wrote home about it, and there rose rumour and gossip enough![5] But that was the naked truth of it: hot weather, agitation, want of sleep, want of food; not aversion to the Hereditary Prince, nothing of that.

Rather the contrary, indeed; and, on better acquaintance, much the contrary. For he proved a very rational, honourable and eligible young Prince: modest, honest, with abundance of sense and spirit; kind too and good, hot temper well kept, temper hot not harsh; quietly holds his own in all circles; good discourse in him, too, and sharp repartee if requisite,—though he stammered somewhat in speaking. Submissive Wilhelmina feels that one might easily have had a worse husband. What glories for you in England! the Queen used to say to her in old times: "He is a Prince, that Frederick, who has a "good heart, and whose genius is very small. Rather ugly "than handsome; slightly out of shape even (*un peu contre-fait*). But provided you have the complaisance to suffer his "debaucheries, you will quite govern him; and you will be "more King than he, when once his Father is dead. Only "see what a part you will play! It will be you that decide "on the weal or woe of Europe, and give law to the Nation,"[6] —in a manner! Which Wilhelmina did not think a celestial prospect even then. Who knows but, of all the offers she had, 'four' or three 'crowned heads' among them, this final modest honest one may be intrinsically the best? Take your portion, if inevitable, and be thankful!—

[5] Dickens, of 2d June 1731 (in pathetic terms); Wilhelmina, i. 341 (without pathos).

[6] Wilhelmina, i. 143.

The Betrothal follows in about a week: Sunday 3d June 1731; with great magnificence, in presence of the high guests and all the world: and Wilhelmina is the affianced Bride of Friedrich of Baireuth:—and that enormous Double-Marriage Tragicomedy, of Much Ado about Nothing, is at last ended. Courage, friends; all things do end!—

The high guests hereupon go their ways again; and the Court of Berlin, one cannot but suppose, collapses, as after a great effort finished. Do not Friedrich Wilhelm and innumerable persons,—the readers and the writer of this History included,—feel a stone rolled off their hearts?—It is now, and not till now, that Queen Sophie falls sick, and like to die; and reproaches Wilhelmina with killing her. Friedrich Wilhelm hopes confidently, not; waits out at Potsdam, for a few days, till this killing danger pass; then departs, with double impetuosity, for Preussen, and dispatch of Public Business; such a mountain of Domestic Business being victoriously got under.

Poor King, his life, this long while, has been a series of earthquakes and titanic convulsions. Narrow miss he has had, of pulling down his house about his ears, and burying self, son, wife, family and fortunes, under the ruin-heap,—a monument to remote posterity. Never was such an enchanted dance, of well-intentioned Royal Bear with poetic temperament, piped to by two black-artists, for the Kaiser's and Pragmatic Sanction's sake! Let Tobacco-Parliament also rejoice; for truly the play was growing dangerous, of late. King and Parliament, we may suppose, return to Public Business with double vigour.

CHAPTER IV.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN PREUSSEN AND ELSEWHERE.

Not that his Majesty, while at the deepest in domestic intricacies, ever neglects Public Business. This very summer he is raising Hussar Squadrons; bent to introduce the Hussar kind of soldiery into his Army;—a good deal of horsebreaking and new sabre-exercise needed for that object.[1] The affairs of the Reich have at no moment been out of his eye; glad to see the Kaiser edging round to the Sea-Powers again, and

[1] Fassmann, pp. 417, 418.

June 1731.

things coming into their old posture, in spite of that sad Treaty of Seville.

Nay, for the last two years, while the domestic volcanos were at their worst, his Majesty has been extensively dealing with a new question which has risen, that of the *Salzburg Protestants;* concerning which we shall hear more anon. Far and wide, in the Diets and elsewhere, he has been diligently, piously and with solid judgment, handling this question of the poor Salzburgers; and has even stored up moneys in intended solace of them (for he foresees what the end will be);—moneys which, it appears about this time, a certain Official over in Preussen has been peculating! In the end of June, his Majesty sets off to Preussen on the usual Inspection Tour; which we should not mention, were it not in regard to that same Official, and to something very rhadamanthine and particular which befell him; significant of what his Majesty can do in the way of prompt justice.

Case of Schlubhut.

The Königsberg Domain-Board (*Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer*) had fallen awry, in various points, of late; several things known to be out-at-elbows in that Country; the Kammer Raths evidently lax at their post; for which reason they have been sharply questioned, and shaken by the collar, so to speak. Nay there is one Rath, a so-called Nobleman of those parts, by name Schlubhut, who has been found actually defaulting; peculating from that pious hoard intended for the Salzburgers: he is proved, and confesses, to have put into his own scandalous purse no less than 11,000 thalers, some say 30,000 (almost 5,000*l.*), which belonged to the Public Treasury and the Salzburg Protestants! These things, especially this latter unheard-of Schlubhut thing, the Supreme Court at Berlin (*Criminal-Collegium*) have been sitting on, for some time; and, in regard to Schlubhut, they have brought out a result, which Friedrich Wilhelm not a little admires at. Schlubhut clearly guilty of the defalcation, say they; but he has moneys, landed properties: let him refund, principal and interest; and have, say, three or four years' imprisonment, by way of memento. "Years' imprisonment? Refund? Is theft in the highest quarters a thing to be let-off for refunding?"

growls his Majesty; and will not confirm this sentence of his Criminal-Collegium; but leaves it till he get to the spot, and see with his own eyes. Schlubhut, in arrest or mild confinement all this while, ought to be bethinking himself more than he is!

Once on the spot, judge if the Königsberg Domain-Kammer had not a stiff muster to pass; especially if Schlubhut's drill-exercise was gentle! Schlubhut, summoned to private interview with his Majesty, carries his head higher than could be looked for: Is very sorry; knows not how it happened; meant always to refund; will refund, to the last penny, and make all good.—"Refund? Does He (*Er*) know what stealing means, then? How the commonest convicted private thief finds the gallows his portion; much more a public magistrate convicted of theft? Is He aware that He, in a very especial manner, deserves hanging, then?"—Schlubhut looks offended dignity; conscious of rank, if also of quasi-theft: "*Es ist nicht Manier* (it is not the polite thing) to hang a Prussian Nobleman on those light terms!" answers Schlubhut, high-mannered at the wrong time: "I can and will pay the money back!"—*Noble*-man? Money back? "I will none of His scoundrelly money." To strait Prison with this *Schurke!*—And thither he goes accordingly: unhappiest of mortals; to be conscious of rank, not at the right place, when about to steal the money, but at the wrong, when answering to Rhadamanthus on it!

And there, sure enough, Schlubhut lies, in his prison on the *Schlossplatz*, or Castle Square, of Königsberg, all night; and hears, close by the *Domänen-Kammer*, which is in the same Square, *Domänen-Kammer* where his Office used to be, a terrible sound of carpentering go on;—unhappiest of Prussian Noblemen. And in the morning, see, a high gallows built; close in upon the Domain-Kammer, looking into the very windows of it;—and there, sure enough, the unfortunate Schlubhut dies the thief's death, few hours hence, speaking or thinking what, no man reports to me. Death was certain for him; inevitable as fate. And so he vibrates there, admonitory to the other Raths for days,—some say for weeks,—till by humble petition they got the gallows removed. The stumps of it, sawed close by the stones, were long after visible in that Schlossplatz of Königsberg. Here is prompt justice with a

July 1731.

witness! Did readers ever hear of such a thing? There is no doubt about the fact,[2] though in all Prussian Books it is loosely smeared over, without the least precision of detail; and it was not till after long searching that I could so much as get it dated: July 1731, while Friedrich Crown-Prince is still in eclipse at Cüstrin, and some six weeks after Wilhelmina's betrothal. And here furthermore, direct from the then Schlubhut precincts, is a stray Note, meteorological chiefly; but worth picking up, since it is authentic. 'Wehlau,' we observe, is on the road homewards again,—on our *return* from uttermost Memel,—a day's journey hitherwards of that place, half a day's thitherwards of Königsberg:

'*Tuesday 10th July* 1731. King dining with General Dockum at 'Wehlau,'—where he had been again reviewing, for about forty hours, all manner of regiments brought to rendezvous there for the purpose, poor 'General Katte with his regiment' among them;—King at dinner with General Dockum after all that, 'took the resolution to be off to 'Königsberg; and arrived here at the stroke of midnight, in a deluge 'of rain.' This brings us within a day, or two days, of Schlubhut's death. Terrible 'combat of Bisons (*Uri*, or *Auerochsen*, with such 'manes, such heads), of two wild Bisons against six wild Bears,' then ensued; and the Schlubhut human tragedy; I know not in what sequence, —rather conjecture the Schlubhut had gone *first*. Pillau, road to Dantzig, on the narrow strip between the Frische Haf and Baltic, is the next stage homewards; at Pillau, General Finkenstein (excellent old Tutor of the Crown-Prince) is Commandant, and expects his rapid Majesty, day and hour given, to me not known. Majesty goes in three carriages; Old Dessauer, Grumkow, Seckendorf, Ginkel are among his suite; weather still very electric:

'At Fischhausen, half way to Pillau, Majesty had a bout of elk-'hunting; killed sixty elks' (Melton-Mowbray may consider it),— 'creatures of the deer sort, nimble as roes, but strong as bulls, and 'four palms higher than the biggest horse,—to the astonishment of 'Seckendorf, Ginkel and the strangers there. Half-an-hour short of 'Pillau, furious electricity again; thunderbolt shivered an oak-tree 'fifteen yards from Majesty's carriage. And at Pillau itself, the Bat-'talion in Garrison there, drawn-out in arms, by Count Finkenstein, to 'receive his Majesty' (rain over by this time, we can hope), 'had sud-'denly to rush forward and take new ground; Frische Haf, on some 'pressure from the elements, having suddenly gushed out, two hundred 'paces beyond its old watermark in that place.'[3]

[2] Benekendorf (Anonymous), *Karakterzüge aus dem Leben König Friedrich Wilhelm I.* (Berlin, 1788), vii. 15-20; Förster (ii. 268), &c. &c.

[3] See Mauvillon, ii. 293-297;—*correcting* by Fassmann, p. 422.

Pillau, Fischhausen,—this is where the excellent old Adalbert stamped the earth with his life 'in the shape of a crucifix' eight hundred years ago: and these are the new phenomena there!—The General Dockum, Colonel of Dragoons, whom his Majesty dined with at Wehlau, got his death not many months after. One of Dockum's Dragoon Lieutenants felt insulted at something, and demanded his discharge: discharge given, he challenged Dockum, duel of pistols, and shot him dead.[4] Nothing more to be said of Dockum, nor of that Lieutenant, in military annals.

Case of the Criminal-Collegium itself.

And thus was the error of the Criminal-Collegium rectified *in re* Schlubhut. For it is not in name only, but in fact, that this Sovereign is Supreme Judge, and bears the sword in God's stead,—interfering now and then, when need is, in this terrible manner. In the same dim authentic Benekendorf (himself a member of the Criminal-Collegium in later times), and from him in all the Books, is recorded another interference somewhat in the comic vein; which also we may give. Undisputed fact, again totally without precision or details; not even dateable, except that, on study, we perceive it may have been before this Schlubhut's execution, and after the Criminal-Collegium had committed their error about him,—must have been while this of Schlubhut was still vividly in mind. Here is the unprecise but indubitable fact, as the Prussian Dryasdust has left us his smear of it:

'One morning early' (might be before Schlubhut was hanged, and while only sentence of imprisonment and restitution lay on him), General Graf von Dönhof, Colonel of a Musketeer regiment, favourite old soldier,—who did vote on the mild side in that Court-Martial on the Crown-Prince lately; but I hope has been forgiven by his Majesty, being much esteemed by him these long years past;—this Dönhof, early one morning, calls upon the King, with a grimly lamenting air. "What is wrong, Herr General?"—"Your Majesty, my best musketeer, an excellent soldier, and of good inches, fell into a mistake lately,—bad company getting round the poor fellow; they, he among them, slipt into a house and stole some

[4] 7th April 1732 (*Militair-Lexikon*, i. 365).

1731.

thing; trifle and without violence: pay is but three half-pence, your Majesty, and the Devil tempts men! Well, the Criminal-Collegium have condemned him to be hanged; an excellent soldier and of good inches, for that one fault. Nobleman Schlubhut was 'to make restitution,' they decreed: that was their decree on Schlubhut, one of their own set; and this poor soldier, six feet three, your Majesty, is to dance on the top of nothing for a three-halfpenny matter!"—So would Dönhof represent the thing,—'fact being,' says my Dryasdust, 'it was 'a case of housebreaking with theft to the value of 6,000 tha-'lers, and this musketeer the ringleader!'—Well; but was Schlubhut sentenced to hanging? Do you keep two weights and two measures, in that Criminal-Collegium of yours, then?

Friedrich Wilhelm feels this sad contrast very much; the more, as the soldier is his own chattel withal, and of superlative inches: Friedrich Wilhelm flames-up into wrath; sends off swift messengers to bring these Judges, one and all, instantly into his presence. The Judges are still in their dressing-gowns, shaving, breakfasting; they make what haste they can. So soon as the first three or four are reported to be in the ante-room, Friedrich Wilhelm, in extreme impatience, has them called in; starts discoursing with them upon the two weights and two measures. Apologies, subterfuges do but provoke him farther; it is not long till he starts up, growling terribly: "*Ihr Schurken* (Ye Scoundrels), how could you?" and smites down upon the crowns of them with the Royal Cudgel itself. Fancy the hurry-scurry, the unforensic attitudes and pleadings! Royal Cudgel rains blows, right and left: blood is drawn, crowns cracked, crowns nearly broken; and 'several Judges lost a few teeth, and had their noses battered,' before they could get out. The second relay meeting them in this dilapidated state, on the staircases, dashed home again without the honour of a Royal interview.[5] Let them learn to keep one balance, and one set of weights, in their Law-Court henceforth.—This is an actual scene, of date Berlin 1731 or thereby; unusual in the annals of Themis. Of which no constitutional country can hope to see the fellow, were the need never so pressing.—I wish his Majesty had been a thought more equal, when he was so rhadamanthine! Schlubhut he hanged, Schlubhut being only Schlubhut's chattel; this musketeer, his Majesty's own

[5] Benekendorf, vii. 33; Förster, ii. 270.

chattel, he did not hang, but set him shouldering arms again, after some preliminary dusting !—

His Majesty was always excessively severe on defalcations ; any Chancellor with his Exchequer-bills gone wrong, would have fared ill in that country. One Treasury dignitary, named Wilke (who had 'dealt in tall recruits,' as a kind of bye-trade, and played foul in some slight measure), the King was clear for hanging ; his poor Wife galloped to Potsdam, shrieking mercy ; upon which Friedrich Wilhelm had him whipt by the hangman, and stuck for life into Spandau. Still more tragical was poor Hesse's case. Hesse, some domain Rath out at Königsberg, concerned with moneys, was found with account-books in a state of confusion, and several thousands short, when the outcome was cleared up. What has become of these thousands, Sir? Poor old Hesse could not tell : "God is my witness, no penny of them ever stuck to me," asseverated poor old Hesse ; "but where they are—? My account-books are in such a state ;—alas, and my poor old memory is not what it was !" They brought him to Berlin ; in the end they actually hanged the poor old soul ;—and then afterwards in his dusty lumber-rooms, hidden in pots, stuffed into this nook and that, most or all of the money was found ![6] Date and document exist for all these cases, though my Dryasdust gives none ; and the cases are indubitable ; very rhadamanthine indeed. The soft quality of mercy,—ah, yes, it is beautiful and blessed, when permissible (though thrice-accursed, when not) : but it is on the hard quality of justice, first of all, that Empires are built up, and beneficent and lasting things become achievable to mankind, in this world !—

Skipper Jenkins in the Gulf of Florida.

A couple of weeks before Schlubhut's death, the English Newspapers are somewhat astir,—in the way of narrative merely, as yet. Ship Rebecca, Captain Robert Jenkins Master, has arrived in the Port of London, with a strange story in her logbook. Of which, after due sifting, this is accurately the substance :

'*London, 23d-27th June* 1731. Captain Jenkins left this Port with 'the Rebecca, several months ago ; sailed to Jamaica, for a cargo of

[6] Förster (ii. 269) &c. &c.

1731.

'sugar. He took in his cargo at Jamaica; put to sea again, 5th April '1731, and proceeded on the voyage homewards; with indifferent 'winds for the first fortnight. April 20th, with no wind or none that 'would suit, he was hanging about in the entrance of the Gulf of 'Florida, not far from the Havana,'—almost too near it, I should think; but these baffling winds!—'not far from the Havana, when a 'Spanish Guarda-Costa hove in sight; came down on Jenkins, and 'furiously boarded him: "Scoundrel, what do *you* want; contraband-'ing in these seas? Jamaica, say you? Sugar? Likely! Let us see 'your logwood, hides, Spanish pieces-of-eight!" And broke in upon 'Jenkins, ship and person, in a most extraordinary manner. Tore-up 'his hatches; plunged down, seeking logwood, hides, pieces-of-eight; 'found none,—not the least trace of contraband on board of Jenkins. 'They brought up his quadrants, sextants, however; likewise his stock 'of tallow-candles: they shook and rummaged him, and all things, for 'pieces-of-eight; furiously advised him, cutlass in hand, to confess 'guilt. They slashed the head of Jenkins, his left ear almost off. Order 'had been given, "Scalp him!"—but as he had no hair, they omitted 'that; merely brought away the wig, and slashed:—still no confession, 'nor any pieces-of-eight. They hung him up to the yardarm,—actual 'neck-halter, but it seems to have been tarry, and did not run:—still 'no confession. They hoisted him higher, tied his cabin-boy to his 'feet; neck-halter then became awfully stringent upon Jenkins; had 'not the cabin-boy (without head to speak of) slipt through, noose be-'ing tarry; which was a sensible relief to Jenkins. Before very death, 'they lowered Jenkins, "Confess, scoundrel, then!" Scoundrel could 'not confess; spoke of "British Majesty's flag, peaceable English sub-'ject on the high seas."—"British Majesty; high seas!" answered they, 'and again hoisted. Thrice over they tried Jenkins in this manner at 'the yardarm, once with cabin-boy at his feet: never had man such a 'day, outrageous whiskerando cutthroats tossing him about, his poor 'Rebecca and him, at such rate! Sun getting low, and not the least 'trace of contraband found, they made a last assault on Jenkins; 'clutched the bloody slit ear of him; tore it mercilessly off; flung it 'in his face, "Carry that to your King, and tell him of it!" Then went 'their way; taking Jenkins's tallow-candles, and the best of his sextants 'with them; so that he could hardly work his passage home again, for 'want of latitudes;—and has lost in goods 11*l.*, not to speak of his 'ear. Strictly true all this; ship's company, if required, will testify on 'their oath."

These surely are singular facts; calculated to awaken a maritime public careful of its honour. Which they did,—after about eight years, as the reader will see! For the present, there are growlings in the coffeehouses; and, '*Thursday 28th*

[7] *Daily Journal* (and the other London Newspapers), 12th-17th June (o.s.) 1731. Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 579, 560 (indistinct, and needing correction).

'*June*,' say the Newspapers, 'This day Captain Jenkins with 'his Owners,' ear in his pocket, I hope, 'went out to Hamp-'ton Court to lay the matter before his Grace of Newcastle :' "Please your Grace, it is hardly three months since the illustrious Treaty of Vienna was signed ; Dutch and we leading-in the Termagant of Spain, and nothing but halcyon weather to be looked for on that side !" Grace of Newcastle, anxious to avoid trouble with Spain, answers I can only fancy what ; and nothing was done upon Jenkins and his ear ;[8]—may 'keep it in cotton,' if he like ; shall have 'a better ship' for some solacement. This is the first emergence of Jenkins and his ear upon negligent mankind. He and it will marvellously reëmerge, one day !—

Baby Carlos gets his Apanage.

But in regard to that Treaty of Vienna, seventh and last of the travail-throes for Baby Carlos's Apanage, let the too oblivious reader accept the following Extract, to keep him on a level with Public 'Events,' as they are pleased to denominate themselves :

'By that dreadful Treaty of Seville, Cardinal Fleury and the Spaniards 'should have joined with England, and coerced the Kaiser *vi et armis* 'to admit Spanish Garrisons' (instead of neutral) 'into Parma and Pia-'cenza, and so secure Baby Carlos his heritage there, which all Nature 'was in travail till he got. "War in Italy to a certainty !" said all the 'Newspapers, after Seville : and Crown-Prince Friedrich, we saw, was 'running off to have a stroke in said War ;—inevitable, as the Kaiser 'still obstinately refused. And the English, and great George their 'King, were ready. Nevertheless, no War came. Old Fleury, not 'wanting war, wanting only to fish-out something useful for himself,— 'Lorraine how welcome, and indeed the smallest contributions are wel-'come !—Old Fleury manœuvered, hung back ; till the Spaniards and 'Termagant Elizabeth lost all patience, and the very English were weary, 'and getting suspicious. Whereupon the Kaiser edged round to the 'Sea-Powers again, or they to him ; and comfortable *As-you-were* was 'got accomplished : much to the joy of Friedrich Wilhelm and others. 'Here are some of the dates to these sublime phenomena :

'*March 16th*, 1731, Treaty of Vienna, England and the Kaiser 'coalescing again into comfortable *As-you-were*. Treaty done by Ro-'binson' (Sir Thomas, ultimately Earl of Grantham, whom we shall

[8] 'The Spaniards own they did a witty thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.'
POPE (date not given me).

1731.

often hear of in time coming); 'was confirmed and enlarged by a kind of 'second edition, 22d July 1731; Dutch joining, Spain itself acceding, 'and all being now right. Which could hardly have been expected.

'For before the first edition of that Treaty, and while Robinson at 'Vienna was still labouring like Hercules in it,—the poor Duke of 'Parma died. Died; and no vestige of a "Spanish Garrison" yet 'there, to induct Baby Carlos according to old bargain. On the con- 'trary, the Kaiser himself took possession,—"till once the Duke's 'Widow, who declares herself in the family-way, be brought to bed! 'If of a Son, of course he must have the Duchies; if of a Daughter 'only, then Carlos *shall* get them, let not Robinson fear." The due 'months ran, but neither son nor daughter came; and the Treaty of 'Vienna, first edition and also second, was signed; and,

'*October 20th*, 1731, Spanish Garrisons, no longer an hypothesis, 'but a bodily fact, 6,000 strong, "convoyed by the British Fleet," 'came into Leghorn, and proceeded to lodge themselves in the long- 'litigated Parma and Piacenza;—and, in fine, the day after Christmas, 'blessed be Heaven,

'*December 26th*, Baby Carlos in highest person came in: Baby 'Carlos (more power to him!) got the Duchies, and we hope there 'was an end. No young gentleman ever had such a pother to make 'among his fellow-creatures about a little heritable property. If Baby 'Carlos's performance in it be anything in proportion, he will be a 'supereminent sovereign!

'There is still some haggle about Tuscany, the Duke of which is 'old and heirless; Last of the Medici, as he proved. Baby Carlos 'would much like to have Tuscany too; but that is a Fief of the Empire, 'and might easily be better disposed of, thinks the Kaiser. A more or 'less uncertain point, that of Tuscany; as many points are! Last of 'the Medici complained, in a polite manner, that they were parting his 'clothes before he had put them off: however, having no strength, he 'did not attempt resistance, but politely composed himself, "Well, 'then!"[9] Do readers need to be informed that this same Baby Carlos 'came to be King of Naples, and even ultimately to be Carlos III. of 'Spain, leaving a younger Son to be King of Naples, ancestor of the 'now Majesty there?'

And thus, after such Diplomatic earthquakes and travail of Nature, there is at last birth; the Seventh Travail-throe has been successful, in some measure successful. Here actually is Baby Carlos's Apanage; there probably, by favour of Heaven and of the Sea-Powers, will the Kaiser's Pragmatic Sanction be, one day. Treaty of Seville, most imminent of all those dreadful Imminences of War, has passed off as they all did;

[9] Schöll, ii. 219-221; Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 346; Coxe's *House of Austria* (London, 1854), iii. 151.

peaceably adjusts itself into Treaty of Vienna: A Termagant, as it were, sated; a Kaiser hopeful to be so, Pragmatic Sanction and all: for the Sea-Powers and everybody mere halcyon weather henceforth,—not extending to the Gulf of Florida and Captain Jenkins, as would seem! Robinson, who did the thing, —an expert man, bred to business as old Horace Walpole's Secretary, at Soissons and elsewhere, and now come to act on his own score,—regards this Treaty of Vienna (which indeed had its multiform difficulties) as a thing to immortalise a man.

Crown-Prince has, long since, by Papa's order, written to the Kaiser, to thank Imperial Majesty for that beneficent intercession, which has proved the saving of his life, as Papa inculcates. We must now see a little how the saved Crown-Prince is getting on, in his eclipsed state, among the Domain Sciences at Cüstrin.

CHAPTER V.

INTERVIEW OF MAJESTY AND CROWN-PRINCE AT CUSTRIN.

EVER since the end of November last year, Crown-Prince Friedrich, in the eclipsed state, at Cüstrin, has been prosecuting his probationary course, in the Domain Sciences and otherwise, with all the patience, diligence and dexterity he could. It is false, what one reads in some foolish Books, that Friedrich neglected the functions assigned him as assessor in the *Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer*. That would not have been the safe course for him! The truth still evident is, he set himself with diligence to learn the Friedrich-Wilhelm methods of administering Domains, and the art of Finance in general, especially of Prussian Finance, the best extant then or since;—Finance, Police, Administrative Business;—and profited well by the Raths appointed as tutors to him, in the respective branches. One Hille was his Finance-tutor; whose '*Kompendium*,' drawn up and made use of on this occasion, has been printed in our time; and is said to be, in brief compass, a highly instructive Piece; throwing clear light on the exemplary Friedrich-Wilhelm methods.[1] These the Prince did actually learn; and also practise, all his life,—'essentially fol-

[1] Preuss, i. 59 n.

lowing his Father's methods,' say the Authorities,—with great advantage to himself, when the time came.

Solid Nicolai hunted diligently after traces of him in the Assessor business here; and found some:—Order from Papa, to 'make Report upon the Glassworks of the Neumark:' Autograph signatures to common Reports, one or two; and some traditions of his having had a hand in planning certain Farm-Buildings still standing in those parts:—but as the Kammer Records of Cüstrin, and Cüstrin itself, were utterly burnt by the Russians in 1758, such traces had mostly vanished thirty years before Nicolai's time.[2] Enough have turned up since, in the form of Correspondence with the King and otherwise: and it is certain the Crown-Prince did plan Farm-Buildings;—'both Carzig and Himmelstädt (Carzig now called *Friedrichs-felde* in consequence),'* dim mossy Steadings, which pious Antiquarianism can pilgrim to if it likes, were built or rebuilt by him:—and it is remarkable withal how thoroughly instructed Friedrich Wilhelm shows himself in such matters; and how paternally delighted to receive such proposals of improvement introducible at the said Carzig and Himmelstädt, and to find young Graceless so diligent, and his ideas even good.[3] Perhaps a momentary glance into those affairs may be permitted farther on.

The Prince's life, in this his eclipsed state, is one of constraint, anxiety, continual liability; but after the first months are well over, it begins to be more supportable than we should think. He is fixed to the little Town; cannot be absent any night, without leave from the Commandant; which, however, and the various similar restrictions, are more formal than real. An amiable Crown-Prince, no soul in Cüstrin but would run by night or by day to serve him. He drives and rides about, in that green peaty country, on Domain business, on visits, on permissible amusement, pretty much at his own modest discretion. A green flat region, made of peat and sand; human industry needing to be always busy on it: raised causeways with incessant bridges, black sedgy ditch on this hand and that; many meres, muddy pools, stagnant or flowing waters everywhere; big muddy Oder, of yellowish-drab colour, coming from the south, big black Warta (Warthe)

[2] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 193.
[3] Förster, ii. 390, 387, 391.

* See Map at p. 43.

from the Polish fens in the east, the black and yellow refusing to mingle for some miles. Nothing of the picturesque in this country; but a good deal of the useful, of the improvable by economic science; and more of fine productions in it, too, of the floral, and still more interesting sorts, than you would suspect at first sight. Friedrich's worst pinch was his dreadful straitness of income; checking one's noble tendencies on every hand: but the gentry of the district privately subscribed gifts for him (*se cotisirent*, says Wilhelmina); and one way and other he contrived to make ends meet. Münchow, his President in the Kammer, next to whom sits Friedrich, 'King's place standing always ready but empty there,' is heartily his friend; the Münchows are diligent in getting up balls, rural gaieties, for him; so the Hilles,—nay Hille, severe Finance Tutor, has a Mamsell Hille whom it is pleasant to dance with;[4] nor indeed is she the only fascinating specimen, or flower of loveliness, in those peaty regions, as we shall see. On the whole, his Royal Highness, after the first paroxysms of Royal suspicion are over, and forgiveness beginning to seem possible to the Royal mind, has a supportable time of it; and possesses his soul in patience, in activity and hope.

Unpermitted things, once for all, he must avoid to do: perhaps he will gradually discover that many of them were foolish things better not done. He walks warily; to this all things continually admonish. We trace in him some real desire to be wise, to do and learn what is useful if he can here. But the grand problem, which is reality itself to him, is always, To regain favour with Papa. And this, Papa being what he is, gives a twist to all other problems the young man may have, for they must all shape themselves by this; and introduces something of artificial,—not properly of hypocritical, for that too is fatal if found out,—but of calculated, reticent, of half-sincere, on the Son's part: an inevitable feature, plentifully visible in their Correspondence now and henceforth. Corresponding with Papa and his Grumkow, and watched, at every step, by such an Argus as the Tobacco-Parliament, real frankness of speech is not quite the recommendable thing; apparent frankness may be the safer! Besides mastery in the Domain Sciences, I perceive the Crown-Prince had to study here another art, useful to him in after life: the art of wearing

[4] Preuss, i. 59.

among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak-of-darkness. Gradually he becomes master of it as few are: a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them. An art no less essential to Royalty than that of the Domain Sciences itself; and,—if at all consummately done, and with a scorn of mendacity for help, as in this case,—a difficult art. It is the chief feature in the Two or Three Thousand *Letters* we yet have of Friedrich's to all manner of correspondents: Letters written with the gracefulest flowing rapidity; polite, affable,—refusing to give you the least glimpse into his real inner man, or tell you any particular you might impertinently wish to know.

As the History of Friedrich, in this Cüstrin epoch, and indeed in all epochs and parts, is still little other than a whirlpool of simmering confusions, dust mainly, and sibylline paper-shreds, in the pages of poor Dryasdust, perhaps we cannot do better than snatch a shred or two (of the partly legible kind, or capable of being made legible) out of that hideous cauldron; pin them down at their proper dates; and try if the reader can, by such means, catch a glimpse of the thing with his own eyes. Here is shred first; a Piece in Grumkow's hand.

This treats of a very grand incident; which forms an era or turning-point in the Cüstrin life. Majesty has actually, after hopes long held out of such a thing, looked in upon the Prodigal at Cüstrin, in testimony of possible pardon in the distance;—sees him again, for the first time since that scene at Wesel with the drawn sword, after year and day. Grumkow, for behoof of Seckendorf and the Vienna people, has drawn a rough 'Protocol' of it; and here it is, snatched from the Dust-whirlwinds, and faithfully presented to the English reader. His Majesty is travelling towards Sonnenburg, on some grand Knight-of-Malta Ceremony there; and halts at Cüstrin for a couple of hours as he passes:

Grumkow's 'Protokoll' of the 15th August 1731; or Summary of what took place at Cüstrin that day.

'His Majesty arrived at Cüstrin yesterday' (*gestern*, Monday 15th, —hour not mentioned), 'and proceeded at once to the Government

'House, with an attendance of several hundred persons. Major-General 'Lepel,' Commandant of Cüstrin, 'Colonel Derschau and myself are 'immediately sent for to his Majesty's apartment there. Privy-Coun- 'cillor Wolden,' Prince's Hofmarschall, a solid legal man, 'is ordered 'by his Majesty to bring the Crown-Prince over from his house; who 'accordingly in few minutes, attended by Rohwedel and Natzmer,' the two Kammerjunkers, 'entered the room where his Majesty and we were.

'So soon as his Majesty, turning round, had sight of him, the 'Crown-Prince fell at his feet. Having bidden him rise, his Majesty 'said with a severe mien:

'"You will now bethink yourself what passed year and day ago; "and how scandalously you saw fit to behave yourself, and what a "godless enterprise you took in hand. As I have had you about me "from the beginning, and must know you well, I did all in the world "that was in my power, by kindness and by harshness, to make an "honourable man of you. As I rather suspected your evil purpose, I "treated you in the harshest and sharpest way in the Saxon Camp," at Radewitz, in those gala days, "in hopes you would consider your- "self, and take another line of conduct; would confess your faults to "me, and beg forgiveness. But all in vain; you grew ever more stiff- "necked. When a young man gets into follies with women, one may "try to overlook it as the fault of his age: but to do with forethought "basenesses (*lâchetéen*) and ugly actions; that is unpardonable. You "thought to carry it through with your headstrong humour: but hark "ye, my lad (*höre, mein Kerl*), if thou wert sixty or seventy instead "of eighteen, thou couldst not cross my resolutions." It would take a bigger man to do that, my lad! "And as, up to this date (*bis dato*) "I have managed to sustain myself against any comer, there will be "methods found of bringing thee to reason too!—

'"How have not I, on all occasions, meant honourably by you! "Last time I got wind of your debts, how did I, as a Father, admon- "ish you to tell me all; I would pay all, you were only to tell me the "truth. Whereupon you said, There were still Two-thousand Thalers "beyond the sum named. I paid these also at once; and fancied I had "made peace with you. And then it was found, by and by, you owed "many thousands more; and as you now knew you could not pay, it "was as good as if the money had been stolen;—not to reckon how "the French vermin, Montholieu and partner, cheated you with their "new loans." Pfui!— —"Nothing touched me so much" (continues his Majesty, verging towards the pathetic), "as that you had not any "trust in me. All this that I was doing for aggrandisement of the "House, the Army and Finances, could only be for you, if you made "yourself worthy of it! I here declare I have done all things to gain "your friendship;—and all has been in vain!" At which words the 'Crown-Prince, with a very sorrowful gesture, threw himself at his 'Majesty's feet,'—tears (presumably) in both their eyes by this time.

'"Was it not your intention to go to England?" asked his Majesty 'farther on. The Prince answered "*Ja!*"—"Then hear what the "consequences would have been. Your Mother would have got into "the greatest misery; I could not but have suspected she was the "author of the business. Your Sister I would have cast, for life, into "a place where she never would have seen sun and moon again. Then "on with my Army into Hanover, and burn and ravage; yes, if it had "cost me life, land and people. Your thoughtless and godless conduct, "see what it was leading to. I intended to employ you in all manner "of business, civil, military; but how, after such an action, could I "show the face of you to my Officers (soldiers) and other servants?—"The one way of repairing all this is, That you seek, regardless of your "very life in comparison, to make the fault good again!" At which 'words the Crown-Prince mournfully threw himself at his Royal Ma-'jesty's feet; begging to be put upon the hardest proofs: He would 'endure all things, so as to recover his Majesty's grace and esteem.

'Whereupon the King asked him: "Was it thou that temptedst 'Katte; or did Katte tempt thee?" The Crown-Prince without hesit-'ation answered, "I tempted him."—"I am glad to hear the truth 'from you, at any rate."'

The Dialogue now branches out, into complex general form; out of which, intent upon abridging, we gather the following points. King *loquitur:*

"How do you like your Cüstrin life? Still as much aversion to "Wusterhausen, and to wearing your shroud" (*Sterbekittel*, name for the tight uniform you would now be so glad of, and think quite other than a shroud!) "as you called it?" Prince's answer wanting.—"Likely "enough my company does not suit you: I have no French manners, "and cannot bring out *bon-mots* in the *petit-maître* way; and truly re-"gard all that as a thing to be flung to the dogs. I am a German "Prince; and mean to live and die in that character. But you can now "say what you have got by your caprices and obstinate heart; hating "everything that I liked; and if I distinguished any one, despising "him! If an Officer was put in arrest, you took to lamenting about "him. Your real friends, who intended your good, you hated and "calumniated; those that flattered you, and encouraged your bad "purpose, you caressed. You see what that has come to. In Berlin, "in all Prussia for some time back, nobody asks after you, Whether "you are in the world or not; and were it not one or the other coming "from Cüstrin who reports you as playing tennis and wearing French "hairbags, nobody would know whether you were alive or dead."

Hard sayings; to which the Prince's answers (if there were any beyond mournful gestures) are not given. We come now upon Predestination, or the *Gnadenwahl;* and learn (with real interest, not of the laughing sort alone) how his 'Majesty, in the most conclusive way, set 'forth the horrible results of that Absolute-Decree notion; which makes 'out God to be the Author of Sin, and that Jesus Christ died only for

'some! Upon which the Crown-Prince vowed and declared (*hoch und theuer*), he was now wholly of his Majesty's orthodox opinion.'

The King, now thoroughly moved, expresses satisfaction at the orthodoxy; and adds with enthusiasm, "When godless fellows about "you speak against your duties to God, the King and your Country, "fall instantly on your knees, and pray with your whole soul to Jesus "Christ to deliver you from such wickedness, and lead you on better "ways. And if it come in earnest from your heart, Jesus, who would "have all men saved, will not leave you unheard." No! And so may God in his mercy aid you, poor son Fritz. And as for me, in hopes the time coming will show fruits, I forgive you what is past.—To which the Crown-Prince answered with monosyllables, with many tears; 'kissing his Majesty's feet;'—and as the King's eyes were not dry, he withdrew into another room; revolving many things in his altered soul.

'It being his Majesty's birthday' (4th August by *old style*, 15th by *new*, forty-third birthday), 'the Prince, all bewept and in emotion, 'followed his Father; and, again falling prostrate, testified such heart-'felt joy, gratitude and affection over this blessed anniversary, as quite 'touched the heart of Papa; who at last clasped him in his arms' (poor soul, after all!), 'and hurried out to avoid blubbering quite aloud. He 'stept into his carriage,' intending for Sonnenburg (chiefly by water) this evening, where a Serene Cousin, one of the Schwedt Margraves, Head Knight of Malta, has his establishment.

'The Crown-Prince followed his Majesty out; and, in the presence 'of many hundred people, kissed his Majesty's feet' again (linen gaiters, not Day-and-Martin shoes); 'and was again embraced by his Majesty, 'who said, "Behave well, as I see you mean, and I will take care of 'you," which threw the Crown-Prince into such an ecstasy of joy as 'no pen can express:' and so the carriages rolled away,—towards the Knights-of-Malta business and Palace of the Head Knight of Malta, in the first place.[5]

These are the main points, says Grumkow, reporting next day; and the reader must interpret them as he can. A Crown-Prince with excellent histrionic talents, thinks the reader. Well; a certain exaggeration, immensity of wish becoming itself enthusiasm; somewhat of that: but that is by no means the whole or even the main part of the phenomenon, O reader. This Crown-Prince has a real affection to his Father, as we shall in time convince ourselves. Say, at lowest, a Crown-Prince loyal to fact; able to recognise overwhelming fact, and aware that he must surrender thereto. Surrender once made, the element much clears itself; Papa's side of the question getting fairly stated for the first time. Sure enough, Papa is

[5] Förster, iii. 50-54.

God's Vicegerent in several undeniable respects, most important some of them: better try if we can obey Papa.

Dim old Fassmann yields a spark or two,—as to his Majesty's errand at Sonnenburg. Majesty is going to preside tomorrow 'at the Installation of young Margraf Karl, new *Herrmeister* (Grand-Master) of the Knights of St. John' there; 'the Office having suddenly fallen vacant lately.' Office which is is an heirloom;—usually held by one of the Margraves, half-uncles of the King,—some junior of them, not provided for at Schwedt or otherwise. Margraf Albert, the last occupant, an old gentleman of sixty, died lately, 'by stroke of apoplexy while at dinner;'[6]—and his eldest Son, Margraf Karl, with whom his Majesty lodges tonight, is now Herrmeister. 'Majesty came at six P.M. to Sonnenburg' (must have left Cüstrin about five); 'forty-two Ritters made at Sonnenburg next day,'—a certain Colonel or Lieutenant-General von Wreech, whom we shall soon see again, is one of them; Seckendorf another. 'Fresh *Ritter-Schlag*' ('Knightstroke,' Batch of Knights dubbed) 'at Sonnenburg, 29th September next,' which shall not the least concern us. Note Margraf Karl, however, the new Herrmeister; for he proves a soldier of some mark, and will turn-up again in the Silesian Wars;—as will a poor Brother of his still more impressively, 'shot dead beside the King,' on one occasion there.

We add this of Dickens, for all the Diplomatists, and a discerning public generally, are much struck with the Event at Cüstrin; and take to writing of it as news;—and 'Mr. Ginkel,' Dutch Ambassador here, an ingenious, honest and observant man, well enough known to us, has been out to sup with the Prince, next day; and thus reports of him to Dickens; 'Mr. Ginkel, who supped with the Prince on Thursday last,' day after the Interview, 'tells me that his Royal Highness is 'extremely improved since he had seen him; being grown 'much taller; and that his conversation is surprising for his 'age, abounding in good sense and the prettiest turns of ex-'pression.'[7]

Here are other shreds, snatched from the Witch-Cauldron, and pinned down, each at its place; which give us one or two subsequent glimpses:

[6] 21st June 1731: Fassmann, p. 423; Pöllnitz, ii. 390.
[7] Despatch, 18th August 1731.

Potsdam, 21st August 1731 (King to Wolden the Hofmarschall). * * * 'Crown-Prince shall travel over, and personally inspect, the following Domains: Quartschen, Himmelstädt, Carzig, Massin, Lebus, 'Gollow and Wollup,' dingy moor-farms dear to Antiquarians; 'travel 'over these and not any other. Permission always to be asked, of his 'Royal Majesty, in writing, and mention made to which of them the 'Crown-Prince means to go. Some one to be always in attendance, 'who can give him fit instruction about the husbandry; and as the 'Crown-Prince has yet only learned the theory, he must now be diligent 'to learn the same practically. For which end it must be minutely 'explained to him, How the husbandry is managed,—how ploughed, 'manured, sown, in every particular; and what the differences of good 'and bad husbandry are, so that he may be able of himself to know 'and judge the same. Of Cattle-husbandry too, and the affairs of 'Brewing (*Viehzucht und Brauwesen*), the due understanding to be 'given him; and in the matter of Brewing, show him how things are 'handled, mixed, the beer drawn off, barrelled, and all how they do 'with it (*wie überall dabei verfahren*); also the malt, how it must be 'prepared, and what like, when good. Useful discourse to be kept-up 'with him on these journeys; pointing out how and why this is and 'that, and whether it could not be better:'—O King of a thousand!— 'Has liberty to shoot stags, moorcocks (*Hühner*) and the like; and a 'small-hunt' (*kleine Jagd*, not a *Parforce* or big one) 'can be got-up 'for his amusement now and then;' furthermore 'a little duck-shooting 'from boat,' on the sedgy waters there,—if the poor soul should care about it. Wolden, or one of the Kammerjunkers, to accompany always, and be responsible. 'No *Mädchen* or *Frauensmensch*,' no shadow of womankind;—keep an eye on him, 'you three!'

These things are in the Prussian Archives; of date the week after that interview. In two weeks farther, follows the Prince's speculation about Carzig and the Building of a Farmstead there; with Papa's 'real contentment that you come upon 'such proposals, and seek to make improvements. Only'—

Wusterhausen, 11th September (King to Crown-Prince). * * 'Only 'you must examine whether there is meadow-ground enough, and how 'many acres can actually be allotted to that Farm.' (Hear his Majesty!) 'Take a Land-surveyor with you; and have all well considered; and 'exactly inform *yourself* what kind of land it is, whether it can only grow 'rye, or whether some of it is barley-land: you must consider it your-'self, and do it all out of your own head, though you may consult with 'others about it. In grazing-ground (*Hüthung*) I think it will not fail; 'if only the meadow-land'—

in fact, it fails in nothing; and is got all done ('wood laid out 'to season straightway,' and 'what digging and stubbing there

'is, proceeded with through the winter'): done in a successful and instructive manner, both Carzig and Himmelstädt, though we will say nothing farther of them.[8]

Cüstrin, 22d September (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * 'Have been 'at Lebus; excellent land out there; fine weather for the husbandman.' 'Major Röder,' unknown Major, 'passed this way; and dined with 'me, last Wednesday. He has got a pretty fellow (*schönen Kerl*) for 'my Most All-Gracious Father's regiment' (the Potsdam Giants, where I used to be); 'whom I could not look upon without bleeding heart. 'I depend on my Most All-Gracious Father's Grace, that he will be 'good to me: I ask for nothing and no happiness in the world but 'what comes from You; and hope You will, some day, remember me 'in grace, and give me the Blue Coat to put on again!'[9]—To which Papa answers nothing, or only "Hm, na, time *may* come!"

Carzig goes on straightway; Papa charmed to grant the moneys; 'wood laid out to season,' and much 'stubbing and digging' set on foot, before the month ends. Carzig; and directly on the heel of it, on like terms, Himmelstädt,—but of all this we must say no more. It is clear the Prince is learning the Domain Sciences; eager to prove himself a perfect son in the eyes of Papa. Papa, in hopeful moments, asks himself: "To whom shall we marry him, then; how settle him?" But what the Prince, in his own heart, thought of it all; how he looked, talked, lived, in unofficial times? Here has a crabbed dim Document turned up, which, if it were not nearly undecipherable to the reader and me, would throw light on the point:

Schulenburg's Three Letters to Grumkow, on Visits to the Crown-Prince, during the Cüstrin Time.

The reader knows Lieutenant-General Schulenburg; stiff little military gentleman of grave years, nephew of the maypole *Emerita* who is called Duchess of Kendal in England. 'Had a horse shot under him at Malplaquet;' battlings and experiences enough, before and since. Has real sense, abundant real pedantry; a Prussian soldier every inch. He presided in the Cöpenick Court-martial; he is deeply concerned in these Crown-Prince difficulties. His Majesty even honours him by expecting he should quietly keep a monitorial eye upon the

[8] Förster, i. 387-392.
[9] *Briefwechsel mit Vater* (Œuvres, xxvii. part 3d, p. 27).

Crown-Prince;—being his neighbour in those parts; Colonel-Commandant of a regiment of Horse at Landsberg not many miles off. He has just been at Vienna[10] on some 'business' (quasi-diplomatic probably, which can remain unknown to us); and has reported upon it, or otherwise finished it off, at Berlin;—whence rapidly home to Landsberg again. On the way homewards, and after getting home, he writes these three Letters; offhand and in all privacy, and of course with a business sincerity, to Grumkow;—little thinking they would one day get printed, and wander into these latitudes to be scanned and scrutinised! Undoubtedly an intricate crabbed Document to us; but then an indubitable one. Crown-Prince, Schulenburg himself, and the actual figure of Time and Place, are here mirrored for us, with a business sincerity, in the mind of Schulenburg,—as from an accidental patch of water; ruffled bogwater, in sad twilight, and with sedges and twigs intervening; but under these conditions we do look with our own eyes!

Could not one, by any conceivable method, interpret into legibility this abstruse dull Document; and so pick out here and there a glimpse, actual face-to-face view, of Crown-Prince Friedrich in his light-gray frock with the narrow silver tresses, in his eclipsed condition there in the Cüstrin region? All is very mysterious about him; his inward opinion about all manner of matters, from the *Gnadenwahl* to the late Double-Marriage Question. Even his outward manner of life, in its flesh-and-blood physiognomy,—we search in vain through tons of dusty lucubration totally without interest, to catch here and there the corner of a feature of it. Let us try Schulenburg. We shall know at any rate that to Grumkow, in the Autumn 1731, these words were luculent and significant: consciously they tell us something of young Friedrich; unconsciously a good deal of Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, who with his strict theologies, his military stiffnesses, his reticent, pipeclayed, rigorous and yet human ways, is worth looking at, as an antique species extinct in our time. He is just home from Vienna, getting towards his own domicile from Berlin, from Cüstrin, and has seen the Prince. He writes in a wretched wayside tavern, or post-house, between Cüstrin and Landsberg,—dates his Letter '*Wien* (Vienna),' as if he were still in the imperial City, so offhand is he.

[10] September 1731 (*Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 433).

4th Oct. 1731.

No. 1. *To his Excellenz* (add a shovelful of other titles) *Lieutenant-General Herr Baron von Grumkow, President of the Krieges-und Domänen-Directorium, of the* (in fact, Vice-President of the Tobacco-Parliament), *in Berlin.*

'Wien' (properly Berlin-Landsberg Highway, other side of Cüstrin), '4th October 1731.

'I regret much to have missed the pleasure of seeing your Excellency 'again before I left Berlin. I set off between seven and eight in the 'morning yesterday, and got to Cüstrin' (seventy miles or so) 'before 'seven at night. But the Prince had gone, that day, to the Bailliage 'of Himmelstädt' (up the Warta Country, eastward some five-and-thirty miles, much preparatory digging and stubbing there); and he 'slept at 'Massin' (circuitous road back), 'where he shot a few stags this morn-'ing. As I was told he might probably dine at Kammin' (still nearer Cüstrin, twelve miles from it; half that distance east of Zorndorf,—mark that, O reader*) 'with Madam Colonel Schöning, I drove thither. 'He had arrived there a moment before me.' And who is Madam Schöning, lady of Kammin here?—Patience, reader.

'I found him much grown; an air of health and gaiety about him. 'He caressed me greatly (*me gracieusa fort*); afterwards questioned me 'about my way of life in Vienna; and asked, if I had diverted myself 'well there? I told him what business had been the occasion of my 'journey, and that this rather than amusements had occupied me; for 'the rest, that there had been great affluence of company, and no lack 'of diversions. He spoke a long time to Madam de Wreech'—

'Wrochem' Schulenburg calls her: young Wife of Lieutenant-General von Wreech, a Marlborough Campaigner, made a Knight of Malta the other day;[11]—*his* charming young Wife, and Daughter of Madam Colonel Schöning our hostess here; lives at Tamsel, in high style, in these parts: mark the young Lady well,—

'who did not appear indifferent to him.' No!—'and in fact she was 'in all her beauty; a complexion of lily and rose.'

Charming creature; concerning whom there are anecdotes still afloat, and at least verses of this Prince's writing; not too well seen by Wreech, lately made a Knight of Malta, who, though only turning forty, is perhaps twice her age. The beautifulest, cleverest,—fancy it; and whether the peaty Neumark produces nothing in the floral kind!

'We went to dinner; he asked me to sit beside him. The conversa-'tion fell, among other topics, on the Elector Palatine's Mistress,'—crotchety old gentleman, never out of quarrels, with Heidelberg Protestants, heirs of Jülich and Berg, and in general with an unreasonable

* Map at p. 43.

[11] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 269.

world, whom we saw at Mannheim last year; has a Mistress,—'Elector 'Palatine's Mistress, called Taxis. Crown-Prince said: "I should like 'to know what that good old gentleman does with a Mistress?" I 'answered, that the fashion had come so much in vogue, Princes did 'not think they were Princes unless they had mistresses; and that I 'was amazed at the facility of women, how they could shut their eyes 'on the sad reverse of fortune nearly inevitable for them;—and instanced 'the example of Madam Grävenitz'—

'Grävenitz;' example lately fallen-out at Würtemberg, as we predicted. Prayers of the Country, "Deliver us from evil," are now answered there: Grävenitz quite over with it! Alas, yes; lately fallen from her high estate in Würtemberg, and become the topic of dinner-tables; seized by soldiers in the night-time; vain her high refusals, assurances of being too unwell to dress, "Shall go in your shift, then,"—is in prison, totally eclipsed.[12] Calming her fury, she will get out; and wearisomely wander about in fashionable capitals, *toujours un lavement à ses trousses!*—

'There were other subjects touched upon; and I always endeavoured 'to deduce something of moral instruction from them,' being a military gentleman of the old school.

'Among other things, he said, He liked the great world, and was 'charmed to observe the ridiculous weak side of some people. "That 'is excellent," said I, "if one profit by it oneself: but if it is only for 'amusement, such a motive is worth little; we should rather look out 'for our own ridiculous weak side." On rising, Hofmarschall Wolden 'said to me,' without much sincerity, '"You have done well to preach 'a little morality to him." The Prince went to a window, and beckoned 'me thither.

'"You have learned nothing of what is to become of me?" said 'he. I answered: "It is supposed your Royal Highness will return to 'Berlin, when the Marriage" (Wilhelmina's) "takes place; but as to 'what will come next, I have heard nothing. But as your Highness 'has friends, they will not fail to do their endeavour; and M. de Grum-'kow has told me he would try to persuade the King to give you a 'regiment, in order that your Highness might have something to do." 'It seemed as if that would give him pleasure. I then took the liberty 'of saying: "Monseigneur, the most, at present, depends on yourself." '—"How so?" asked he. I answered, "It is only by showing good 'conduct, and proofs of real wisdom and worth, that the King's entire 'favour can be gained. First of all, to fear God"'—— And, in fact, I launched now into a moral preachment, or discursive Dialogue, of great length; much needing to have the skirts of it tucked up, in a way of faithful abridgment, for behoof of poor English readers. As follows:

[12] Michaelis, iii. 440; Pöllnitz, i. 297.

'*Schulenburg:* If your Highness behave well, the King will accord 'what you want; but it is absolutely necessary to begin by that.—'*Prince:* I do nothing that can displease the King.—*Schulenburg:* It 'would be a little soon yet! But I speak of the future. Your High-'ness, the grand thing I recommend is to fear God! Everybody says, 'you have the sentiments of an honest man; excellent, that, for a be-'ginning; but without the fear of God, your Highness, the passions 'stifle the finest sentiments. Must lead a life clear of reproach; and 'more particularly on the chapter of women! Need not imagine you 'can do the least thing without the King's knowing it: if your High-'ness take the bad road, he will wish to correct it; the end will be, 'he will bring you back to live beside him; which will not be very 'agreeable.—*Prince:* Hmph, No!—*Schulenburg:* Of the ruin to health 'I do not speak; I—*Prince:* Pooh, one is young, one is not master 'of that;'—and, in fact, on this delicate chapter, which runs to some length, Prince answers as wildish young fellows will; quizzing my grave self, with glances even at his Majesty, on alleged old peccadilloes of ours. Which allegations or inferences I rebutted with emphasis. 'But, 'I confess, though I employed all my rhetoric, his mind did not seem 'to alter; and it will be a miracle if he change on this head.' Alas, General! Can't be helped, I fear!

'He said he was not afraid of anything so much as of living con-'stantly beside the King.—*Schulenburg:* Arm yourself with patience, 'Monseigneur, if that happen. God has given you sense enough; 'persevere to use it faithfully on all occasions, you will gain the good 'graces of the King.—*Prince:* Impossible; beyond my power, indeed, 'said he; and made a thousand objections.—*Schulenburg:* Your High-'ness is like one that will not learn a trade because you do not already 'know it. Begin; you will certainly never know it otherwise! Before 'rising in the morning, form a plan for your day,'—in fact, be moral, O be moral!

His Highness now got upon the marriages talked-of for him; an important point for the young man. He spoke, hopefully rather, of the marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg, —Niece of the late Czar Peter the Great; Daughter of that unhappy Duke who is in quarrel with his Ritters, and a trouble to all his neighbours, and to us among the number. Readers recollect that young Lady's Serene Mother, and a meeting she once had with her Uncle Peter,—at Magdeburg, a dozen years ago, in a public drawingroom with alcove near;—anecdote not lightly to be printed in human types, nor repeated where not necessary. The Mother is now dead; Father still up to the eyes in puddle and trouble: but as for the young Lady herself, she is Niece to the now Czarina Anne; by law of primogeniture Heiress of all the Russias: something of a match truly!

'But there will be difficulties; your Highness to change your religion, for one thing?—*Prince:* Won't, by any means.—*Schulenburg:* And give-up the succession to Prussia?—*Prince:* A right fool if I did! —*Schulenburg:* Then this marriage comes to nothing.—Thereupon next he said, If the Kaiser is so strong for us, let him give me his second Daughter;' lucky Franz of Lorraine is to get the first.—'*Schulenburg:* Are you serious?—*Prince:* Why not? with a Duchy or two it would do very well.—*Schulenburg:* No Duchies possible under the Pragmatic Sanction, your Highness: besides, your change of religion? —*Prince:* Oh, as to that, never!—Then this marriage also comes to nothing. Of the English, and their Double-Marriage, and their Hotham brabble, he spoke lightly, as of an extinct matter,—in terms your Excellency will like.

'But, said I, since you speak so much of marriages, I suppose you wish to be married?—*Prince:* No; but if the King absolutely will have it, I will marry to obey him. After that, I will shove my wife into the corner (*planterai là ma femme*), and live after my own fancy. —*Schulenburg:* Horrible to think of! For, in the first place, your Highness, is it not written in the Law of God, Adulterers shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?' And in the second place; and in the third and fourth place!—To all which he answered as wild young fellows do, especially if you force marriage on them. 'I can perceive, if he marries, it will only be to have more liberty than now. It is certain, if he had his elbows free, he would strike out (*s'en donnerait à gauche*). He said to me several times: "I am young; I want to profit by my youth."' A questionable young fellow, Herr General; especially if you force marriage on him.

'This conversation done,' continues the General, 'he set to talking with the Madam Wreech,' and her complexion of lily and rose; 'but he did not stay long; drove off about five' (dinner at the stroke of twelve in those countries), 'inviting me to see him again at Cüstrin, which I promised.'

And so the Prince is off in the Autumn sunset, driving down the peaty hollow of the Warta, through unpicturesque country, which produces Wreechs and incomparable flowers nevertheless. Yes; and if he look a six miles to the right, there is the smoke of the evening kettles from Zorndorf, rising into the sky; and across the River, a twenty miles to the left, is Kunersdorf: poor sleepy sandy hamlets; where nettles of the Devil are to be plucked one day!—

'The beautiful Wreech drove off to Tamsel,' her fine house: I to this wretched tavern; where, a couple of hours after that conversation, I began writing it all down, and have nothing else to do for the night. Your Excellency's most moral, stiffnecked, pipeclayed and extremely obedient, 'VON SCHULENBURG.'[13]

[13] Förster, iii. 65-71.

This young man may be orthodox on Predestination, and outwardly growing all that a Papa could wish; but here are strange heterodoxies, here is plenty of mutinous capricious fire in the interior of him, Herr General! In fact, a young man unfortunately situated; already become solitary in Creation; has not, except himself, a friend in the world available just now. Tempestuous Papa storms one way, tempestuous Mamma Nature another; and between the outside and the inside there are inconsistencies enough.

Concerning the fair Wreech of Tamsel, with her complexion of lily and rose, there ensued by and by much whispering, and rumouring underbreath; which has survived in the apocryphal Anecdote-Books, not in too distinct a form. Here, from first hand, are three words, which we may take to be the essence of the whole. Grumkow reporting, in a sordid, occasionally smutty, spy manner, to his Seckendorf, from Berlin, eight or ten months hence, has this casual expression: 'He' (King Friedrich Wilhelm) 'told me in confidence that Wreech, the 'Colonel's Wife, is —— to P. R. (Prince-Royal); and that 'Wreech vowed he would not own it for his. And his Ma-'jesty in secret is rather pleased,' adds the smutty spy.[14] Elsewhere I have read that the poor object, which actually came as anticipated (male or female, I forget), did not live long;—nor had Friedrich, by any opportunity, another child in this world. Domestic Tamsel had to allay itself as it best could; and the fair Wreech became much a stranger to Friedrich,—surprisingly so to Friedrich the *King*, as perhaps we may see.— —

Predestination, *Gnadenwahl*, Herr General: what is orthodoxy on Predestination, with these accompaniments![15] We go now to the Second Letter and the Third,—from Landsberg about a fortnight later:

No. 2. *To his Excellency* (shovelful of titles) *von Grumkow, in Berlin.*

'Landsberg, 19th October 1731.

'The day before yesterday' (that is, Wednesday 17th October) 'I 'received an Order, To have only fifty Horse at that post, and'—Order

[14] Grumkow to Seckendorf, Berlin, 20th August 1732 (Förster, iii. 112).
[15] For Wreech see *Benekendorf*, v. 94; for Schulenburg, ib. 26;—and *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 432, 433, and iv. 268, 269. Vacant on the gossiping points; cautiously official, both these.

which shows us that there has fallen out some recruiting squabble on the Polish Frontier hereabouts; that the Polack gentlemen have seized certain Corporals of ours, but are about restoring them; Order and affair which we shall omit. 'Corporals will be got back: but as these 'Polack gentlemen will see, by the course taken, that we have no great 'stomach for *biting*, I fancy they will grow more insolent; then, 'ware 'who tries to recruit there for the future!

'On the same day I was apprised, from Cüstrin, That the Prince-'Royal had resolved on an excursion to Carzig, and thence to the Bail-'liage of Himmelstädt' (digging and stubbing now on foot at Himmelstädt too), 'which is but a couple of miles[16] from this; that there 'would be a little hunt between the two Bailliages; and that if I chose 'to come, I might, and the Prince would dine with me.'—Which I did; and so, here again, Thursday 18th October 1731, in those remote Warta-Oder Countries, is a glimpse of his Royal Highness at first hand. Schulenburg continues; not even taking a new paragraph, which indeed he never does:

'They had shut-up a couple of *Spiesser* (young roes), and some 'stags, in the old wreck of a *Saugarten*' (Boar-park, between Carzig and Himmelstädt; *fast ruinirten Saugarten*, he calls it, daintily throwing-in a touch of German here): 'the Prince shot one or two of them, 'and his companions the like; but it does not seem as if this amuse-'ment were much to his taste. He went on to Himmelstädt; and at 'noon he arrived here,' in my poor Domicile at Landsberg.

'At one o'clock we went to table, and sat till four. He spoke only 'of very indifferent things; except saying to me: "Do you know, the 'King has promised 400,000 crowns (60,000*l.*) towards disengaging 'those Bailliages of the Margraf of Baireuth's," '—old Margraf, Bailliages pawned to raise ready cash; readers remember what interminable Law-pleading there was, till Friedrich Wilhelm put it into a liquid state, "Pay me back the moneys, then!"[17]—"400,000 thalers to the 'old Margraf, in case his Prince (Wilhelmina's now Bridegroom) have 'a son by my Sister." I answered, I had heard nothing of it.—"But," 'said he, "that is a great deal of money! And some hundred-thou-'sands more have gone the like road, to Anspach, who never will 'be able to repay. For all is much in disorder at Anspach. Give 'the Margraf his Heron-hunt (*chasse au héron*), he cares for nothing; 'and his people pluck him at no allowance." I said: That if these 'Princes would regulate their expenditure, they might, little by little, 'pay-off their debts; that I had been told at Vienna the Baireuth Bail-'liages were mortgaged on very low terms, those who now held them 'making eight or ten per-cent of their money;'—that the Margraf ought to make an effort; and so on. 'I saw very well that these Loans the 'King makes are not to his mind.

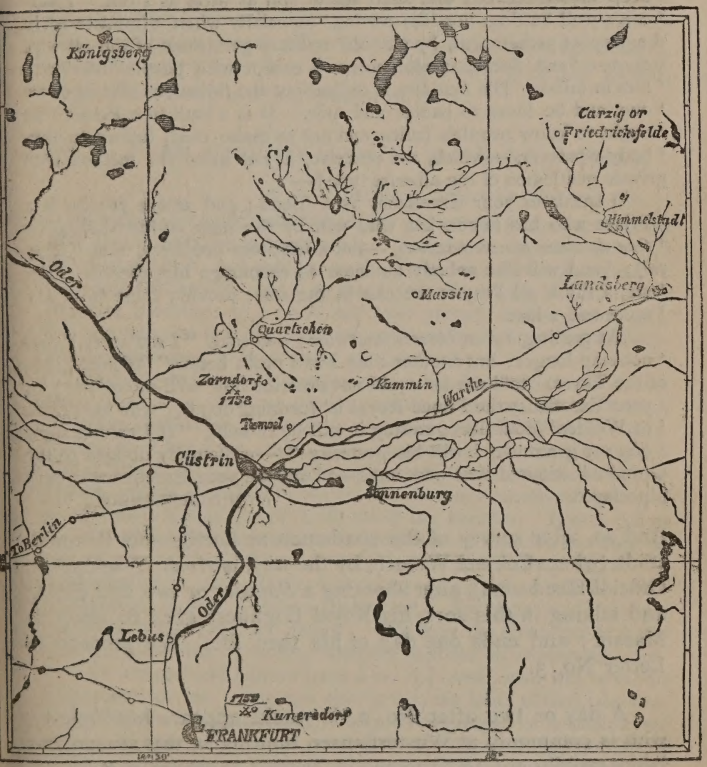
'Directly on rising from table, he went away; excusing himself to 'me, That he could not pass the night here; that the King would not

[16] '*Demi-mille*' German.

[17] Suprà, vol. ii. pp. 228-9.

19th Oct. 1731.

'like his sleeping in the Town; besides that he had still several things 'to complete in a Report he was sending-off to his Majesty. He went to 'Massin, and slept there. For my own share, I did not press him to 'remain; what I did was rather in the way of form. There were with 'him President Münchow,' civil gentleman whom we know, 'an En-'gineer Captain Reger, and the three Gentlemen of his Court,' Wolden,



Rohwedel, Natzmer who once twirled his finger in a certain mouth, the insipid fellow.

'He is no great eater; but I observed he likes the small dishes '(*petits plats*) and the high tastes: he does not care for fish; though I 'had very fine trouts, he never touched them. He does not take brown 'soup (*soup au bouillon*). It did not seem to me he cared for wine:

'he tastes at all the wines; but commonly stands by burgundy with 'water.

'I introduced to him all the Officers of my Regiment who are here; 'he received them in the style of a king' (*en roi*, plenty of quiet pride in him, Herr General). 'It is certain he feels what he is born to; and 'if ever he get to it, will stand on the top of it. As to me, I mean to 'keep myself retired; and shall see of him as little as I can. I per-'ceive well he does not like advice,' especially when administered in the way of preachment, by stiff old military gentlemen of the all-wise stamp;—'and does not take pleasure except with people inferior to 'him in mind. His first aim is to find-out the ridiculous side of every 'one, and he loves to banter and quiz. It is a fault in a Prince: he 'ought to know people's faults, and not to make them known to any-'body whatever,'—which, we perceive, is not quite the method with private gentlemen of the all-wise type!—

'I speak to your Excellency as a friend; and assure you he is a 'Prince who has talent, but who will be the slave of his passions (*se 'fera dominer par ses passions,*'—not a felicitous prophecy, Herr General); 'and will like nobody but such as encourage him therein. For 'me, I think all Princes are cast in the same mould; there is only a 'more and a less.

'At parting, he embraced me twice; and said, "I am sorry I can-'not stay longer; but another time I will profit better." Wolden' (one of the Three) 'told me he could not describe how well-intentioned for 'your Excellency the Prince-Royal is' (cunning dog!), 'who says often 'to Wolden' (doubtless guessing it will be re-said), "If I cannot show '*him* my gratitude, I will his posterity:" '—profoundly obliged to the Grumkow kindred first and last!—'I remain your Excellency's' most pipeclayed 'VON SCHULENBURG.'[18]

And so, after survey of the spademen at Carzig and Himmelstädt (where Colonel Wreech, by the way, is *Amts-Hauptmann*, Official Head-man), after shooting a *Spiesser* or two, and dining and talking in this sort, his Royal Highness goes to sleep at Massin; and ends one day of his then life. We proceed to Letter No. 3.

A day or two after No. 2, it would appear, his Majesty, who is commonly at Wusterhausen hunting in this season, has been rapidly out to Crossen, in these Landsberg regions (to south, within a day's drive of Landsberg), rapidly looking after something; Grumkow and another Official attending him:—other Official, 'Truchsess,' is Truchsess von Waldburg, a worthy soldier and gentleman of those parts, whom we shall again

[18] Förster, iii. 71-73.

hear of. In No. 3 there is mention likewise of the 'Kurfürst of Köln,'—Elector of Cologne; languid lanky gentleman of Bavarian breed, whom we saw last year at Bonn, richest Pluralist of the Church; whom doubtless our poor readers have forgotten again. Mention of him; and also considerable sulky humour, of the Majesty's-Opposition kind, on Schulenburg's part; for which reason, and generally as a poor direct reflex of time and place,—reflex by ruffled bog-water, through sedges, and in twilight; dim but indubitable,—we give the Letter, though the Prince is little spoken of in it:

No. 3. *To the Excellency Grumkow* (as above), *in Berlin.*

'Landsberg, 22d October (Monday) 1731.

'Monsieur,—I trust your Excellency made your journey to Crossen 'with all the satisfaction imaginable. Had I been warned sooner, I 'would have come; not only to see the King, but for your Excellency's 'sake and Truchsess's: but I received your Excellency's Letter only 'yesterday morning; so I could not have arrived before yesternight, 'and that late; for it is fifty miles off, and one has to send relays before-'hand; there being no posthorses on that road.

'We are,—not to make comparisons,—like Harlequin! No sooner 'out of one scrape, than we get into another; and all for the sake of 'those Big Blockheads (*l'amour de ces grands colosses*). What the Kur-'fürst of Köln has done, in his character of Bishop of Osnabrück,'—a deed not known to this Editor, but clearly in the way of snubbing our recruiting system,—'is too droll: but if we avenge ourselves, there will 'be high play, and plenty of it, all round our borders! If such things 'would make any impression on the spirit of our Master: but they do 'not; they'—in short, this recruiting system is delirious, thinks the stiff Schulenburg; and scruples not to say so, though not in his place in Parliament, or even Tobacco-Parliament. For there is a Majesty's Opposition in all lands and times. 'We ruin the Country,' says the Honourable Member, 'sending annually millions of money out of it, 'for a set of vagabond fellows (*gens à sac et à corde*), who will never do 'us the least service. One sees clearly it is the hand of God,' darkening some people's understanding; 'otherwise it might be possible their 'eyes would open, one time or another!'—A stiff pipeclayed gentleman of great wisdom, with plenty of sulphur burning in the heart of him. The rest of his Letter is all in the Opposition strain (almost as if from his place in Parliament, only far briefer than is usual 'within these walls'); and winds-up with a glance at Victor Amadeus's strange feat, or rather at the Son's feat done upon Victor, over in Sardinia; preceded by this interjectionary sentence on a Prince nearer home:

'As to the Prince-Royal, depend on it he will do whatever is re-

'quired of him' (marry anybody you like &c.), 'if you give him more 'elbow-room, for that is whither he aims.—Not a bad stroke that, of 'the King of Sardinia'—Grand news of the day, at that time; now somewhat forgotten, and requiring a word from us:

Old King Victor Amadeus of Sardinia had solemnly abdicated in favour of his Son; went, for a twelvemonth or more, into private felicity with an elderly Lady-love whom he had long esteemed the first of women;—tired of such felicity, after a twelvemonth; demanded his crown back, and could not get it! Lady-love and he are taken prisoners; lodged in separate castles:[19] and the wrath of the proud old gentleman is Olympian in character,—split an oak table, smiting it while he spoke (say the cicerones);—and his silence, and the fiery daggers he looks, are still more emphatic. But the young fellow holds out; you cannot play handy-dandy with a King's crown, your Majesty! say his new Ministers. Is and will continue King. 'Not a bad stroke of him,' thinks Schulenburg,—

—'especially if his Father meant to play him the same trick,' that is, clap him in prison. Not a bad stroke;—which perhaps there is another that could imitate, 'if *his* Papa gave him the opportunity! But *this* 'Papa will take good care; and the Queen will not forget the Sardin-'ian business, when he talks again of abdicating,' as he does when in ill-humour.—

'But now had not we better have been friends with England, should 'war rise upon that Sardinian business? General Schulenburg,'—the famed Venetian Fieldmarshal, bruiser of the Turks in Candia,[20] my honoured Uncle, who sometimes used to visit his Sister the Maypole, now *Emerita*, in London, and sip beer and take tobacco on an evening, with George I. of famous memory,—he also 'writes me this Victor-Amadeus news, from Paris;' so that it is certain; Ex-King locked in Rivoli near a fortnight ago: 'he, General Schulenburg, says farther, 'To judge by the outside, all appears very quiet; but many think, at 'the bottom of the bag it will not be the same.'—

'I am, with respect,' your Excellency's much in buckram,
'LE COMTE DE SCHOULENBOURG.'[21]

So far Lieutenant-General Schulenburg; whom we thank for these contemporary glimpses of a young man that has be-

[19] 2d September 1730 abdicated, went to Chambéry; reclaims, is locked in Rivoli, 8th October 1731 (news of it just come to Schulenburg); dies there, 31st October 1732, his 67th year.

[20] Same who was beaten by Charles XII. before; a worthy soldier nevertheless, say the Authorities: *Life* of him by Varnhagen von Ense (*Biographische Denkmale*, Berlin, 1845).

[21] Förster, iii. 73-75.

come historical, and of the scene he lived in. And with these three accidental utterances, as if they (which are alone left) had been the sum of all he said in the world, let the Lieutenant-General withdraw now into silence: he will turn up twice again, after half-a-score of years, once in a nobler than talking attitude, the close-harnessed, stalwart, slightly atrabiliar military gentleman of the old Prussian school.

These glimpses of the Crown-Prince, reflected on us in this manner, are not very luculent to the reader,—light being indifferent, and mirror none of the best:—but some features do gleam forth, good and not so good; which, with others coming, may gradually coalesce into something conceivable. A Prince clearly of much spirit, and not without petulance; abundant fire, much of it shining and burning irregularly at present; being sore held-down from without, and anomalously situated. Pride enough, thinks Schulenburg, capricious petulance enough,—likely to go into 'a reign of the passions,' if we live. As will be seen!—

Wilhelmina was betrothed in June last: Wilhelmina, a Bride these six months, continues to be much tormented by Mamma. But the Bridegroom, Prince of Baireuth, is gradually recommending himself to persons of judgment, to Wilhelmina among others. One day he narrowly missed an unheard-of accident: a foolish servant, at some boar-hunt, gave him a loaded piece on the half-cock; half-cock slipped in the handling; bullet grazed his Majesty's very temple, was felt twitching the hair there;—ye Heavens! Whereupon impertinent remarks from some of the Dessau people (allies of Schwedt and the Margravine in high colours); which were well answered by the Prince, and noiselessly but severely checked by a well-bred King.[22] King has given the Prince of Baireuth a regiment; and likes him tolerably, though the young man will not always drink as could be wished. Wedding, in spite of clouds from her Majesty, is coming steadily on.

His Majesty's Building Operations.

'This year,' says Fassmann, 'the building operations both in Berlin and Stettin,'—in Stettin where new fortifications are

[22] Wilhelmina, i. 356.

completed, in Berlin where gradually whole new quarters are getting built,—'were exceedingly pushed forward (*äusserst poussirt*).' Alas, yes; this too is a questionable memorable feature of his Majesty's reign. Late Majesty, old King Friedrich I., wishful, as others had been, for the growth of Berlin, laid-out a new Quarter, and called it Friedrichs Stadt; scraggy boggy ground, planned-out into streets, Friedrichs Strasse the chief street, with here and there a house standing lonesomely prophetic on it. But it is this present Majesty, Friedrich Wilhelm, that gets the plan executed, and the Friedrichs Strasse actually built, not always in a soft or spontaneous manner. Friedrich Wilhelm was the Ædile of his Country, as well as the Drill-sergeant; Berlin City did not rise of its own accord, or on the principle of leave-alone, any more than the Prussian Army itself. Wreck and rubbish Friedrich Wilhelm will not leave alone, in any kind; but is intent by all chances to sweep them from the face of the Earth, that something useful, seemly to the Royal mind, may stand there instead. Hence these building operations in the Friedrich Street and elsewhere, so 'exceedingly pushed forward.'

The number of scraggy waste places he swept clear, first and last, and built tight human dwellings upon, is almost uncountable. A common gift from him (as from his Son after him) to a man in favour, was that of a new good House,—an excellent gift. Or if the man is himself able to build, Majesty will help him, incite him: "Timber enough is in the royal forests; stone, lime are in the royal quarries; scraggy waste is abundant: why should any man, of the least industry or private capital, live in a bad house?" By degrees, the pressure of his Majesty upon private men to build with encouragement became considerable, became excessive, irresistible; and was much complained of, in these years now come. Old Colonel Derschau is the King's Agent, at Berlin, in this matter; a hard stiff man; squeezes men, all manner of men with the least capital, till they build.

Nüssler, for example, whom we once saw at Hanover, managing a certain contested Heritage for Friedrich Wilhelm; adroit Nüssler, though he has yet got no fixed appointment, nor pay except by the job, is urged to build;—second year hence, 1733, occurs the case of Nüssler, and is copiously dwelt upon by Büsching his biographer: "Build yourself a

house in the Friedrichs Strasse!" urges Derschau. "But I have no pay, no capital!" pleads Nüssler.—"Tush, your Father-in-law, abstruse Kanzler von Ludwig, in Halle University, monster of law-learning there, is not he a monster of hoarded moneys withal? He will lend you, for his own and his Daughter's sake.[23] Or shall his Majesty compel him?" urges Derschau. And slowly, continually turns the screw upon Nüssler, till he too raises for himself a firm good house in the Friedrichs Stadt,—Friedrichs Strasse, or *Street*, as they now call it, which the Tourist of these days knows. Substantial clear ashlar Street, miles or half-miles long; straight as a line:—Friedrich Wilhelm found it scrag and quagmire; and left it what the Tourist sees, by these hard methods. Thus Herr Privy-Councillor Klinggräf too, Nüssler's next neighbour: he did not want to build; far from it; but was obliged, on worse terms than Nüssler. You have such work, founding your house;—for the Nüssler-Klinggräf spot was a fish-pool, and 'carps were dug up' in founding;—such piles, bound platform of solid beams; '4,000 thalers gone before the first stone is laid:' and, in fact, the house must be built honestly, or it will be worse for the house and you. "Cost me 12,000 thalers (1,800*l.*) in all, and is worth perhaps 2,000!" sorrowfully ejaculates Nüssler, when the job is over. Still worse with Privy-Councillor Klinggräf: his house, the next to Nüssler's, is worth mere nothing to him when built; a soapboiler offers him 800 thalers (120*l.*) for it; and Nüssler, to avoid suffocation, purchases it himself of Klinggräf for that sum. Derschau, with his slow screw-machinery, is very formidable;—and Büsching knows it for a fact, 'that respectable Berlin persons 'used to run out of the way of Bürgermeister Koch and him, 'when either of them turned up on the streets!'

These things were heavy to bear. Truly, yes; where is the liberty of private capital or liberty of almost any kind, on those terms? Liberty to *annihilate* rubbish and chaos, under known conditions, you may have; but not the least liberty to keep them about you, though never so fond of doing it! What shall we say? Nüssler and the Soapboiler do both live in houses more human than they once had. Berlin itself, and some other things, did not spring from Free-trade. Berlin City would, to this day, have been a Place of *Scrubs* ('the

[23] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i. 324.

Berlin,' a mere appellative noun to that effect), had Free-trade always been the rule there. I am sorry his Majesty transgresses the limits ;—and we, my friends, if we can make our Chaos into Cosmos by firing Parliamentary eloquence into it, and bombarding it with Blue-Books, we will much triumph over his Majesty, one day !—

Thus are the building operations exceedingly pushed forward, the Ear of Jenkins torn off, and Victor Amadeus locked in ward, while our Crown-Prince, in the eclipsed state, is inspected by a Sage in pipeclay, and Wilhelmina's wedding is coming on.

CHAPTER VI.

WILHELMINA'S WEDDING.

TUESDAY 20th November 1731, Wilhelmina's wedding-day arrived, after a brideship of eight months ; and that young Lady's troublesome romance, more happily than might have been expected, did at last wind itself up. Mamma's unreasonable humours continued, more or less ; but these also must now end. Old wooers and outlooks, 'the four or three crowned heads,'—they lie far over the horizon ; faded out of one's very thoughts, all these. Charles XII., Peter II. are dead ; Weissenfels is not, but might as well be. Prince Fred, not yet wedded elsewhere, is doing French madrigals in Leicester House ; tending towards the 'West Wickham' set of Politicians, the Pitt-Lyttelton set ; stands ill with Father and Mother, and will not come to much. August the Dilapidated-Strong is deep in Polish troubles, in Anti-Kaiser politics, in drinking-bouts ;—his great-toe never mended, never will mend. Gone to the spectral state all these : here, blooming with life in its cheeks, is the one practical Fact, our good Hereditary Prince of Baireuth,—privately our fate all along ;—which we will welcome cheerfully ; and be thankful to Heaven that we have not died in getting it decided for us !—

Wedding was of great magnificence ; Berlin Palace and all things and creatures at their brightest : the Brunswick-Beverns here, and other high Guests ; no end of pompous ceremonials, solemnities and splendours,—the very train of one's gown was 'twelve yards long.' Eschewing all which, the reader shall

commodiously conceive it all, by two samples we have picked out for him: one sample of a Person, high Guest present; one of an Apartment where the sublimities went on.

The Duchess Dowager of Sachsen-Meiningen, who has come to honour us on this occasion, a very large Lady, verging towards sixty; she is the person. A living elderly Daughter of the Great Elector himself; half-sister to the late King, half-aunt to Friedrich Wilhelm; widow now of her third husband: a singular phenomenon to look upon, for a moment, through Wilhelmina's satirical spectacles. One of her three husbands, 'Christian Ernst of Baireuth' (Margraf there, while the present Line was but expectant), had been a kind of Welsh-Uncle to the Prince now Bridegroom; so that she has a double right to be here. 'She had found the secret of totally ruining 'Baireuth,' says Wilhelmina; 'Baireuth, and Courland as well, 'where her first wedlock was;'—perhaps Meiningen was done to her hand? Here is the Portrait of 'my Grand-Aunt;' dashed-off in very high colours, not by a flattering pencil:

'It is said she was very fond of pleasing, in her youth; one saw as 'much still by her affected manners. She would have made an excel-'lent actress, to play fantastic parts of that kind. Her flaming red 'countenance, her shape, of such monstrous extent that she could hardly 'walk, gave her the air of a Female Bacchus. She took care to expose 'to view her'—a part of her person, large but no longer beautiful,—'and continually kept patting it with her hands, to attract attention thi-'ther. Though sixty gone,'—fifty-seven in point of fact,—'she was 'tricked-out like a girl; hair done in ribbon-locks (*marronnés*), all filled 'with gewgaws of rose-pink colour, which was the prevailing tint in her 'complexion, and so loaded with coloured jewels, you would have taken 'her for the rainbow.'[1]

This charming old Lady, daughter of the *Grosse Kurfürst*, and so very fat and rubicund, had a Son once: he too is mentionable in his way,—as a milestone (parish milestone) in the obscure Chronology of those parts. Her first Husband was the Duke of Courland; to him she brought an heir, who became Duke in his turn,—and was the final Duke, *last* of the 'Kettler' or native Line of Dukes there. The Kettlers had been Teutsch Ritters, Commandants in Courland; they picked-up that Country, for their own behoof, when the Ritterdom went down; and this was the last of them. He married Anne of

[1] Wilhelmina, i. 375.

Russia with the big cheek (Czar Peter's Niece, who is since become Czarina); and died shortly after, twenty years ago; with tears doubtless from the poor rosepink Mother, far away in Baireuth and childless otherwise; and also in a sense to the sorrow of Courland, which was hereby left vacant, a prey to enterprising neighbours. And on those terms it was that Saxon Moritz (our dissolute friend, who will be *Maréchal de Saxe* one day) made his clutch at Courland, backed by moneys of the French actress; rumour of which still floats vaguely about. Moritz might have succeeded, could he have done the first part of the feat, fallen in love with swoln-cheeked Anne, Dowager there; but he could not; could only pretend it: Courland therefore (now that the Swoln-cheek is become Czarina) falls to one Bieren, a born Courlander, who could.[2]—We hurry to the 'Grand Apartment' in Berlin Schloss, and glance rapidly, with Wilhelmina (in an abridged form), how magnificent it is:

Royal Apartment, third floor of the Palace at Berlin, one must say, few things equal it in the world. 'From the Outer Saloon or Ante-'chamber, called *Salle des Suisses*' (where the halberdier and valet people wait) 'you pass through six grand rooms, into a saloon magnificently 'decorated: thence through two rooms more, and so into what they 'call the Picture-Gallery, a room ninety feet long. All this is in a line.' Grand all this; but still only common in comparison. From the Picture-Gallery you turn (to right or left is not said, nor does it matter) into a suite of Fourteen great rooms, each more splendid than the other: lustre from the ceiling of the first room, for example, is of solid silver; weighs, in pounds avoirdupois I know not what, but in silver coin '10,000 crowns:' ceilings painted as by Correggio; 'wall-mirrors be-'tween each pair of windows are twelve feet high, and their piers (*tru-'meaux*) are of massive silver; in front of each mirror, table can be laid 'for twelve;' twelve Serenities may dine there, flanked by their mirror, enjoying the Correggiosities above, and the practical sublimities all round. 'And this is but the first of the Fourteen;' and you go on increasing in superbness, till, for example, in the last, or superlative Saloon, you find 'a lustre weighing 50,000 crowns; the globe of it big enough 'to hold a child of eight years; and the branches (*guéridons*) of it,' I forget how many feet or fathoms in extent: silver to the heart. Nay the music-balcony is of silver; wearied fiddler lays his elbow on balus-

[2] Last Kettler, Anne's Husband, died (leaving only an old Uncle, fallen into Papistry and other futility, who, till his death some twenty years after, had to reside abroad and be nominal merely), 1711; Moritz's attempt with Adrienne Lecouvreur's cash was, 1726; Anne became Sovereign of all the Russias (on her poor Cousin Peter II.'s death), 1730; Bieren (*Biron* as he tried to write himself, being of poor birth) did not get installed till 1737; and had, he and Courland both, several tumbles after that before getting to stable equilibrium.

trades of that precious metal. Seldom if ever was seen the like. In this superlative Saloon the Nuptial Benediction was given.[3]

Old King Friedrich, the expensive Herr, it was he that did the furnishing and Correggio-painting of these sublime rooms: but this of the masses of wrought silver, this was done by Friedrich Wilhelm,—incited thereto by what he saw at Dresden in August the Strong's Establishment; and reflecting, too, that silver is silver, whether you keep it in barrels in a coined form, or work it into chandeliers, mirror-frames and music-balconies. —These things we should not have mentioned, except to say that the massive silver did prove a hoard available, in after times, against a rainy day. Massive silver (well mixed with copper first) was all melted down, stamped into current coins, native and foreign, and sent wandering over the world, before a certain Prince got through his Seven-Years Wars and other pinches that are ahead!—

In fine, Wilhelmina's Wedding was magnificent; though one had rubs too; and Mamma was rather severe. 'Hair went 'all wrong, by dint of over-dressing; and hung on one's face 'like a boy's. Crown-royal they had put (as indeed was pro-'per) on one's head: hair was in twenty-four locks the size of 'your arm: such was the Queen's order. Gown was of cloth-'of-silver, trimmed with Spanish gold-lace (*avec un point d'Es-'pagne d'or*); train twelve yards long;—one was like to sink 'to the earth in such equipment.' Courage, my Princess!— In fact, the Wedding went beautifully off; with dances and sublimities, slow solemn Torch-dance to conclude with, in those unparalleled upper rooms; Grand-Aunt Meiningen and many other stars and rainbows witnessing; even the Margravine of Schwedt, in her high colours, was compelled to be there. Such variegated splendour, such a dancing of the Constellations; sublunary Berlin, and all the world, on tiptoe round it! Slow Torch-dance, winding it up, melted into the shades of midnight, for this time; and there was silence in Berlin.

But, on the following nights, there were Balls of a less solemn character; far pleasanter for dancing purposes. It is to these, to one of these, that we direct the attention of all readers. Friday 23d, there was again Ball and Royal Evening Party—'Grand Apartment' so-called. Immense Ball, 'seven hundred

[3] Wilhelmina, i. 381; Nicolai, ii. 881.

couples, all people of condition :' there were 'Four Quadrilles,' or dancing places in the big sea of quality-figures ; each at its due distance in the grand suite of rooms : Wilhelmina presides in Quadrille *Number One;* place assigned her was in the room called Picture-Gallery; Queen and all the Principalities were with Wilhelmina, she is to lead-off their quadrille, and take charge of it. Which she did, with her accustomed fire and elasticity;—and was circling there, on the light fantastic toe, time six in the evening, when Grumkow, whom she had been dunning for his bargain about Friedrich the day before, came up :

'I liked dancing,' says she, 'and was taking advantage of my chances. 'Grumkow came up, and interrupted me in the middle of a minuet: '"*Eh, mon Dieu, Madame!*" said Grumkow, "you seem to have got 'bit by the tarantula! Don't you see those strangers who have just 'come in?" I stopt short; and looking all round, I noticed at last a 'young man dressed in gray, whom I did not know. "Go, then, em-'brace the Prince-Royal ; there he is before you!" said Grumkow. All 'the blood in my body went topsy-turvy for joy. "O Heaven, my 'Brother?" cried I: "But I don't see him ; where is he? In God's 'name, let me see him!" Grumkow led me to the young man in gray. 'Coming near, I recognised him, though with difficulty: he had grown 'amazingly stouter (*prodigieusement engraissé*), shortened about the neck; 'his face too had much changed, and was no longer so beautiful as it 'had been. I sprang upon him with open arms (*sautai au cou*); I was 'in such a state, I could speak nothing but broken exclamations: I 'wept, I laughed, like one gone delirious. In my life I have never felt 'so lively a joy.

'The first sane step was to throw myself at the feet of the King: 'King said, "Are you content with me? You see I have kept my 'word!" I took my Brother by the hand ; and entreated the King to 'restore him his friendship. This scene was so touching, it drew tears 'from the eyes of everybody. I then approached the Queen. She was 'obliged to embrace me, the King being close opposite ; but I remarked 'that her joy was only affected.'—Why then, O Princess? Guess, if you can, the female humours of her Majesty!—

'I turned to my Brother again ; I gave him a thousand caresses, 'and said the tenderest things to him: to all which he remained cold 'as ice, and answered only in monosyllables. I presented the Prince '(my Husband); to whom he did not say one word. I was astonished 'at this fashion of procedure! But I laid the blame of it on the King, 'who was observing us, and who I judged might be intimidating my 'Brother. But even his countenance surprised me: he wore a proud 'air, and seemed to look down on everybody.'

A much-changed Crown-Prince. What can be the meaning of it?

24th Nov. 1731.

Neither King nor he appeared at supper: they were supping elsewhere, with a select circle; and the whisper ran among us, His Majesty was treating him with great friendliness. At which the Queen, contrary to hope, could not conceal her secret pique. 'In fact,' says Wilhelmina, again too hard on Mamma, 'she did not love her children except as 'they served her ambitious views.' The fact that it was I, and not she, who had achieved the Prince's deliverance, was painful to her Majesty: alas, yes, in some degree!

'Ball having recommenced, Grumkow whispered to me, "That the 'King was pleased with my frank kind ways to my Brother; and not 'pleased with my Brother's cold way of returning it: Does he simulate, 'and mean still to deceive me? Or *is* that all the thanks he has for 'Wilhelmina? thinks his Majesty. Go on with your sincerity, Madam; 'and for God's sake admonish the Crown-Prince to avoid finessing!" 'Crown-Prince, when I did, in some interval of the dance, report this 'of Grumkow, and say, Why so changed and cold, then, Brother of my 'heart? answered, That he was still the same; and that he had his 'reasons for what he did.' Wilhelmina continues; and cannot understand her Crown-Prince at all:

'Next morning, by the King's order, he paid me a visit. The 'Prince,' my Husband, 'was polite enough to withdraw, and left me 'and Sonsfeld alone with him. He gave me a recital of his misfor-'tunes; I communicated mine to him,'—and how I had at last bargained to get him free again by my compliance. 'He appeared much 'discountenanced at this last part of my narrative. He returned thanks 'for the obligations I had laid on him,—with some caressings, which 'evidently did not proceed from the heart. To break this conversa-'tion, he started some indifferent topic; and, under pretence of seeing 'my Apartment, moved into the next room, where the Prince my Hus-'band was. Him he ran over with his eyes from head to foot, for some 'time; then, after some constrained civilities to him, went his way.' What to make of all this? 'Madam Sonsfeld shrugged her shoulders;' no end of Madam Sonsfeld's astonishment at such a Crown-Prince.

Alas, yes, poor Wilhelmina; a Crown-Prince got into terrible cognisance of facts since we last met him! Perhaps already sees, not only what a Height of place is cut-out for him in this world, but also in a dim way what a solitude of soul, if he will maintain his height? Top of the frozen Schreckhorn;—have you well considered such a position! And even the way thither is dangerous, is terrible in this case. Be not too hard upon your Crown-Prince. For it is certain he loves you to the last!

Captain Dickens, who alone of all the Excellencies was not at the Wedding,—and never had believed it would be a wed-

ding, but only a rumour to bring England round,—duly chronicles this happy reappearance of the Prince-Royal: 'about 'six, yesterday evening, as the company was dancing,—to 'the great joy and surprise of the whole Court;'—and adds: 'This morning the Prince came to the public Parade; where 'crowds of people of all ranks flocked to see his Royal High-'ness, and gave the most open demonstrations of pleasure.'[4]

Wilhelmina, these noisy tumults, not all of them delightful, once done, gets out of the perplexed hurlyburly, home towards still Baireuth, shortly after Newyear.[5] 'Berlin was be-'come as odious to me as it had once been dear. I flattered 'myself that, renouncing grandeurs, I might lead a soft and 'tranquil life in my new Home, and begin a happier year than 'the one that had just ended.' Mamma was still perverse; but on the edge of departure Wilhelmina contrived to get a word of her Father, and privately open her heart to him. Poor Father, after all that has come and gone:

'My discourse produced its effect; he melted into tears, could not 'answer me for sobs; he explained his thoughts by his embracings of 'me. Making an effort, at length, he said: "I am in despair that I 'did not know thee. They had told me such horrible tales, I hated 'thee as much as I now love thee. If I had addressed myself direct to 'thee, I should have escaped much trouble, and thou too. But they 'hindered me from speaking; said thou wert ill-natured as the Devil, 'and wouldst drive me to extremities I wanted to avoid. Thy Mother, 'by her intriguings, is in part the cause of the misfortunes of the family; 'I have been deceived and duped on every side. But my hands are 'tied; and though my heart is torn in pieces, I must leave these ini-'quities unpunished!"'—The Queen's intentions were always good, urged Wilhelmina. "Let us not enter into that detail," answered he: "what is past is past; I will try to forget it;" and assured Wilhelmina that she was the dearest to him of the family, and that he would do great things for her still,—only part of which came to effect in the sequel. "I am too sad of heart to take leave of you," concluded he: "embrace your Husband on my part; I am so overcome that I must "not see him."[6] And so they rolled away.

Crown-Prince was back to Cüstrin again, many weeks before. Back to Cüstrin; but under totally changed omens: his history, after that first emergence in Wilhelmina's dance, '23d November about six P.M.,' and appearance at Parade on the morrow (Saturday morning), had been as follows. Monday

[4] Despatch, 24th Nov. 1731. [5] 11th Jan. 1732 (Wilhelmina, ii. 2).
[6] Wilhelmina, ii. 4; who dates 11th January 1732.

29th Feb. 1732.

November 26th, there was again grand Ball, and the Prince there, *not* in gray this time. Next day, the Old Dessauer and all the higher Officers in Berlin petitioned, "Let us have him in the Army again, your Majesty!" Majesty consented: and so, Friday 30th, there was grand dinner at Seckendorf's, Crown-Prince there, in soldier's uniform again; a completely pardoned youth. His uniform is of the Goltz Regiment, Infantry: Goltz Regiment, which lies at Ruppin,—at and about, in that moory Country to the Northeast, some thirty or forty miles from Berlin;—whither his destination now is.

Crown-Prince had to resume his Kammer work at Cüstrin, and see the Buildings at Carzig, for a three months longer, till some arrangements in the Regiment Goltz were perfected, and finishing improvements given to it. But 'on the last day of February' (29th, 1732 being leap-year), his Royal Highness's Commission to be Colonel Commandant of said Regiment is made out; and he proceeds, in discharge of the same, to Ruppin, where his men lie. And so puts-off the pike-gray coat, and puts-on the military blue one,[7]—never to quit it again, as turned out.

Ruppin is a little Town, in that northwest Fehrbellin region: Regiment Goltz had lain in detached quarters hitherto; but is now to lie at Ruppin, the first Battalion of it there, and the rest within reach. Here, in Ruppin itself, or ultimately at Reinsberg in the neighbourhood, was Friedrich's abode, for the next eight years. Habitual residence: with transient excursions, chiefly to Berlin in Carnival time, or on other great occasions, and always strictly on leave; his employment being that of Colonel of Foot, a thing requiring continual vigilance and industry in that Country. Least of all to be neglected, in any point, by one in his circumstances. He did his military duties to a perfection satisfactory even to Papa; and achieved on his own score many other duties and improvements, for which Papa had less value. These eight years, it is always understood, were among the most important of his life to him.

[7] Preuss, i. 69.

BOOK IX.

LAST STAGE OF FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP: LIFE IN RUPPIN.

1732–1736.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHRISTINA OF BRUNSWICK-BEVERN.

WE described the Crown-Prince as intent to comply, especially in all visible external particulars, with Papa's will and pleasure;—to distinguish himself by real excellence in Commandantship of the Regiment Goltz, first of all. But before ever getting into that, there has another point risen, on which obedience, equally essential, may be still more difficult.

Ever since the grand Catastrophe went off *without* taking Friedrich's head along with it, and there began to be hopes of a pacific settlement, question has been, Whom shall the Crown-Prince marry? And the debates about it in the Royal breast and in Tobacco-Parliament, and rumours about it in the world at large, have been manifold and continual. In the Schulenburg Letters we saw the Crown-Prince himself much interested, and eagerly inquisitive on that head. As was natural: but it is not in the Crown-Prince's mind, it is in the Tobacco-Parliament, and the Royal breast as influenced there, that the thing must be decided. Who in the world will it be, then?

Crown-Prince himself hears now of this party, now of that. England is quite over, and the Princess Amelia sunk below the horizon. Friedrich himself appears a little piqued that Hotham carried his nose so high; that the English would not, in those life-and-death circumstances, abate the least from their 'Both marriages or none,'—thinks they should have saved Wilhelmina, and taken his word of honour for the rest. England

is now out of his head ;—all romance is too sorrowfully swept out : and instead of the 'sacred air-cities of hope' in this high section of his history, the young man is looking into the 'mean clay hamlets of reality,' with an eye well recognising them for real. With an eye and heart already tempered to the due hardness for them. Not a fortunate result, though it was an inevitable one. We saw him flirting with the beautiful wedded Wreech ; talking to Lieutenant-General Schulenburg about marriage, in a way which shook the pipeclay of that virtuous man. He knows he would not get his choice, if he had one ; strives not to care. Nor does he, in fact, much care ; the romance being all out of it. He looks mainly to outward advantages ; to personal appearance, temper, good manners ; to 'religious principle,' sometimes rather in the reverse way (fearing an *overplus* rather) ;—but always to likelihood of moneys by the match, as a very direct item. Ready command of money, he feels, will be extremely desirable in a Wife ; desirable and almost indispensable, in present straitened circumstances. These are the notions of this ill-situated Cœlebs.

The parties proposed first and last, and rumoured of in Newspapers and the idle brains of men, have been very many, —no limit to their numbers ; it *may* be anybody : an intending purchaser, though but possessed of sixpence, is in a sense proprietor of the whole Fair ! Through Schulenburg we heard his own account of them, last Autumn ;—but the far noblest of the lot was hardly glanced at, or not at all, on that occasion. The Kaiser's eldest Daughter, sole heiress of Austria and these vast Pragmatic-Sanction operations ; Archduchess Maria Theresa herself,—it is affirmed to have been Prince Eugene's often-expressed wish, That the Crown-Prince of Prussia should wed the future Empress.[1] Which would indeed have saved immense confusions to mankind ! Nay she alone of Princesses, beautiful, magnanimous, brave, was the mate for such a Prince,—had the Good Fairies been consulted, which seldom happens :—and Romance itself might have become Reality in that case : with high results to the very soul of this young Prince ! Wishes are free : and wise Eugene will have been heard, perhaps often, to express this wish ; but

[1] Hormayr, *Allgemeine Geschichte der neuesten Zeit* (Wien, 1817), i. 13 ; cited in Preuss, i. 71.

that must have been all. Alas, the preliminaries, political, especially religious, are at once indispensable and impossible: we have to dismiss that day-dream. A Papal-Protestant Controversy still exists among mankind; and this is one penalty they pay for not having settled it sooner. The Imperial Court cannot afford its Archduchess on the terms possible in that quarter.

What the Imperial Court can do is, to recommend a Niece of theirs, insignificant young Princess, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, who is Niece to the Empress; and may be made useful in this way, to herself and us, think the Imperial Majesties;—will be a new tie upon the Prussians and the Pragmatic Sanction, and keep the Alliance still surer for our Archduchess in times coming, think their Majesties. She, it is insinuated by Seckendorf in Tobacco-Parliament; ought not she, Daughter of your Majesty's esteemed friend,—modest-minded, innocent young Princess, with a Brother already betrothed in your Majesty's House,—to be the Lady? It is probable she will.

Did we inform the reader once about Kaiser Karl's young marriage adventures; and may we, to remind him, mention them a second time? How Imperial Majesty, some five-and-twenty years ago, then only King of Spain, asked Princess Caroline of Anspach, who was very poor, and an orphan in the world. Who at once refused, declining to think of changing her religion on such a score;—and now governs England, telegraphing with Walpole, as Queen there instead. How Karl, now Imperial Majesty, then King of Spain, next applied to Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel; and met with a much better reception there. Applied to old Anton Ulrich, reigning Duke, who writes big Novels, and does other foolish goodnatured things;—who persuaded his Granddaughter that a change to Catholicism was nothing in such a case, that he himself should not care in the least to change. How the Granddaughter changed accordingly, went to Barcelona, and was wedded;—and had to dun old Grandpapa, "Why don't you change, then?" Who did change thereupon; thinking to himself, "Plague on it, I must, then!" the foolish old Herr. He is dead; and his Novels, in six volumes quarto, are all dead: and the Granddaughter is Kaiserinn, on those terms, a serene monotonous well-favoured Lady, diligent in her Catholic exer-

cises; of whom I never heard any evil, good rather, in her eminent serene position. Pity perhaps that she had recommended her Niece for this young Prussian gentleman; whom it by no means did 'attach to the Family' so very careful about him at Vienna! But if there lay a sin, and a punishment following on it, here or elsewhere, in her Imperial position, surely it is to be charged on foolish old Anton Ulrich; not on her, poor Lady, who had never coveted such height, nor durst for her soul take the leap thitherward, till the serene old literary gentleman showed her how easy it was.

Well, old Anton Ulrich is long since dead,[2] and his religious accounts are all settled beyond cavil; and only the sad duty devolves on me of explaining a little what and who his rather insipid offspring are, so far as related to readers of this History. Anton Ulrich left two sons; the elder of whom was Duke, and the younger had an Apanage, Blankenburg by name. Only this younger had children,—serene Kaiserinn that now is, one of them. The elder died childless,[3] precisely a few months before the times we are now got to; reigning Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel,[4] all but certain Apanages, and does not concern us farther. To that supreme dignity the younger has now come, and his Apanage of Blankenburg and children with him;—so that there is now only one outstanding Apanage (Bevern, not known to us yet); which also will perhaps get reunited, if we cared for it. Ludwig Rudolf is the name of this new sovereign Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, or Duke in chief; age now sixty; has a shining, bustling, somewhat irregular Duchess, says Wilhelmina; and a nose—or rather almost no nose, for sad reasons![5] Other qualities or accidents I know not of him,—except that he is Father of the Vienna Kaiserinn; Grandfather of the Princess whom Seckendorf suggests for our Friedrich of Prussia.

In Ludwig Rudolf's insipid offspring our readers are unexpectedly somewhat interested; let readers patiently attend, therefore. He had three Daughters, never any son. Two of his Daughters, eldest and youngest, are alive still; the middle

[2] 1714, age 70. Hübner, t. 190.
[3] 1731, Michaelis, i. 132.
[4] 'Welf-*booths*' (Hutted Camp of the Welfs), according to Etymology. 'Brunswick,' again, is *Braun's*-Wick; 'Braun' (Brown) being an old militant Welf in those parts, who built some lodge for himself, as a convenience there,—Year 880, say the uncertain old Books. Hübner, t. 149; Michaelis &c.
[5] Wilhelmina, ii. 121.

one had a sad fate long ago. She married, in 1711, Alexius the Czarowitz of Peter the Great: foolish Czarowitz, miserable and making others miserable, broke her heart by ill conduct, ill usage, in four years; so that she died; leaving him only a poor small Peter II., who is now dead too, and that matter ended all but the memory of it. Some accounts bear, that *she* did not die; that she only pretended it, and ran and left her intolerable Czarowitz. That she wedded, at Paris, in deep obscurity, an Officer just setting-out for Louisiana; lived many years there as a thrifty soldier's wife; returned to Paris with her Officer reduced to half-pay; and told him,—or told some select Official person after him, under sevenfold oath, being then a widow and necessitous,—her sublime secret. Sublime secret, which came thus to be known to a supremely select circle at Paris; and was published in Books, where one still reads it. No vestige of truth in it,—except that perhaps a necessitous soldier's widow at Paris, considering of ways and means, found that she had some trace of likeness to the Pictures of this Princess, and had heard her tragic story.

Ludwig Rudolf's second Daughter is dead long years ago; nor has this fable as yet risen from her dust. Of Ludwig Rudolf's other two Daughters, we have said that one, the eldest, was the Kaiserinn; Empress Elizabeth Christina, age now precisely forty; with two beautiful Daughters, sublime Maria Theresa the elder of them, and no son that would live. Which last little circumstance has caused the Pragmatic Sanction, and tormented universal Nature for so many years back! Ludwig Rudolf has a youngest Daughter, also married, and a Mother in Germany,—to this day conspicuously so;—of whom next, or rather of her Husband and Family-circle, we must say a word.

Her Husband is no other than the esteemed Friend of Friedrich Wilhelm; Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, by title; who, as a junior branch, lives on the Apanage of Bevern, as his Father did; but is sure now to inherit the sovereignty and be Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel at large, he or his Sons, were the present incumbent, Ludwig Rudolf, once out. Present incumbent, we have just intimated, is his Father-in-law; but it is not on that ground that he looks to inherit. He is Nephew of old Anton Ulrich, Son of a younger Brother (who was also 'Bevern' in Anton's time); and is the evident Heir-male; old

Anton being already fallen into the distaff, with nothing but three Granddaughters. Anton's heir will now be this Nephew: Nephew has wedded one of the Granddaughters, youngest of the Three, youngest Daughter of Ludwig Rudolf, Sovereign Duke that now is; which Lady, by the family she brought him, if no otherwise, is memorable or mentionable here, and may be called a Mother in Germany.[6]

Father Bevern her Husband, Ferdinand Albert the name of him, is now just fifty, only ten years younger than his serene Father-in-law Ludwig Rudolf:—whom, I may as well say here, he does at last succeed, three years hence (1735), and becomes Duke of Brunswick in General, according to hope; but only for a few months, having himself died that same year. Poor Duke; rather a good man, by all the accounts I could hear; though not of qualities that shone. He is at present 'Duke of Brunswick-Bevern,'—such his actual nomenclature in those ever-fluctuating Sibyl's-leaves of German History-Books, Wilhelmina's and the others;—expectant Duke of Brunswick in General; much a friend of Friedrich Wilhelm. A kind of Austrian soldier he was formerly, and will again be

[6] ANTON ULRICH (1633-1714), Duke in Chief; that is, Duke of Brunswick-*Wolfenbüttel.*

AUGUST WILHELM, elder Son and Heir (1662, 1714, 1731); had no Children.	LUDWIG RUDOLF, the younger Son (1671, 1731, 1735), apanaged in Blankenburg; Duke of Brunswick-*Blankenburg*; became *Wolfenbüttel*, 1731; died, 1st March 1735. No Son: so that now the Bevern succeeded. Three Daughters:	FERDINAND ALBERT (1636-1687), his younger Brother apanaged in Bevern; that is, Duke of Brunswick-*Bevern.*

Elizabeth Christina, the Kaiserinn (1691, 1708, 1750).	Charlotte Christina (1694, 1711, 1715), Alexius of Russia's; had a *fabulous* end.	Antoinette Amelia (1695, 1712, 1762): Bevern's Wife, —a "Mother in Germany."	FERDINAND ALBERT, eldest Son (an elder had perished, 1704, on the Schellenberg under Marlborough), followed in Bevern (1680, 1687-1704, 1735); Kaiser's soldier, Friedrich Wilhelm's friend; married his Cousin, Antoinette Amelia ("Mother in Germany," as we call her). Duke in Chief, 1st March 1735, on Ludwig Rudolf's decease; died himself, 3d September same year.

Born 1713, Karl the Heir (to marry our Friedrich's Sister).	1714, Anton Ulrich (Russia; tragedy of Czar Iwan).	1715, 8th November, Elizabeth Christina (Crown-Prince's).	1718, Ludwig Ernst (Holland, 1787).	1721, Ferdinand (Chatham's and England's) of the Seven-Years War.	1722, 1724, 1725, 1732, Four others; Boys the youngest Two, who were both killed in Friedrich's Wars.

for brief times; General-Feldmarschall so-styled; but is not notable in War, nor otherwise at all, except for the offspring he had by this serene Spouse of his. Insipid offspring, the impatient reader says; but permits me to enumerate one or two of them:

1°. Karl, eldest Son; who is sure to be Brunswick in General; who is betrothed to Princess Charlotte of Prussia,—'a satirical creature, she, fonder of my Prince than of him,' Wilhelmina thinks. The wedding nevertheless took effect. Brunswick in General duly fell in, first to the Father; then, in a few months more, to Karl with his Charlotte: and from them proceeded, in due time, another Karl, of whom we shall hear in this History;—and of whom all the world heard much in the French Revolution Wars; in 1792, and still more tragically afterwards. Shot, to death or worse, at the Battle of Jena, October 1806; 'battle lost before it was begun,'—such the strategic history they give of it. He peremptorily ordered the French Revolution to suppress itself; and that was the answer the French Revolution made him. From this Karl, what *new* Queens Caroline of England and portentous Dukes of Brunswick, sent upon their travels through the anarchic world, profitable only to Newspapers, we need not say!—

2°. Anton Ulrich; named after his august Great-Grandfather; does not write novels like him. At present a young gentleman of eighteen; goes into Russia before long, hoping to beget Czars; which issues dreadfully for himself and the potential Czars he begot. The reader has heard of a potential "Czar Iwan," violently done to death in his room, one dim moonlight night of 1764, in the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, middle of Lake Ladoga; misty moon looking down on the stone battlements, on the melancholy waters, and saying nothing.—But let us not anticipate.

3° Elizabeth Christina; to us more important than any of them. Namesake of the Kaiserinn, her august Aunt; age now seventeen; insipid fine-complexioned young lady, who is talked of for the Bride of our Crown-Prince. Of whom the reader will hear more. Crown-Prince fears she is 'too religious,'—and will have '*cagots*' about her (solemn persons in black, highly unconscious how little wisdom they have), who may be troublesome.

4°. A merry young Boy, now ten, called Ferdinand; with whom England within the next thirty years will ring, for some time, loud enough: the great "Prince Ferdinand" himself,—under whom the Marquis of Granby and others became great; Chatham superintending it. This really was a respectable gentleman, and did considerable things, —a Trismegistus in comparison with the Duke of Cumberland whom he succeeded. A cheerful, singularly-polite, modest, well-conditioned man withal. To be slightly better known to us, if we live. He at present is a Boy of ten, chasing the thistle's beard.

5°. Three other sons, all soldiers, two of them younger than Ferdinand; whose names were in the gazettes down to a late period;—

whom we shall ignore in this place. The last of them was marched out of Holland, where he had long been Commander-in-chief on rather Tory principles, in the troubles of 1787. Others of them we shall see storming forward on occasion, valiantly meeting death in the field of fight, all conspicuously brave of character; but this shall be enough of them at present.

It is of these that Ludwig Rudolf's youngest daughter, the serene Ferdinand Albert's wife, is Mother in Germany; highly conspicuous in their day. If the question is put, it must be owned they are all rather of the insipid type. Nothing but a kind of albuminous simplicity noticeable in them; no wit, originality, brightness in the way of uttered intellect. If it is asked, How came they to the least distinction in this world?—the answer is not immediately apparent. But indeed they are Welf of the Welfs, in this respect as in others. One asks, with increased wonder, noticing in the Welfs generally nothing but the same albuminous simplicity, and poverty rather than opulence of uttered intellect, or of qualities that shine, How the Welfs came to play such a part, for the last thousand years, and still to be at it, in conspicuous places?

Reader, I have observed that uttered intellect is not what permanently makes way, but *un*uttered. Wit, logical brilliancy, spiritual effulgency, true or *false*,—how precious to idle mankind, and to the Newspapers and History-Books, even when it is false: while, again, Nature and Practical Fact care next to nothing for it in comparison, even when it is true! Two silent qualities you will notice in these Welfs, modern and ancient; which Nature much values: *First*, consummate human Courage; a noble, perfect, and as it were unconscious superiority to fear. And then *secondly*, much weight of mind, a noble not too conscious Sense of what is Right and Not Right, I have found in some of them;—which means mostly *weight*, or good gravitation, good observance of the perpendicular; and is called justice, veracity, high-honour, and other such names. These are fine qualities indeed, especially with an 'albuminous simplicity' as vehicle to them. If the Welfs had not much articulate intellect, let us guess they made a good use, not a bad or indifferent, as is commoner, of what they had.

Who his Majesty's Choice is; and what the Crown-Prince thinks of it.

Princess Elizabeth Christina, the insipid Brunswick specimen, backed by Seckendorf and Vienna, proves on consideration the desirable to Friedrich Wilhelm in this matter. But his Son's notions, who as yet knows her only by rumour, do not go that way. Insipidity, triviality; the fear of '*cagotage*' and frightful fellows in black supremely unconscious what blockheads they are, haunts him a good deal. And as for any money coming,—her sublime Aunt the Kaiserinn never had much ready-money; one's resources on that side are likely to be exiguous. He would prefer the Princess of Mecklenburg, Semi-Russian Catharine or Anna, of whom we have heard; would prefer the Princess of Eisenach (whose name he does not know rightly); thinks there are many Princesses preferable. Most of all he would prefer, what is well known of him in Tobacco-Parliament, but known to be impossible, this long while back, to go upon a round of travel,—as for instance the Prince of Lorraine is now doing,—and look about him a little.

These candid considerations the Crown-Prince earnestly suggests to Grumkow, and the secret committee of Tobacco-Parliament; earnestly again and again, in his Correspondence with that gentleman, which goes on very brisk at present. 'Much of it lost,' we hear;—but enough, and to spare, is saved! Not a beautiful correspondence: the tone of it shallow, hard of heart; tragically flippant, especially on the Crown-Prince's part; now and then even a touch of the hypocritical from him, slight touch and not with will: alas, what can the poor young man do? Grumkow,—whose ground, I think, is never quite so secure since that Nosti business,—professes ardent attachment to the real interests of the Prince; and does solidly advise him of what is feasible, what not, in head-quarters: very exemplary 'attachment;' credible to what length, the Prince well enough knows. And so the Correspondence is unbeautiful; not very descriptive even,—for poor Friedrich is considerably under mask, while he writes to that address; and of Grumkow himself we want no more 'description;' and is, in fact, on its own score, an avoidable article rather than otherwise; though perhaps the reader, for a poor

Feb. 1732.

involved Crown-Prince's sake, will wish an exact Excerpt or two before we quite dismiss it.

Towards turning-off the Brunswick speculation, or turning-on the Mecklenburg or Eisenach or any other in its stead, the Correspondence naturally avails nothing. Seckendorf has his orders from Vienna: Grumkow has his pension, — his creambowl duly set,—for helping Seckendorf. Though angels pleaded, not in a tone of tragic flippancy, but with the voice of breaking hearts, it would be to no purpose. The Imperial Majesties have ordered, Marry him to Brunswick, 'bind him the better to our House in time coming;' nay the Royal mind at Potsdam gravitates, of itself, that way, after the first hint is given. The Imperial will has become the Paternal one; no answer but obedience. What Grumkow can do will be, if possible, to lead or drive the Crown-Prince into obeying smoothly, or without breaking of harness again. Which, accordingly, is pretty much the sum of his part in this unlovely Correspondence: the geeho-ing of an expert wagoner, who has got a fiery young Arab thoroughly tied into his dastard sandcart, and has to drive him by voice, or at most by slight *crack* of whip; and does it. Can we hope, a select specimen or two of these Documents, not on Grumkow's part, or for Grumkow's unlovely sake, may now be acceptable to the reader? A Letter or two picked from that large stock, in a legible state, will show us Father and Son, and how that tragic matter went on, better than description could.

Papa's Letters to the Crown-Prince during that final Cüstrin period, when Carzig and Himmelstädt were going on, and there was such progress in Economics, are all of hopeful ruggedly affectionate tenor; and there are a good few of them: style curiously rugged, intricate, headlong; and a strong substance of sense and worth tortuously visible everywhere. Letters so delightful to the poor retrieved Crown-Prince then and there; and which are still almost pleasant reading to third-parties, once you introduce grammar and spelling. This is one exact specimen; most important to the Prince and us. Suddenly, one night, by estafette, his Majesty, meaning nothing but kindness, and grateful to Seckendorf and Tobacco-Parliament for such an idea, proposes,—in these terms (merely reduced to English and the common spelling):

'*To the Crown-Prince at Cüstrin* (from Papa).

'Potsdam, 4th February 1732.

'My dear Son Fritz,—I am very glad you need no more physic. 'But you must have a care of yourself, some days yet, for the severe 'weather; which gives me and everybody colds; so pray be on your 'guard (*nehmet Euch hübsch in Acht*).

'You know, my dear Son, that when my children are obedient, I 'love them much: so, when you were at Berlin, I from my heart for-'gave you everything; and from that Berlin time, since I saw you, have 'thought of nothing but of your well-being and how to establish you, '—not in the Army only, but also with a right Stepdaughter, and so 'see you married in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded I have 'had the Princesses of Germany taken survey of, so far as possible, and 'examined by trusty people, what their conduct is, their education and 'so on: and so a Princess has been found, the Eldest one of Bevern, who 'is well brought-up, modest and retiring, as women ought to be.

'You will without delay (*citò*) write me your mind on this. I have 'purchased the Von Katsch House; the Feldmarschall,' old Wartens-leben, poor Katte's grandfather, 'as Governor' of Berlin, 'will get that 'to live in: and his Government House[7] I will have made-new for you, 'and furnish it all; and give you enough to keep house yourself there; 'and will command you into the Army, April coming' (which is quite a subordinate story, your Majesty!).

'The Princess is not ugly, nor beautiful. You must mention it to 'no mortal;—write indeed to Mamma (*der Mama*) that I have written 'to you. And when you shall have a Son, I will let you go on your 'Travels,—wedding, however, cannot be before winter next. Mean-'while I will try and contrive opportunity that you see one another, a 'few times, in all honour, yet so that you get acquainted with her. She 'is a god-fearing creature (*gottesfürchtiges Mensch*), which is all in all; 'will suit herself to you' (be *comportable* to you) 'as she does to the 'Parents-in-law.

'God give his blessing to it; and bless You and your Posterity, and 'keep Thee as a good Christian. And have God always before your 'eyes;—and don't believe that damnable *Particular* tenet' (Predestination); 'and be obedient and faithful: so shall it, here in Time and 'there in Eternity, go well with thee;—and whoever wishes that from 'the heart, let him say Amen.

'Your true Father to the death,

'FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

[7] Fine enough old House, or Palace, built by the Great Elector; given by him to Graf Feldmarschall von Schomberg, the 'Duke Schomberg' who was killed in the Battle of the Boyne: 'same House, opposite the Arsenal, which belongs now (1855) 'to his Royal Highness Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia.' (Preuss, i. 73; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 12 n.)

11th Feb. 1732.

'When the Duke of Lorraine comes, I will have thee come. I think 'thy Bride will be here then. Adieu; God be with you.'[8]

This important Missive reached Cüstrin, by estafette, that same midnight, 4th-5th February; when Wolden, 'Hofmarschall of the Prince's Court' (titular Goldstick there, but with abundance of real functions laid on him), had the honour to awaken the Crown-Prince into the joy of reading. Crown-Prince instantly dispatched, by another estafette, the requisite responses to Papa and Mamma,—of which Wolden does not know the contents at all, not he, the obsequious Goldstick;—but doubtless they mean "Yes," Crown-Prince appearing so overjoyed at this splendid evidence of Papa's love, as the Goldstick could perceive.[9]

What the Prince's actual amount of joy was, we shall learn better from the following three successive utterances of his, confidentially dispatched to Grumkow in the intermediate days, before Berlin or this 'Duke of Lorraine' (whom our readers and the Crown-Prince are to wait upon), with actual sight of Papa and the Intended, came in course. Grumkow's Letters to the Crown-Prince in this important interval are not extant, nor if they were could we stand them; from the Prince's Answers it will be sufficiently apparent what the tenor of them was. Utterance *first* is about a week after that of the estafette at midnight:

To General Feldmarschall von Grumkow, at Potsdam (from the Crown-Prince).

'Cüstrin, 11th February 1732.

'My dear General and Friend,—I was charmed to learn by your 'Letter that my affairs are on so good a footing' (Papa so well satisfied with my professions of obedience); 'and you may depend on it I am 'docile to follow your advice. I will lend myself to whatever is pos-'sible for me; and provided I can secure the King's favour by my 'obedience, I will do all that is within my power.

'Nevertheless, in making my bargain with the Duke of Bevern, 'manage that the *Corpus delicti*' (my Intended) 'be brought up under 'her Grandmother' (Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, Ludwig Rudolf's Spouse, an airy coquettish Lady,—let her be the tutoress and

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 55.

[9] Wolden's *Letter* to Friedrich Wilhelm, '5th February 1732:' in Preuss, ii. part 2d (or *Urkundenbuch*), p. 206. Mamma's answer to the message brought her by this return estafette, a mere formal *Very-well*, written from the fingers outward, exists (*Œuvres*, xxvi. 65); the rest have happily vanished.

model of my Intended, O General). 'For I should prefer being made 'a'—what shall we say? by a light wife,—'or to serve under the 'haughty *fontange*[10] of my Spouse' (as Ludwig Rudolf does, by all accounts), 'than to have a blockhead who would drive me mad by her 'ineptitudes, and whom I should be ashamed to produce.

'I beg you labour at this affair. When one hates romance hero-'ines as heartily as I do, one dreads those "virtues" of the ferocious 'type' (*les vertus farouches*, so terribly aware that they are virtuous); 'and I had rather marry the greatest'—(unnameable)—'in Berlin, 'than a devotee with half-a-dozen ghastly hypocrites (*cagots*) at her 'beck. If it were still *möglich*' (possible, in German) 'to make her 'Calvinist' (*Réformée;* our Court-Creed, which might have an allaying tendency, and at least would make her go with the stream)? 'But I 'doubt that:—I will insist, however, that her Grandmother have the 'training of her. What you can do to help in this, my dear Friend, 'I am persuaded you will do.

'It afflicted me a little that the King still has doubts of me, while 'I am obeying in such a matter, diametrically opposite to my own 'ideas. In what way shall I offer stronger proofs? I may give my-'self to the Devil, it will be to no purpose; nothing but the old song 'over again, doubt on doubt.—Don't imagine I am going to disoblige 'the Duke, the Duchess or the Daughter, I beseech you! I know too 'well what is due to them, and too much respect their merits, not to 'observe the strictest rules of what is proper,—even if I hated their 'progeny and them like the pestilence.

'I hope to speak to you with open heart at Berlin.'——'You may 'think, too, how I shall be embarrassed, having to do the *Amoroso* 'perhaps without being it, and to take an appetite for mute ugliness, '—for I don't much trust Count Seckendorf's taste in this article,'—in spite of his testimonies in Tobacco-Parliament and elsewhere. 'Mon-'sieur! Once more, get this Princess to learn by heart the *Ecole des 'Maris* and the *Ecole des Femmes;* that will do her much more good 'than *True Christianity* by the late Mr. Arndt![11] If, besides, she 'would learn steadiness of humour (*toujours danser sur un pied*), learn 'music; and, *nota bene*, become rather too free than too virtuous,—ah 'then, my dear General, then I should feel some liking for her, and a 'Colin marrying a Phyllis, the couple would be in accordance: but if 'she is stupid, naturally I renounce the Devil and her.'——'It is said 'she has a Sister, who at least has common sense. Why take the 'eldest, if so? To the King it must be all one. There is also a 'Princess Christina Marie of Eisenach' (real name being Christina *Wilhelmina*, but no matter), 'who would be quite my fit, and whom I 'should like to try for. In fine, I mean to come soon into your Coun-'tries;[12] and perhaps will say like Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici.*' ❁ ❁

[10] Species of top-knot; so named from Fontange, an unfortunate-female of Louis Fourteenth's, who invented the ornament.

[11] Johann Arndt ('late' this long while back), *Vom wahren Christenthum*, Magdeburg, 1610.

[12] Did come, 26th February, as we shall see.

11th Feb. 1732.

Paragraph of tragic compliments to Grumkow we omit. Letter ends in this way :

'Your Baireuth News is very interesting ; I hope, in September 'next' (time of a grand problem coming there for Wilhelmina), 'my 'Sister will recover her first health. If I go travelling, I hope to have 'the consolation of seeing her for a fortnight or three weeks; I love 'her more than my life; and for all my obediences to the King, surely 'I shall deserve that recompense. The diversions for the Duke of 'Lorraine are very well schemed; but'—but what mortal can now care about them? Close, and seal.[13]

As to this Duke of Lorraine just coming, he is Franz Stephan, a pleasant young man of twenty-five, son of that excellent Duke Leopold Joseph, whom young Lyttelton of Hagley was so taken with, while touring in those parts in the Congress-of-Soissons time. Excellent Duke Leopold Joseph is since dead ; and this Franz has succeeded to him,—what succession there was ; for Lorraine as a Dukedom has its neck under the foot of France this great while, and is evidently not long for this world. Old Fleury, men say, has his eye upon it. And in fact it was, as we shall see, eaten-up by Fleury within four-years time ; and this Franz proved the last of all the Dukes there. Let readers notice him : a man of high destiny otherwise, of whom we are to hear much. For ten years past he has lived about Vienna, being a born Cousin of that House (Grandmother was Kaiser Leopold's own Sister) ; and it is understood, nay it is privately settled he is to marry the transcendent Archduchess, peerless Maria Theresa herself ; and is to reap, he, the whole harvest of that Pragmatic Sanction sown with such travail of the Universe at large. May be King of the Romans (which means successor to the Kaisership) any day ; and actual Kaiser one day.

We may as well say here, he did at length achieve these dignities, though not quite in the time or on the terms proposed. King of the Romans old Kaiser Karl never could quite resolve to make him,—having always hopes of male progeny yet ; which never came. For his peerless Bride he waited six years still (owing to accidents), 'attachment mutual all the while ;' did then wed, 1738, and was the happiest of men and expectant Kaisers :—but found, at length, the Pragmatic Sanction to have been a strange sowing of dragon's-

[13] Förster, iii. 160-162 ; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 37-39.

teeth, and the first harvest reapable from it a world of armed men!—For the present he is on a grand Tour, for instruction and other objects; has been in England last; and is now getting homewards again, to Vienna, across Germany; conciliating the Courts as he goes. A pacific friendly eupeptic young man; Crown-Prince Friedrich, they say, took much to him in Berlin; did not quite swear eternal friendship; but kept-up some correspondence for a while, and 'once sends him a present of salmon.'—But to proceed with the utterances to Grumkow.

Utterance *second* is probably of prior date; but introducible here, being an accidental Fragment, with the date lost:

To the Feldmarschall von Grumkow (from the Crown-Prince; exact date lost).

'* * As to what you tell me of the Princess of Mecklenburg,' for whom they want a Brandenburg Prince,—'could not *I* marry her? Let 'her come into this Country, and think no more of Russia: she would 'have a dowry of two or three millions of roubles,—only fancy how I 'could live with that! I think that project might succeed. The Prin-'cess is Lutheran; perhaps she objects to go into the Greek Church? '——I find none of these advantages in this Princess of Bevern; who, 'as many people, even of the Duke's Court, say, is not at all beautiful, 'speaks almost nothing, and is given to pouting (*faisant la fâchée*). 'The good Kaiserinn has so little herself, that the sums she could 'afford her Niece would be very moderate.'[14]

'Given to pouting,' too! No, certainly; your Insipidity of Brunswick, without prospects of ready-money; dangerous for *cagotage;* 'not a word to say for herself in company, and given to pouting:' I do not reckon her the eligible article!—

Seckendorf, Schulenburg, Grumkow and all hands are busy in this matter: geeho-ing the Crown-Prince towards the mark set before him. With or without explosion, arrive there he must; other goal for him is none!—In the mean while, it appears, illustrious Franz of Lorraine, coming on, amid the proper demonstrations, through Magdeburg and the Prussian Towns, has caught some slight illness and been obliged to pause; so that Berlin cannot have the happiness of seeing him quite so soon as it expected. The high guests invited to meet Duke

[14] Fragment given in *Seckendorfs Leben*, iii. 249 n.

19th Feb. 1732.

Franz, especially the high Brunswicks, are already there. High Brunswicks, Bevern with Duchess, and still more important, with Son and with Daughter :—insipid *Corpus delicti* herself has appeared on the scene ; and Grumkow, we find, has been writing some description of her to the Crown-Prince. Description of an unfavourable nature ; below the truth, not above it, to avert disappointment, nay to create some gleam of inverse joy, when the actual meeting occurs. That is his art in driving the fiery little Arab ignominiously yoked to him ; and it is clear he has overdone it, for once. This is Friedrich's *third* utterance to him ; much the most emphatic there is :

To the General Feldmarschall von Grumkow.

'Cüstrin, 19th Feb. 1732.

'Judge, my dear General, if I can have been much charmed with 'the description you give of the abominable object of my desires! For 'the love of God, disabuse the King in regard to her' (show him that she is a fool, then); 'and let him remember well that fools commonly 'are the most obstinate of creatures.

'Some months ago he wrote a Letter to Wolden,' the obsequious Goldstick, 'of his giving me the choice of several Princesses: I hope 'he will not give himself the lie in that. I refer you entirely to the 'Letter, which Schulenburg will have delivered,'—little Schulenburg called here, in passing your way; all hands busy. 'For there is no hope 'of wealth, no reasoning, nor chance of fortune that could change my 'sentiment as expressed there' (namely, that I will not have her, whatever become of me); 'and miserable for miserable, it is all one! Let 'the King but think that it is not for himself that he is marrying me, 'but for *my*self; nay he too will have a thousand chagrins, to see two 'persons hating one another, and the miserablest marriage in the world; '—to hear their mutual complaints, which will be to him so many re'proaches for having fashioned the instrument of our yoke. As a good 'Christian, let him consider, If it is well done to wish to force people; 'to cause divorces, and to be the occasion of all the sins that an ill'assorted marriage leads us to commit! I am determined to front every'thing in the world sooner: and since things are so, you may in some 'good way apprise the Duke' of Bevern 'that, happen what may, I 'never will have her.

'I have been unfortunate (*malheureux*) all my life; and I think it 'is my destiny to continue so. One must be patient, and take the time 'as it comes. Perhaps a sudden tract of good fortune, on the back of 'all the chagrins I have made profession of ever since I entered this 'world, would have made me too proud. In a word, happen what will, 'I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have suffered sufficiently

'for an exaggerated crime' (that of "attempting to desert;"—Heavens!) —'and I will not engage myself to extend my miseries (*chagrins*) into 'future times. I have still resources:—a pistol-shot can deliver me 'from my sorrows and my life: and I think a merciful God would not 'damn me for that; but, taking pity on me, would, in exchange for a 'life of wretchedness, grant me salvation. This is whitherward despair 'can lead a young person, whose blood is not so quiescent as if he were 'seventy. I have a feeling of myself, Monsieur; and perceive that, when 'one hates the methods of force as much as I, our boiling blood will 'carry us always towards extremities.

* * 'If there are honest people in the world, they must think 'how to save me from one of the most perilous passages I have ever 'been in. I waste myself in gloomy ideas; I fear I shall not be able 'to hide my grief, on coming to Berlin. This is the sad state I am 'in;—but it will never make me change from being,'—surely to an excessive degree, the illustrious Grumkow's most &c. &c.

'FRIDERIC.'

'I have received a Letter from the King; all agog (*bien coiffé*) about 'the Princess. I think I may still finish the week here.[15] When his 'first fire of approbation is spent, you might, praising her all the while, 'lead him to notice her faults. *Mon Dieu*, has he not already seen 'what an ill-assorted marriage comes to,—my Sister of Anspach and 'her Husband, who hate one another like the fire! He has a thousand 'vexations from it every day. * * And what aim has the King? If it 'is to assure himself of me, that is not the way. Madam of Eisenach 'might do it; but a fool not (*point une bête*);—on the contrary, it is 'morally impossible to love the cause of our misery. The King is rea- 'sonable; and I am persuaded he will understand this himself.'[16]

Very passionate pleading; but it might as well address itself to the east-winds. Have east-winds a heart, that they should feel pity? *Jarni-bleu*, Herr Feldzeugmeister,—only take care he don't overset things again!

Grumkow, in these same hours, is writing a Letter to the Prince, which we still have,[17] How charmed his Majesty is at such obedience; 'shed tears of joy,' writes Grumkow, 'and said it was the happiest day of his life.' Judge Grumkow's feelings soon after, on this furious recalcitration breaking out! Grumkow's Answer, which also we still have,[18] is truculence itself in a polite form:—horrorstruck as a Christian at the suicide notion, at the—in fact at the whole matter; and begs, as a humble individual, not wishful of violent death and destruc-

[15] 26th, did arrive in Berlin: Preuss (in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 58 n.).
[16] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 41, 42.
[17] Ib. xvi. 43. [18] Ib. pp. 44-46.

26th Feb. 1732.

tion upon self and family, to wash his poor hands of it altogether. Dangerous for the like of him; 'interfering between Royal Father and Royal Son of such opposite humours, would break the neck of any man,' thinks Grumkow; and sums-up with this pithy reminiscence: 'I remember always what the 'King said to me at Wusterhausen, when your Royal High-'ness lay prisoner in the Castle of Cüstrin, and I wished to 'take your part: "*Nein, Grumkow, denket an diese Stelle, Gott 'gebe dass ich nicht wahr rede, aber mein Sohn stirbt nicht eines 'natürlichen Todes; und Gott gebe dass er nicht unter Henkers 'Hände komme.* No, Grumkow, think of what I now tell you: 'God grant it do not come true,—but my Son won't die a 'natural death; God grant he do not come into the Hang-'man's hands yet!" I shuddered at these words, and the King 'repeated them twice to me: that is true, or may I never see 'God's face, or have part in the merits of our Lord.'—The Crown-Prince's 'pleadings' may fitly terminate here.

Duke of Lorraine arrives in Potsdam and in Berlin.

Saturday 23d February 1732, his Serene Highness of Lorraine did at length come to hand. Arrived in Potsdam that day; where the two Majesties, with the Serene Beverns, with the Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, and the other high guests, had been some time in expectation. Suitable persons invited for the occasion: Bevern, a titular Austrian Feldmarschall; Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, an actual one (poor old Eberhard Ludwig's Cousin, and likely to be Heir there soon); high quasi-Austrian Serenities;—not to mention Schulenburg and others officially related to Austria, or acquainted with it. Nothing could be more distinguished than the welcome of Duke Franz; and the things he saw and did, during his three-weeks visit, are wonderful to Fassmann and the extinct Gazetteers. Saw the Potsdam Giants do their '*exercitia*,' transcendent in perfection; had a boar-hunt; 'did divine-service in the Potsdam Catholic Church;'—went by himself to Spandau, on the Tuesday (26th), where all the guns broke forth, and dinner was ready: King, Queen and Party having made-off for Berlin, in the interim, to be ready for his advent there 'in the evening about five.' Majesties wait at Berlin, with their Party,—among whom, say the old Newspapers, 'is his Royal Highness the

Crown-Prince :' Crown-Prince just come in from Cüstrin; just blessed with the first sight of his Charmer, whom he finds perceptibly less detestable than he expected.

Serene Highness of Lorraine arrived punctually at five, with outburst of all the artilleries and hospitalities; balls, soirees, *exercitia* of the Kleist Regiment, of the Gens-d'Armes; dinners with Grumkow, dinners with Seckendorf, evening party with the Margravine Philip (Margravine in high colours);—one scenic miracle succeeding another, for above a fortnight to come.

The very first spectacle his Highness saw, a private one, and of no intense interest to him, we shall mention here for our own behoof. 'An hour after his arrival the Duke was car-'ried away to his Excellency Herr Creutz the Finance-Minis-'ter's; to attend a wedding there, along with his Majesty. 'Wedding of Excellency Creutz's only daughter to the Herr '*Hofjägermeister* von Hacke.'—*Hofjägermeister* (Master of the Hunt), and more specifically Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard or Giant regiment, much and deservedly a favourite with his Majesty. Majesty has known, a long while, the merits military and other of this Hacke; a valiant expert exact man, of good stature, good service among the Giants and otherwise, though not himself gigantic; age now turned of thirty;—and unluckily little but his pay to depend on. Majesty, by way of increment to Hacke, small increment on the pecuniary side, has lately made him 'Master of the Hunt;' will, before long, make him Adjutant-General, and his right-hand man in Army matters, were he only rich;—has, in the mean while, made this excellent match for him; which supplies that defect. Majesty was the making of Creutz himself; who is grown very rich, and has but one Daughter: "Let Hacke have her!" his Majesty advised;—and snatches-off the Duke of Lorraine to see it done.[19]

Did the reader ever hear of Finance-Minister Creutz, once a poor Regiment's Auditor, when his Majesty, as yet Crown-Prince, found talent in him? Can readers fish-up from their memory, twenty years back, anything of a terrific Spectre walking in the Berlin Palace, for certain nights, during that 'Stralsund Expedition' or famed Swedish-War time, to the terror of mankind? Terrific Spectre, thought to be in Swedish pay,—

[19] Fassmann, p. 430

properly a spy Scullion, in a small concern of Grumkow *versus* Creutz ?[20] This is the same Creutz ; of whom we have never spoken more, nor shall again, now that his rich Daughter is well married to Hacke, a favourite of his Majesty's and ours. It was the Duke's first sight in Berlin ; February 26th ; prologue to the flood of scenic wonders there.

But perhaps the wonderfulest thing, had he quite understood it, was that of the 10th March, which he was invited to. Last obligation laid upon the Crown-Prince, 'to bind him to the House of Austria,' that evening. Of which take this account, external and internal, from authentic Documents in our hand.

Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to the Brunswick Charmer, Niece of Imperial Majesty, Monday Evening, 10th March 1732.

Document *first* is of an internal nature, from the Prince's own hand, written to his Sister four days before :

'*To the Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth.*

'Berlin, 6th March 1732.

'My dearest Sister,—Next Monday comes my Betrothal, which will 'be done just as yours was. The Person in question is neither beau-'tiful nor ugly, not wanting for sense, but very ill brought-up, timid, and 'totally behind in manners and social behaviour (*manières du savoir-'vivre*) : that is the candid portrait of this Princess. You may judge 'by that, dearest Sister, if I find her to my taste or not. The greatest 'merit she has is that she has procured me the liberty of writing to you; 'which is the one solacement I have in your absence.

'You never can believe, my adorable Sister, how concerned I am 'about your happiness ; all my wishes centre there, and every moment 'of my life I form such wishes. You may see by this that I preserve 'still that sincere friendship which has united our hearts from our ten-'derest years :—recognise at least, my dear Sister, that you did me a 'sensible wrong when you suspected me of fickleness towards you, and 'believed false reports of my listening to talebearers ; me, who love 'only you, and whom neither absence nor lying rumours could change 'in respect of you. At least don't again believe such things on my 'score, and never mistrust me till you have had clear proof,—or till 'God has forsaken me, and I have lost my wits. And being persuaded 'that such miseries are not in store to overwhelm me, I here repeat 'how much I love you, and with what respect and sincere veneration,

[20] Antea, vol. i. pp. 312-314 ; Wilhelmina.

'—I am and shall be till death, my dearest Sister,—Your most humble 'and faithful Brother and Valet, FRIDERICH.'[21]

That was on the Thursday; Betrothal is on the Monday following. Document *second* is from poor old Fassmann, and quite of external nature; which we much abridge:

'Monday evening, all creatures are in gala, and the Royal Apart-'ments upstairs are brilliantly alight; Duke of Lorraine with the other 'high strangers are requested to take their place up there, and wait for 'a short while. Prussian Majesty, Queen and Crown-Prince with him, 'proceeds then, in a solemn official manner, to the Durchlaucht of 'Bevern's Apartment, in a lower floor of the Palace; where the Bevern 'Party, Duke, Duchess, Son and intended Charmer are. Prussian Ma-'jesty asks the Durchlaucht and Spouse, "Whether the Marriage, some 'time treated of, between that their Princess here present, and this his 'Crown-Prince likewise here, is really a thing to their mind?" Serene 'Spouses answer, to the effect, "Yea, surely, very much!" Upon 'which they all solemnly ascend to the Royal Apartments upstairs' (where we have seen Wilhelmina dancing before now), 'where Lorraine, 'Würtemberg and the other sublimities are in waiting. Lorraine and the 'sublimities form a semicircle; with the two Majesties, and pair of young 'creatures, in the centre. You young creatures, you are of one intention 'with your parents in this matter? Alas, there is no doubt of it. Pledge 'yourselves, then, by exchange of rings! said his Majesty with due busi-'ness brevity. The rings are exchanged: Majesty embraces the two 'young creatures with great tenderness;' as do Queen and Serenities; and then all the world takes to embracing and congratulating; and so the Betrothal is a finished thing. Bassoons and violins, striking up, whirl it off in universal dancing,—in 'supper of above Two hundred and sixty persons,' princely or otherwise sublime in rank, 'with spouses and noble ladies there' in the due proportion.[22]

Here is fraction of another Note from the Crown-Prince to his Sister at Baireuth, a fortnight after that event:

Berlin, 24th March 1732 (To Princess Wilhelmina).—* * 'God 'be praised that you are better, dearest Sister! For nobody can love 'you more tenderly than I do.—As to the Princess of Bevern' (my Be-trothed), 'the Queen' (Mamma, whom you have been consulting on these etiquettes) 'bids me answer, That you need not style her "Highness," 'and that you may write to her quite as to an indifferent Princess. As to '"kissing of the hands," I assure you I have not kissed them, nor will 'kiss them; they are not pretty enough to tempt one that way. God 'long preserve you in perfect health! And you, preserve for me always 'the honour of your good graces; and believe, my charming Sister,

[21] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 5.
[22] Fassmann, pp. 432, 433.

24th March 1732.

'that never brother in the world loved with such tenderness a sister 'so charming as mine; in short, believe, dear Sister, that without 'compliments, and in literal truth, I am yours wholly (*tout à vous*): 'FRIDERICH.'[23]

This is the Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to an Insipidity of Brunswick. Insipidity's private feelings, perhaps of a languidly glad sort, are not known to us; Crown-Prince's we have in part seen. He has decided to accept his fate without a murmur farther. Against his poor Bride or her qualities not a word more. In the Schloss of Berlin, amid such tempests of female gossip (Mamma still secretly corresponding with England), he has to be very reserved, on this head especially. It is understood he did not, in his heart, nearly so much dislike the insipid Princess as he wished Papa to think he did.

Duke Franz of Lorraine went off above a week ago, on the Saturday following the Betrothal; an amiable serene young gentleman, well liked by the Crown-Prince and everybody. 'He avoided the Saxon Court, though passing near it,' on his way to old Kur-Mainz; 'which is a sign,' thinks Fassmann, 'that mutual matters are on a weak footing in that quarter;' —Pragmatic Sanction never accepted there, and plenty of intricacies existing. Crown-Prince Friedrich may now go to Ruppin and the Regiment Goltz; his business and destinies being now all reduced to a steady condition;—steady sky, rather leaden, instead of the tempestuous thunder-and-lightning weather which there heretofore was. Leaden sky, he, if left well to himself, will perhaps brighten a little. Study will be possible to him; improvement of his own faculties, at any rate. It is much his determination. Outwardly, besides drilling the Regiment Goltz, he will have a steady correspondence to keep up with his Brunswick Charmer;—let him see that he be not slack in that.

CHAPTER II.

SMALL INCIDENTS AT RUPPIN.

FRIEDRICH, after some farther pause in Berlin, till things were got ready for him, went to Ruppin. This is in the Spring of 1732;[1] and he continued to have his residence there till

[23] Fassmann, xxvii. part 1st, p. 5.

[1] Still in Berlin, 6th March; dates from *Nauen* (in the Ruppin neighbourhood) for the first time, 25th April 1732, among his *Letters* yet extant: Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 4; xvi. 49.

August 1736. Four important years of young life; of which we must endeavour to give, in some intelligible condition, what traces go hovering about in such records as there are.

Ruppin, where lies the main part of the Regiment Goltz, and where the Crown-Prince Colonel of it dwells, is a quiet dull little Town, in that northwestern region; inhabitants, grown at this day to be 10,000, are perhaps guessable then at 2,000. Regiment Goltz daily rolls its drums in Ruppin: Town otherwise lifeless enough, except on market-days: and the grandest event ever known in it, this removal of the Crown-Prince thither,—which is doubtless much a theme, and proud temporary miracle, to Ruppin at present. Of society there or in the neighbourhood, for such a resident, we hear nothing.

Quiet Ruppin stands in grassy flat country, much of which is natural moor, and less of it reclaimed at that time than now. The environs, except that they are a bit of the Earth, and have a bit of the sky over them, do not set up for loveliness. Natural woods abound in that region, also peatbogs not yet drained; and fishy lakes and meres, of a dark complexion: plenteous cattle there are, pigs among them;—thick-soled husbandmen inarticulately toiling and moiling. Some glass-furnaces, a royal establishment, are the only manufactures we hear of. Not a picturesque country; but a quiet and innocent, where work is cut out, and one hopes to be well left alone after doing it. This Crown-Prince has been in far less desirable localities.

He had a reasonable house, two houses made into one for him, in the place. He laid-out for himself a garden in the outskirts, with what they call a "temple" in it,—some more or less ornamental garden-house,—from which I have read of his 'letting-off rockets' in a summer twilight. Rockets to amuse a small dinner-party, I should guess,—dinner of Officers, such as he had weekly or twice a week. On stiller evenings we can fancy him there in solitude; reading meditative, or musically fluting;—looking out upon the silent death of Day: how the summer gloaming steals over the moorlands, and over all lands; shutting-up the toil of mortals; their very flocks and herds collapsing into silence, and the big Skies and endless Times overarching him and them. With thoughts

perhaps sombre enough now and then, but profitable if he face them piously.

His Father's affection is returning; would so fain return if it durst. But the heart of Papa has been sadly torn-up: it is too good news to be quite believed, that he has a son grown wise, and doing son-like! Rumour also is very busy, rumour and the Tobacco-Parliament for or against; a little rumour is capable of stirring-up great storms in the suspicious paternal mind. All along during Friedrich's abode at Ruppin, this is a constantly recurring weather-symptom; very grievous now and then; not to be guarded against by any precaution;—though steady persistence in the proper precaution will abate it, and as good as remove it, in course of time. Already Friedrich Wilhelm begins to understand that "there is much in this Fritz,"—who knows how much, though of a different type from Papa's?—and that it will be better if he and Papa, so discrepant in type, and ticklishly related otherwise, live not too constantly together as heretofore. Which is emphatically the Crown-Prince's notion too.

I perceive he read a great deal at Ruppin: what Books I know not specially: but judge them to be of more serious solid quality than formerly; and that his reading is now generally a kind of studying as well. Not the express Sciences or Technologies; not these, in any sort,—except the military, and that an express exception. These he never cared for, or regarded as the noble knowledges for a king or man. History and Moral Speculation; what mankind have done and been in this world (so far as "History" will give one any glimpse of that), and what the wisest men, poetical or other, have thought about mankind and their world: this is what he evidently had the appetite for; appetite insatiable, which lasted with him to the very end of his days. Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, all the then French lights, and gradually others that lay deeper in the firmament:—what suppers of the gods one may privately have at Ruppin, without expense of wine! Such an opportunity for reading he had never had before.

In his soldier business he is punctual, assiduous; having an interest to shine that way. And is, in fact, approvable as a practical officer and soldier, by the strictest judge then living. Reads on soldiering withal; studious to know the rationale of it, the ancient and modern methods of it, the essential from

the unessential in it; to understand it thoroughly,—which he got to do. One already hears of conferences, correspondences, with the Old Dessauer on this head: 'Account of the Siege of Stralsund,' with plans, with didactic commentaries, drawn-up by that gunpowder Sage for behoof of the Crown-Prince, did actually exist, though I know not what has become of it. Now and afterwards this Crown-Prince must have been a great military reader. From Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and earlier, to the Chevalier Folard, and the Marquis Feuquière;[2] from Epaminondas at Leuctra to Charles XII. at Pultawa, all manner of Military Histories, we perceive, are at his finger-ends; and he has penetrated into the essential heart of each, and learnt what it had to teach him. Something of this, how much we know not, began at Ruppin; and it did not end again.

On the whole, Friedrich is prepared to distinguish himself henceforth by strictly conforming, in all outward particulars possible, to the paternal will, and becoming the most obedient of sons. Partly from policy and necessity, partly also from loyalty; for he loves his rugged Father, and begins to perceive that there is more sense in his peremptory notions than at first appeared. The young man is himself rather wild, as we have seen, with plenty of youthful petulance and longings after forbidden fruit. And then he lives in an element of gossip; his whole life enveloped in a vast Dionysius'-Ear, every word and action liable to be debated in Tobacco-Parliament. He is very scarce of money, too, Papa's allowance being extremely moderate, 'not above 6,000 thalers (900*l.*),' says Seckendorf once.[3] There will be contradictions enough to settle: caution, silence, every kind of prudence will be much recommendable.

In all outward particulars the Crown-Prince will conform; in the inward, he will exercise a judgment, and if he cannot conform, will at least be careful to hide. To do his Commandant duties at Ruppin, and avoid offences, is much his determination. We observe he takes great charge of his men's health; has the Regiment Goltz in a shiningly exact condi-

[2] *Mémoires sur la Guerre* (specially on the Wars of Louis XIV., in which Feuquière had himself shone): a new Book at this time (Amsterdam, 1731; first *complete* edition is, Paris, 1770, 4 vols. 4to); at Ruppin, and afterwards, a chief favourite with Friedrich.

[3] Förster, iii. 114 (Seckendorf to Prince Eugene).

tion at the grand reviews;—is very industrious now and afterwards to get tall recruits, as a dainty to Papa. Knows that nothing in Nature is so sure of conciliating that strange old gentleman; corresponds, accordingly, in distant quarters; lays out, now and afterwards, sums far too heavy for his means upon tall recruits for Papa. But it is good to conciliate in that quarter, by every method, and at every expense;—Argus of Tobacco-Parliament still watching one there; and Rumour needing to be industriously dealt with, difficult to keep down.

Such, so far as we can gather, is the general figure of Friedrich's life at Ruppin. Specific facts of it, anecdotes about it, are few in those dim Books; are uncertain as to truth, and without importance whether true or not. For all his gravity and Colonelship, it would appear the old spirit of frolic has not quitted him. Here are two small incidents, pointing that way; which stand on record; credible enough, though vague and without importance otherwise. Incident *first* is to the following feeble effect; indisputable though extremely unmomentous: Regiment Goltz, it appears, used to have gold trimmings; the Colonel Crown-Prince petitioned that they might be of silver, which he liked better. Papa answers, Yes. Regiment Goltz gets its new regimentals done in silver; the Colonel proposes they shall solemnly *burn* their old regimentals. And they do it, the Officers of them, *sub dio*, perhaps in the Prince's garden, stripping successively in the 'Temple' there, with such degree of genial humour, loud laughter, or at least boisterous mock-solemnity, as may be in them. This is a true incident of the Prince's history, though a small one.

Incident *second* is of slightly more significance; and intimates, not being quite alone in its kind, a questionable habit or method the Crown-Prince must have had of dealing with Clerical Persons hereabouts when they proved troublesome. Here are no fewer than three such Persons, or Parsons, of the Ruppin Country, who got mischief by him. How the first gave offence shall be seen, and how he was punished: offences of the second and the third we can only guess to have been perhaps pulpit-rebukes of said punishments: perhaps general preaching against military levities, want of piety, nay open sinfulness, in thoughtless young men with cockades. Whereby the thoughtless young men were again driven to think of nocturnal charivari? We will give the story in Dr. Büsching's

own words, who looks before and after to great distances, in a way worth attending to. The Herr Doctor, an endless Collector and Compiler on all manner of subjects, is very authentic always, and does not want for natural sense: but he is also very crude,—and here and there not far from stupid, such his continual haste, and slobbery manner of working-up those Hundred and odd Volumes of his :[4]

'The sanguine-choleric temperament of Friedrich,' says this Doctor, 'drove him, in his youth, to sensual enjoyments and wild amuse-'ments of different kinds; in his middle age, to fiery enterprises; and 'in his old years to decisions and actions of a rigorous and vehement 'nature; yet so that the primary form of utterance, as seen in his 'youth, never altogether ceased with him. There are people still 'among us (1788) who have had, in their own experience, knowledge 'of his youthful pranks; and yet more are living, who know that he 'himself, at table, would gaily recount what merry strokes were done 'by him, or by his order, in those young years. To give an instance 'or two.

'While he was at Neu-Ruppin as Colonel of the Infantry Regiment 'there, the Chaplain of it sometimes waited upon him about the time 'of dinner,—having been used to dine occasionally with the former 'Colonel. The Crown-Prince, however, put him always off, did not 'ask him to dinner; spoke contemptuously of him in presence of the 'Officers. The Chaplain was so inconsiderate, he took to girding at the 'Crown-Prince in his Sermons. "Once on a time," preached he, one 'day, "there was Herod who had Herodias to dance before him; and 'he,—he gave her John the Baptist's head for her pains!"' This *Herod*, Büsching says, was understood to mean, and meant, the Crown-Prince; *Herodias*, the merry corps of Officers who made sport for him; *John the Baptist's head* was no other than the Chaplain not invited to dinner! 'To punish him for such a sally, the Crown-Prince with the young 'Officers of his Regiment went, one night, to the Chaplain's house,' somewhere hard by, with cow's-grass adjoining to it, as we see: and 'first, they knocked-in the windows of his sleeping-room upon him' (*hinge*-windows, glass not entirely broken, we may hope); 'next there 'were crackers' (*Schwärmer*, 'enthusiasts,' so to speak!) 'thrown-in 'upon him; and thereby the Chaplain, and his poor Wife,' more or less in an interesting condition, poor woman, 'were driven out into the 'court-yard, and at last into the dung-heap there;'—and so left, with their Head on a Charger to that terrible extent!

That is Büsching's version of the story; no doubt substantially correct; of which there are traces in other quarters,—

[4] See his Autobiography, which forms *Beyträge*, B. vi. (the biggest and last Volume).

April 1732.

for it went farther than Ruppin; and the Crown-Prince had like to have got into trouble from it. "Here is piety!" said Rumour, carrying it to Tobacco-Parliament. The Crown-Prince plaintively assures Grumkow that it was the Officers, and that they got punished for it. A likely story, the Prince's!

'When King Friedrich, in his old days, recounted this after dinner, 'in his merry tone, he was well pleased that the guests, and even the 'pages and valets behind his back, laughed aloud at it.' Not a pious old King, Doctor, still less an orthodox one! The Doctor continues: 'In a like style, at Nauen, where part of his regiment lay, he had,— 'by means of Herr von der Gröben, his First-Lieutenant,' much a comrade of his, as we otherwise perceive,—'the Diaconus of Nauen 'and his Wife hunted out of bed, and thrown into terror of their lives, 'one night:'—offence of the Diaconus not specified. 'Nay he himself 'once pitched his goldheaded stick through Salpius the Church Inspec- 'tor's window,'—offence again not specified, or perhaps merely for a little artillery practice?—'and the throw was so dextrous that it merely 'made a round hole in the glass: stick was lying on the floor; and the 'Prince,' on some excuse or other, 'sent for it next morning.' 'Mar- 'graf Heinrich of Schwedt,' continues the Doctor, very trustworthy on points of fact, 'was a diligent helper in such operations. Kaiserling,' whom we shall hear of, 'First-Lieutenant von der Gröben,' these were prime hands; 'Lieutenant Buddenbrock' (old Feldmarschall's son) 'used, in his old days, when himself grown high in rank and dining 'with the King, to be appealed to as witness for the truth of these 'stories.'[5]

These are the two Incidents at Ruppin, in such light as they have. And these are all. Opulent History yields from a ton of broken nails these two brass farthings, and shuts her pocket on us again. A Crown-Prince given to frolic, among other things; though aware that gravity would beseem him better. Much gay bantering humour in him, cracklings, radiations,—which he is bound to keep well under cover, in present circumstances.

[5] Büsching, *Beyträge zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen*, v. 19-21. Vol. v.,—wholly occupied with *Friedrich II. King of Prussia* (Halle, 1788),—is accessible in French and other languages; many details, and (as Büsching's wont is) few or none not authentic, are to be found in it; a very great secret spleen against Friedrich is also traceable,—for which the Doctor may have had his reasons, not obligatory upon readers of the Doctor. The truth is, Friedrich never took the least special notice of him: merely employed and promoted him, when expedient for both parties; and he really was a man of considerable worth, in an extremely crude form.

CHAPTER III.

THE SALZBURGERS.

FOR three years past there has been much rumour over Germany, of a strange affair going on in the remote Austrian quarter, down in Salzburg and its fabulous Tyrolese valleys. Salzburg, city and territory, has an Archbishop, not theoretically Austrian, but sovereign Prince so-styled; it is from him and his orthodoxies, and pranks with his sovereign crosier, that the noise originates. Strange rumour of a body of the population discovered to be Protestant among the remote Mountains, and getting miserably ill-used, by the Right Reverend Father in those parts. Which rumour, of a singular, romantic, religious interest for the general Protestant world, proves to be but too well founded. It has come forth in the form of practical complaint to the *Corpus Evangelicorum* at the Diet, without result from the Corpus; complaint to various persons;—in fine, to his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, *with* result.

With result at last; actual 'Emigration of the Salzburgers:' and Germany,—in these very days while the Crown-Prince is at Berlin betrothing himself, and Franz of Lorraine witnessing the *exercitia* and wonders there,—sees a singular phenomenon of a touching idyllic nature going on; and has not yet quite forgotten it in our days. Salzburg Emigration was all in motion, flowing steadily onwards, by various routes, towards Berlin, at the time the Betrothal took place; and seven weeks after that event, when the Crown-Prince had gone to Ruppin, and again could only hear of it, the first Instalment of Emigrants arrived bodily at the Gates of Berlin, '30th April, at four in the afternoon;' Majesty himself and all the world going out to witness it, with something of a poetic, almost of a psalmist feeling, as well as with a practical on the part of his Majesty. First Instalment this; copiously followed by others, all that year; and flowing on, in smaller rills and drippings, for several years more, till it got completed. A notable phenomenon, full of lively picturesque and other interest to Brandenburg and Germany;—which was not forgotten by the Crown-Prince in coming years, as we shall transiently find; nay which all Germany still remembers, and even occasionally sings. Of which this is in brief the history.

The Salzburg Country, northeastern slope of the Tyrol (Donau draining that side of it, Etsch or Adige the Italian side), is celebrated by the Tourist for its airy beauty, rocky mountains, smooth green valleys, and swift-rushing streams; perhaps some readers have wandered to Bad-Gastein, or Ischl, in these nomadic summers; have looked into Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, and the Bavarian-Austrian boundary-lands; seen the wooden-clock makings, salt-works, toy-manufactures, of those simple people in their slouch-hats; and can bear some testimony to the phenomena of Nature there. Salzburg is the Archbishop's City, metropolis of his bit of sovereignty that then was.[1] A romantic City, far off among its beautiful Mountains, shadowing itself in the Salza River, which rushes down into the Inn, into the Donau, now becoming great with the tribute of so many valleys. Salzburg we have not known hitherto except as the fabulous resting-place of Kaiser Barbarossa: but we are now slightly to see it in a practical light; and mark how the memory of Friedrich Wilhelm makes an incidental lodgment for itself there.

It is well known there was extensive Protestantism once in those countries. Prior to the Thirty-Years War, the fair chance was, Austria too would all become Protestant; an extensive minority among all ranks of men in Austria too, definable as the serious intelligence of mankind in those countries, having clearly adopted it, whom the others were sure to follow. In all ranks of men; only not in the highest rank, which was pleased rather to continue Official and Papal. Highest rank had its Thirty-Years War, 'its sleek Fathers Lämmerlein and Hyacinth 'in Jesuit serge, its terrible Fathers Wallenstein in chain-arm-'our;' and, by working late and early then and afterwards, did manage at length to trample-out Protestantism,—they know with what advantage by this time. Trample-out Protestantism; or drive it into remote nooks, where under sad conditions it might protract an unnoticed existence. In the Imperial Free-Towns, Ulm, Augsburg, and the like, Protestantism continued, and under hard conditions contrives to continue: but in the country

[1] Tolerable description of it in the Baron Riesbeck's *Travels through Germany* (London, 1787, Translation by Maty, 3 vols. 8vo), i. 124-222;—whose details otherwise, on this Emigration business, are of no authenticity or value. A kind of Play-actor and miscellaneous Newspaper-man in that time (not so opulent to his class as ours is); who takes the title of 'Baron' on this occasion of coming-out with a Book of Imaginary '*Travels*.' Had personally lived, practising the miscellaneous arts, about Lintz and Salzburg,—and may be heard on the look of the Country, if on little else.

parts, except in unnoticed nooks, it is extinct. Salzburg Country is one of those nooks; an extensive Crypto-Protestantism lodging, under the simple slouch-hats, in the remote valleys there. Protestantism peaceably kept concealed, hurting nobody; wholesomely forwarding the wooden-clock manufacture, and arable or grazier husbandries, of those poor people. More harmless sons of Adam, probably, did not breathe the vital air, than those dissentient Salzburgers; generation after generation of them giving offence to no creature.

Successive Archbishops had known of this Crypto-Protestantism, and in remote periods had made occasional slight attempts upon it; but none at all for a long time past. All attempts that way, as ineffectual for any purpose but stirring-up strife, had been discontinued for many generations;[2] and the Crypto-Protestantism was again become a mythical romantic object, ignored by Official persons. However, in 1727, there came a new Archbishop, one "Firmian," Count Firmian by secular quality, of a strict lean character, zealous rather than wise; who had brought his orthodoxies with him in a rigid and very lean form.

Right Reverend Firmian had not been long in Salzburg till he smelt-out the Crypto-Protestantism, and determined to haul it forth from the mythical condition into the practical; and in fact, to see his law-beagles there worry it to death as they ought. Hence the rumours that had risen over Germany, in 1729: Law-terriers penetrating into human cottages in those remote Salzburg valleys, smelling-out some German Bible or devout Book, making lists of Bible-reading cottagers; haling them to the Right Reverend Father-in-God; thence to prison, since they would not undertake to cease reading. With fine, with confiscation, tribulation: for the peaceable Salzburgers, respectful creatures, doffing their slouch-hats almost to mankind in general, were entirely obstinate in that matter of the Bible. "Cannot, your Reverence; must not, dare not!" and went to prison or whithersoever rather; a wide cry rising, Let us sell our possessions and leave Salzburg then, according to Treaty of Westphalia, Article so-and-so. "Treaty of Westphalia? Leave Salzburg?" shrieked the Right Reverend Father: "Are we getting into open mutiny, then? Open extensive mutiny!" shrieked he. Borrowed a couple of Austrian regiments,—Kaiser

[2] Buchholz, i. 148-151

and we always on the pleasantest terms;—and marched the most refractory of his Salzburgers over the frontiers (retaining their properties and families); whereupon noise rose louder and louder.

Refractory Salzburgers sent Deputies to the Diet; appealed, complained to the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, Treaty of Westphalia in hand,—without result. *Corpus*, having verified matters, complained to the Kaiser, to the Right Reverend Father. The Kaiser, intent on getting his Pragmatic Sanction through the Diet, and anxious to offend nobody at present, gave good words; but did nothing: the Right Reverend Father answered a Letter or two from the *Corpus;* then said at last, He wished to close the Correspondence, had the honour to be,—and answered no farther, when written to. *Corpus* was without result. So it lasted through 1730; rumour, which rose in 1729, waxing ever louder into practicable or impracticable shape, through that next year; tribulation increasing in Salzburg; and noise among mankind. In the end of 1730, the Salzburgers sent Two Deputies to Friedrich Wilhelm at Berlin; solid-hearted, thick-soled men, able to answer for themselves, and give real account of Salzburg and the phenomena: this brought matters into a practicable state.

"Are you actual Protestants, the Treaty of Westphalia applicable to you? Not mere fanatic mystics, as Right Reverend Firmian asserts; protectible by no Treaty?" That was Friedrich Wilhelm's first question; and he set his two chief Berlin Clergymen, learned Roloff one of them, a divine of much fame, to catechise the two Salzburg Deputies, and report upon the point. Their Report, dated Berlin, 30th November 1730, with specimens of the main questions, I have read;[3] and can fully certify, along with Roloff and friend, That here are orthodox Protestants, apparently of very pious peaceable nature, suffering hard wrong;—orthodox beyond doubt, and covered by the Treaty of Westphalia. Whereupon his Majesty dismisses them with assurance, "Return, and say there shall be help!" —and straightway lays hand on the business, strong swift steady hand as usual, with a view that way.

Salzburg being now a clear case, Friedrich Wilhelm writes to the Kaiser; to the King of England, King of Denmark;—orders preparations to be made in Preussen, vacant messuages

[3] Fassmann, pp. 446-448.

to be surveyed, moneys to be laid up;—bids his man at the Regensburg Diet signify, That unless this thing is rectified, his Prussian Majesty will see himself necessitated to take effectual steps: 'reprisals' the first step, according to the old method of his Prussian Majesty. Rumour of the Salzburg Protestants rises higher and higher. Kaiser intent on conciliating every *Corpus*, Evangelical and other, for his Pragmatic Sanction's sake, admonishes Right Reverend Firmian; intimates at last to him, That he will actually have to let those poor people emigrate if they demand it; Treaty of Westphalia being express. In the end of 1731 it has come thus far.

"Emigrate, says your Imperial Majesty? Well, they shall emigrate," answers Firmian; "the sooner the better!" And straightway, in the dead of winter, marches, in convenient divisions, some Nine hundred of them over the frontiers: "Go about your business, then; emigrate—to the Old One, if you like!"—"And our properties, our goods and chattels?" ask they.—"Be thankful you have kept your skins. Emigrate, I say!" And the poor Nine hundred had to go out, in the rigour of winter, 'hoary old men among them, and women coming near their time;' and seek quarters in the wide world mostly unknown to them. Truly Firmian is an orthodox Herr; acquainted with the laws of fair usage and the time of day. The sleeping Barbarossa does not awaken upon him within the Hill here:—but in the Roncalic Fields, long ago, I should not have liked to stand in his shoes!

Friedrich Wilhelm, on this procedure at Salzburg, intimates to his Halberstadt and Minden Catholic gentlemen, That their Establishments must be locked up, and incomings suspended; that they can apply to the Right Reverend Firmian upon it;—and bids his man at Regensburg signify to the Diet that such is the course adopted here. Right Reverend Firmian has to hold his hand; finds both that there shall be Emigration, and that it must go forward on human terms, not inhuman; and that in fact the Treaty of Westphalia will have to guide it, not he henceforth. Those poor ousted Salzburgers cower into the Bavarian cities, till the weather mend, and his Prussian Majesty's arrangements be complete for their brethren and them.

His Prussian Majesty has been maturing his plans, all this while;—gathering moneys, getting lands ready. We saw him hanging Schlubhut in the autumn of 1731, who had peculated

from said moneys; and surveying Preussen, under storms of thunder and rain on one occasion. Preussen is to be the place for these people; Tilsit and Memel region, same where the big Fight of Tannenberg and ruin of the Teutsch Ritters took place: in that fine fertile Country there are homes got ready for this Emigration out of Salzburg.

Long ago, at the beginning of this History, did not the reader hear of a pestilence in Prussian Lithuania? Pestilence in old King Friedrich's time; for which the then Crown-Prince, now Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, vainly solicited help from the Treasury, and only brought about partial change of Ministry and no help. 'Fifty-two Towns' were more or less entirely depopulated; hundreds of thousands of fertile acres fell to waste again, the hands that had ploughed them being swept away. The new Majesty, so soon as ever the Swedish War was got rid of, took this matter diligently in hand; built-up the fifty-two ruined Towns; issued Proclamations once and again (Years 1719, 1721), to the Wetterau, to Switzerland, Saxony, Schwaben;[4] inviting Colonists to come, and, on favourable terms, till and reap there. His terms are favourable, well-considered; and are honestly kept. He has a fixed set of terms for Colonists: their road-expenses thither, so much a day allowed each travelling soul; homesteads, ploughing implements, cattle, land, await them at their journey's end; their rent and services, accurately specified, are light not heavy; and 'immunities' from this and that are granted them, for certain years, till they get well nestled. Excellent arrangements: and his Majesty has, in fact, got about 20,000 families in that way. And still there is room for thousands more. So that if the tyrannous Firmian took to tribulating Salzburg in that manner, Heaven had provided remedies and a Prussian Majesty. Heaven is very opulent; has alchemy to change the ugliest substances into beautifulest. Privately to his Majesty, for months back, this Salzburg Emigration is a most manageable matter. Manage well, it will be a godsend to his Majesty, and fit, as by preëstablished harmony, into the ancient Prussian sorrow; and 'two afflictions well put together shall become a consolation,' as the proverb promises! Go along then, Right Reverend Firmian, with your Emigration there: only no foul-play in it,—or Halberstadt and Minden get locked:—for the rest of the matter we will undertake.

[4] Buchholz, i. 148.

And so, February 2d, 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm's Proclamation[5] flew abroad over the world; brief and business-like, cheering to all but Firmian;—to this purport: 'Come, ye poor 'Salzburgers, there are homes provided for you. Apply at 'Regensburg, at Halle: Commissaries are appointed; will 'take charge of your long march and you. Be kind, all Chris-'tian German Princes: do not hinder them and me.' And in a few days farther, still early in February (for the matter is all ready before proclaiming), an actual Prussian Commissary hangs out his announcements and officialities at Donauwörth, old City known to us, within reach of the Salzburg Boundaries; collects, in a week or two, his first lot of Emigrants, near a thousand strong; and fairly takes the road with them.

A long road and a strange: I think, above five hundred miles before we get to Halle, within Prussian land; and then seven hundred more to our place there, in the utmost East. Men, women, infants and hoary grandfathers are here;—most of their property sold,—still on ruinous conditions, think of it, your Majesty. Their poor bits of preciosities and heirlooms they have with them; made up in succinct bundles, stowed on ticketed baggage-wains; 'some have their own poor cart and 'horse, to carry the too old and the too young, those that can-'not walk.' A pilgrimage like that of the Children of Israel: such a pilgrim caravan as was seldom heard of in our Western Countries. Those poor succinct bundles, the making of them up and stowing of them; the pangs of simple hearts, in those remote native valleys; the tears that were not seen, the cries that were addressed to God only: and then at last the actual turning-out of the poor caravan, in silently practical condition, staff in hand, no audible complaint heard from it; ready to march; practically marching here:—which of us can think of it without emotion, sad, and yet in a sort blessed!

Every Emigrant man has four *groschen* a day (fourpence odd) allowed him for road expenses, every woman three groschen, every child two: and regularity itself, in the shape of Prussian Commissaries, presides over it. Such marching of the Salzburgers; host after host of them, by various routes, from February onwards; above Seven thousand of them this year, and Ten thousand more that gradually followed,—was heard of at all German firesides, and in all European lands.

[5] Copy of it in Mauvillon, February 1732, ii. 311.

A phenomenon much filling the general ear and imagination; especially at the first emergence of it. We will give from poor old authentic Fassmann, as if caught-up by some sudden photograph apparatus, a rude but undeniable glimpse or two into the actuality of this business: the reader will in that way sufficiently conceive it for himself.

Glimpse *first* is of an Emigrant Party arriving, in the cold February days of 1732, at Nördlingen, Protestant Free-Town in Bavaria: Three hundred of them; first section, I think, of those Nine hundred who were packed away unceremoniously by Firmian last winter, and have been wandering about Bavaria, lodging 'in Kaufbeuern' and various preliminary Towns, till the Prussian arrangements became definite. Prussian Commissaries are, by this time, got to Donauwörth; but these poor Salzburgers are ahead of them, wandering under the voluntary-principle as yet. Nördlingen, in Bavaria, is an old Imperial Free-Town; Protestantism not suppressed there, as it has been all round; scene of some memorable fighting in the Thirty-Years War, especially of a bad defeat to the Swedes and Bernhard of Weimar, the worst they had in the course of that bad business. The Salzburgers are in number Three hundred and thirty-one; time, 'first days of February 1732, weather very cold and raw.' The charitable Protestant Town has been expecting such an advent:

'Two chief Clergymen, and the Schoolmaster and Scholars, with 'some hundreds of citizens and many young people, went out to meet 'them; there, in the open field, stood the Salzburgers, with their wives 'and their little ones, with their bullock-carts and baggage-wains,' pilgriming towards unknown parts of the Earth. '"Come in, ye blessed 'of the Lord! Why stand ye without?" said the Parson solemnly, by 'way of welcome; and addressed a Discourse to them,' devout and yet human, true every word of it, enough to draw tears from any Fassmann that were there;—Fassmann and we not far from weeping without words. 'Thereupon they ranked themselves two and two, and marched 'into the Town,' straight to the Church, I conjecture, Town all out to participate; 'and there the two reverend gentlemen successively ad-'dressed them again, from appropriate texts: Text of the first reverend 'gentleman was, *And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, 'or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my 'name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting 'life.*[6] Text of the second was, *Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's*

[6] Matthew xix. 29.

'*house, unto a land that I will show thee.*'[7] Excellent texts; well handled, let us hope,—especially with brevity. 'After which the strangers 'were distributed, some into public-houses, others taken home by the 'citizens to lodge.

'Out of the Spital there was distributed to each person, for the first 'three days, a half-pound of flesh-meat, bread, and a measure of beer. 'The remaining days they got in money six *creutzers* (two pence) each, 'and bread. On Sunday, at the Church-doors there was a collection: 'no less than eight hundred *gulden*' (80*l.*; population, say, three thousand) 'for this object. At Sermon they were put into the central part 'of the Church,' all Nördlingen lovingly encompassing them; 'and 'were taught in two sermons,' texts not given, '*What the true Church* '*is built of*, and then *Of true Faith, and what love a Christian ought to* '*have*;' Nördlingen copiously shedding tears the while (*viele Thränen vergossen*), as it well might. 'Going to Church, and coming from it, 'each Landlord walked ahead of his party; party followed two and 'two. On other days, there was much catechising of them at different 'parts of the Town;'—orthodox enough, you see, nothing of superstition or fanaticism in the poor people;—'they made a good testimony of their 'Evangelical truth.

'The Baggage-wagons which they had with them, ten in number, 'upon which some of their old people sat, were brought into the Town. 'The Baggage was unloaded, and the packages, Two hundred and 'eighty-one of them in all' (for Fassmann is Photography itself), 'were 'locked in the Zoll-Haus. Over and above what they got from the 'Spital, the Church-collection and the Town-chest, Citizens were liberal; 'daily sent them food, or daily had them by fours and fives to their 'own houses to meat.' And so let them wait for the Prussian Commissary, who is just at hand: 'they would not part from one another, these 'Three hundred and thirty-one,' says Fassmann, 'though their reunion 'was but of that accidental nature.'[8]

Glimpse *second:* not dated; perhaps some ten days later; and a Prussian Commissary with this party:

'On their getting to the Anspach Territory, there was so incredible 'a joy at the arrival of these exiled Brothers in the Faith (*Glaubens-* '*Brüder*) that in all places, almost in the smallest hamlets, the bells 'were set a-tolling; and nothing was heard but a peal of welcome from 'far and near.' Prussian Commissary, when about quitting Anspach, asked leave to pass through Bamberg; Bishop of Bamberg, too orthodox a gentleman, declined; so the Commissary had to go by Nürnberg and Baireuth. Ask not if his welcome was good in those Protestant places. 'At Erlangen, fifteen miles from Nürnberg, where are French 'Protestants and a Dowager Margravine of Baireuth,'—Widow of Wilhelmina's Father-in-law's predecessor (if the reader can count that);

[7] Gen. xii. 1.

[8] Fassmann, pp. 439, 440.

daughter of Weissenfels who was for marrying Wilhelmina not long since!—'at Erlangen, the Serene Dowager snatched-up fifty of them 'into her own House for Christian refection; and Burghers of means 'had twelve, fifteen and even eighteen of them, following such example 'set. Nay certain French Citizens, prosperous and childless, besieged 'the Prussian Commissary to allow them a few Salzburg children for 'adoption; especially one Frenchman was extremely urgent and spe-'cific: but the Commissary, not having any order, was obliged to re-'fuse.'[9] These must have been interesting days for the two young Margravines; forwarding Papa's poor pilgrims in that manner.

'At Baireuth,' other side of Nürnberg, 'it was towards Good Friday 'when the Pilgrims under their Commissarius arrived. They were 'lodged in the villages about, but came copiously into the Town; came 'all in a body to Church on Good Friday; and at coming out, were 'one and all carried off to dinner, a very scramble arising among the 'Townsfolk to get hold of Pilgrims and dine them. Vast numbers 'were carried to the Schloss;' one figures Wilhelmina among them, figures the Hereditary Prince and old Margraf: their treatment there was 'beyond belief,' says Fassmann; 'not only dinner of the amplest 'quality and quantity, but much money added and other gifts.' From Baireuth the route is towards Gera and Thüringen, circling the Bamberg Territory: readers remember Gera, where the Gera Bond was made?—'At Gera, a commercial gentleman dined the whole party in 'his own premises, and his wife gave four groschen to each individual 'of them; other two persons, brothers in the place, doing the like. 'One of the poor pilgrim women had been brought to bed on the 'journey, a day or two before: the Commissarius lodged her in his 'own inn, for greater safety; Commissarius returning to his inn, finds 'she is off, nobody at first can tell him whither: a lady of quality '(*vornehme Dame*) has quietly sent her carriage for the poor pilgrim 'sister, and has her in the right softest keeping. No end to people's 'kindness: many wept aloud, sobbing out, "Is this all the help we 'can give?" Commissarius said, "There will others come shortly; 'them also you can help."'

In this manner march these Pilgrims. 'From Donau-'wörth, by Anspach, Nürnberg, Baireuth, through Gera, Zeitz, 'Weissenfels, to Halle,' where they are on Prussian ground, and within few days of Berlin. Other Towns, not upon the first straight route to Berlin, demand to have a share in these grand things; share is willingly conceded: thus the Pilgrims, what has its obvious advantages, march by a good variety of routes. Through Augsburg, Ulm (instead of Donauwörth), thence to Frankfurt; from Frankfurt some direct to Leipzig: some through Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, by Halberstadt and Mag-

[9] Fassmann, p. 441.

deburg instead of Halle. Starting all at Salzburg, landing all at Berlin; their routes spread over the Map of Germany in the intermediate space.

'Weissenfels Town and Duke distinguished themselves by liberality: 'especially the Duke did;'—poor old drinking Duke; very Protestant all these Saxon Princes, except the Apostate or Pseudo-Apostate the Physically Strong, for sad political reasons. 'In Weissenfels Town, 'while the Pilgrim procession walked, a certain rude foreign fellow, 'flax-pedlar by trade,[10] by creed Papist or worse, said floutingly, "The 'Archbishop ought to have flung you all into the river, you —!" Upon 'which a menial servant of the Duke's suddenly broke in upon him in 'the way of actuality, the whole crowd blazing into flame; and the 'pedlar would certainly have got irreparable damage, had not the 'Townguard instantly hooked him away.'

April 21st, 1732, the first actual body, a good nine hundred strong,[11] got to Halle; where they were received with devout jubilee, psalm-singing, spiritual and corporeal refection, as at Nördlingen and the other stages; 'Archidiaconus Franke' being prominent in it,—I have no doubt, a connexion of that "*chien de Franke*," whom Wilhelmina used to know. They were lodged in the Waisenhaus (old Franke's *Orphan-house*); Official List of them was drawn-up here, with the fit specificality; and, after three days, they took the road again for Berlin. Useful Buchholz, then a very little boy, remembers the arrival of a Body of these Salzburgers, not this but a later one in August, which passed through his native Village, Pritzwalk in the Priegnitz: How village and village authorities were all awake, with opened stores and hearts; how his Father, the Village Parson, preached at five in the afternoon. The same Buchholz, coming afterwards to College at Halle, had the pleasure of discovering two of the Commissaries, two of the three, who had mainly superintended in this Salzburg Pilgrimage. Let the reader also take a glance at them, as specimens worth notice:

Commissarius First: 'Herr von Reck was a nobleman from the 'Hanover Country; of very great piety; who, after his Commission 'was done, settled at Halle; and lived there, without servant, in pri- 'vacy, from the small means he had;—seeking his sole satisfaction in 'attendance on the Theological and Ascetic College-Lectures, where I 'used to see him constantly in my student time.'

Commissarius Second: 'Herr Göbel was a medical man by profes- 'sion; and had the regular degree of Doctor; but was in no necessity

[10] '*Hechelträger*, Hawker of flax-combs or *heckles*;—is oftenest a Slavonic Austrian (I am told).

[11] Buchholz, i. 156.

'to apply his talents to the gaining of bread. His zeal for religion had 'moved him to undertake this Commission. Both these gentlemen I 'have often seen in my youth,' but do not tell you what they were like farther; 'and both their Christian-names have escaped me.'

A third Commissarius was of Preussen, and had religious-literary tendencies. I suppose these Three served gratis;—volunteers; but no doubt under oath, and tied by strict enough Prussian law. Physician, Chaplain, Road-guide, here they are, probably of supreme quality, ready to our hand.[12]

Buchholz, after 'his student time,' became a poor Country-Schoolmaster, and then a poor Country-Parson, in his native Altmark. His poor Book is of innocent, clear, faithful nature, with some vein of 'unconscious geniality' in it here and there; —a Book by no means so destitute of human worth as some that have superseded it. This was posthumous, this '*Newest History*,' and has a *Life* of the Author prefixed. He has four previous Volumes on the '*Ancient History of Brandenburg*,' which are not known to me.—About the Year 1745, there were Four poor Schoolmasters in that region (two at Havelberg, one at Seehausen, one at Werben), of extremely studious turn; who, in spite of the Elbe which ran between, used to meet on stated nights, for colloquy, for interchange of Books and the like. One of them, the Werben one, was this Buchholz; another, Seehausen, was the Winckelmann so celebrated in after years. A third, one of the Havelberg pair, 'went into Meck-'lenburg in a year or two, as Tutor to Karl Ludwig the Prince 'of Strelitz's children,'—whom also mark. For the youngest of these Strelitz children was no other than the actual "Old Queen Charlotte" (ours and George III.'s), just ready for him with her Hornbooks about that time: Let the poor man have what honour he can from that circumstance! 'Prince Karl Ludwig,' rather a foolish-looking creature, we may fall in with personally by and by.

It was the 30th April 1732, seven weeks and a day since Crown-Prince Friedrich's Betrothal, that this first body of Salzburg Emigrants, nine hundred strong, arrived at Berlin; 'four in the afternoon, at the Brandenburg Gate;' Official persons, nay Majesty himself, or perhaps both Majesties, waiting there to receive them. Yes, ye poor footsore mortals, there is the dread King himself; stoutish short figure in blue uniform and

[12] Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (Berlin, 1775 2 vols. 4to), i. 155n.

white wig, straw-coloured waistcoat, and white gaiters; stands uncommonly firm on his feet; reddish, blue-reddish face, with eyes that pierce through a man: look upon him, and yet live if you are true men. His Majesty's reception of these poor people could not but be good; nothing now wanting in the formal kind. But better far, in all the essentialities of it, there had not been hitherto, nor was henceforth, the least flaw. This Salzburg Pilgrimage has found for itself, and will find, regulation, guidance, ever a stepping-stone at the needful p ace; a paved road, so far as human regularity and punctuality could pave one. That is his Majesty's shining merit. 'Next Sun-'day, after sermon, they' (this first lot of Salzburgers) 'were 'publicly catechised in church; and all the world could hear 'their pertinent answers, given often in the very Scripture texts, 'or express words of Luther.'

His Majesty more than once took survey of these Pilgrimage Divisions, when they got to Berlin. A pleasant sight, if there were leisure otherwise. On various occasions, too, her Majesty had large parties of them over to Monbijou, to supper there in the fine gardens; and 'gave them Bibles,' among other gifts, if in want of Bibles through Firmian's industry. Her Majesty was Charity itself, Charity and Grace combined, among these Pilgrims. On one occasion she picked-out a handsome young lass among them, and had Painter Pesne over to take her portrait. Handsome lass, by Pesne, in her Tyrolese Hat, shone thenceforth on the walls of Monbijou; and fashion thereupon took-up the Tyrolese Hat, 'which has been much worn 'since by the beautiful part of the Creation,' says Buchholz; 'but 'how many changes they have introduced in it no pen can trace.'

At Berlin the Commissarius ceased; and there was usually given the Pilgrims a Candidatus Theologiæ, who was to conduct them the rest of the way, and be their Clergyman when once settled. Five hundred long miles still. Some were shipped at Stettin; mostly they marched, stage after stage,—four groschen a day. At the farther end they found all ready; tight cottages, tillable fields, all implements furnished, and stock,—even to '*Federvieh*,' or Chanticleer with a modicum of Hens. Old neighbours, and such as liked each other, were put together: fields grew green again, desolate scrubs and scrags yielding to grass and corn. Wooden clocks even came to view,—for Berchtesgaden neighbours also emigrated; and Swiss came,

and Bavarians and French :—and old trades were revived in those new localities.

Something beautifully real-idyllic in all this, surely :—Yet do not fancy that it all went on like clockwork ; that there were not jarrings at every step, as is the way in things real. Of the Prussian Minister chiefly concerned in settling this new Colony I have heard one saying, forced out of him in some pressure : "There must be somebody for a scolding-stock and scape-goat ; I will be it, then !" And then the Salzburg Officials, what a humour they were in ! No Letters allowed from those poor Emigrants ; the wickedest rumours circulated about them : "All cut to pieces by inroad of the Poles ;" "Pressed for soldiers by the Prussian drill-sergeant ;" "All flung into the Lakes and stagnant waters there ; drowned to the last individual ;" and so on. Truth nevertheless did slowly pierce through. And the "*Grosse Wirth*," our idyllic-real Friedrich Wilhelm, was wanting in nothing. Lists of their unjust losses in Salzburg were, on his Majesty's order, made out and authenticated, by the many who had suffered in that way there,—forced to sell at a day's notice, and the like : —with these his Majesty was diligent in the Imperial Court ; and did get what human industry could of compensation, a part but not the whole. Contradictory noises had to abate. In the end, sound purpose, built on fact and the Laws of Nature, carried it ; lies, vituperations, rumours and delusion sank to zero ; and the true result remained. In 1738, the Salzburg Emigrant Community in Preussen held, in all their Churches, a Day of Thanksgiving ; and admitted piously that Heaven's blessing, of a truth, had been upon this King and them. There we leave them, a useful solid population ever since in those parts ; increased by this time we know not how many fold.

It cost Friedrich Wilhelm enormous sums, say the Old Histories ; probably 'ten *tons of gold*,'—that is to say, ten Hundred-thousand Thalers ; almost 150,000*l.*, no less ! But he lived to see it amply repaid, even in his own time ; how much more amply since ;—being a man skilful in investments to a high degree indeed. Fancy 150,000*l.* invested there, in the Bank of Nature herself ; and a Hundred-millions invested, say at Balaclava, in the Bank of Newspaper rumour : and the respective rates of interest they will yield, a million years hence ! This was the most idyllic of Friedrich Wilhelm's feats, and a very real one the while.

We have only to add or repeat, that Salzburgers to the number of about 7,000 souls arrived at their place this first year; and in the year or two following, less noted by the public, but faring steadily forward upon their four groschen a day, 10,000 more. Friedrich Wilhelm would have gladly taken the whole; 'but George II. took a certain number,' say the Prussian Books (George II., or pious Trustees instead of him), 'and settled them at Ebenezer in Virginia,'—read, Ebenezer *in Georgia*, where General Oglethorpe was busy founding a Colony.[13] There at Ebenezer I calculate they might go ahead, too, after the questionable fashion of that country, and increase and swell;—but have never heard of them since.

Salzburg Emigration was a very real transaction on Friedrich Wilhelm's part; but it proved idyllic too, and made a great impression on the German mind. Readers know of a Book called *Hermann and Dorothea?* It is written by the great Goethe, and still worth reading. The great Goethe had heard, when still very little, much talk among the elders about this Salzburg Pilgrimage; and how strange a thing it was, twenty years ago and more.[14] In middle life he threw it into Hexameters, into the region of the air; and did that unreal Shadow of it; a pleasant work in its way, since he was not inclined for more.

CHAPTER IV.

PRUSSIAN MAJESTY VISITS THE KAISER.

MAJESTY seeing all these matters well in train,—Salzburgers under way, Crown-Prince betrothed according to his Majesty's and the Kaiser's (not to *her* Majesty's, and high-flying little George of England my Brother the Comedian's) mind and will,—begins to think seriously of another enterprise, half business half pleasure, which has been hovering in his mind for some time. "Visit to my Daughter at Baireuth," he calls it publicly; but it means intrinsically Excursion into Böhmen, to have a word with the Kaiser, and see his Imperial Majesty in the body for once. Too remarkable a thing to be omitted by us here.

[13] Petition to Parliament, 10th (21st) May 1733, by Oglethorpe and his Trustees, for 10,000*l.* to carry over these Salzburgers; which was granted: Tindal's *Rapin* (London, 1769), xx. 184.

[14] 1749 was Goethe's birth-year.

Crown-Prince does not accompany on this occasion; Crown-Prince is with his Regiment all this while; busy minding his own affairs in the Ruppin quarter;—only hears, with more or less interest, of these Salzburg-Pilgrim movements, of this Excursion into Böhmen. Here are certain scraps of Letters; which, if once made legible, will assist readers to conceive his situation and employments there. Letters otherwise of no importance; but worth reading on that score. The *first* (or rather first three, which we huddle into one) is from 'Nauen,' few miles off Ruppin; where one of our Battalions lies; requiring frequent visits there:

1. *To Grumkow, at Berlin* (from the Crown-Prince).

'Nauen, 25th April 1732.

'Monsieur my dearest Friend,—I send you a big mass of papers, 'which a certain gentleman named Plötz has transmitted me. In faith, 'I know not in the least what it is: I pray you present it' (to his Majesty, or in the proper quarter), 'and make me rid of it.

'Tomorrow I go to Potsdam' (a drive of forty miles southward), 'to see the exercise, and if we do it here according to pattern. *Neue 'Besen kehren gut*' (New brooms sweep clean, *in German*); 'I shall 'have to illustrate my new character' of Colonel; 'and show that I am '*ein tüchtiger Officier* (a right Officer). Be what I may, I shall to you 'always be,' &c. &c.

Nauen, 7th May 1732. '* * Thousand thanks for informing me 'how everything goes-on in the world. Things far from agreeable, 'those leagues' (imaginary, in Tobacco-Parliament) 'suspected to be 'forming against our House! But if the Kaiser don't abandon us;' 'if 'God second the valour of 80,000 men resolved to spend their life,'—'let us hope there will nothing bad happen.

'Meanwhile, till events arrive, I make a pretty stir here (*me tré-'mousse ici d'importance*), to bring my Regiment to its requisite perfec-'tion, and I hope I shall succeed. The other day I drank your dear 'health, Monsieur; and I wait only the news from my Cattle-stall that 'the Calf I am fattening there is ready for sending to you. I unite 'Mars and Housekeeping, you see. Send me your Secretary's name, 'that I may address your Letters that way,'—our Correspondence needing to be secret in certain quarters. * * 'With a' truly infinite esteem: —'FRÉDÉRIC.'

Nauen, 10th May 1732. 'You will see by this that I am exact to 'follow your instruction; and that the *Schulz* of Tremmen' (Village in the Brandenburg quarter, with a *Schulz* or Mayor to be depended on),

'becomes for the present the mainspring of our correspondence. I 'return you all the things (*pièces*) you had the goodness to communi- 'cate to me,—except *Charles Douze*,[1] which attaches me infinitely. 'The particulars hitherto unknown which he reports; the greatness of 'that Prince's actions, and the perverse singularity (*bizarrerie*) of his 'fortune: all this, joined to the lively, brilliant and charming way the 'Author has of telling it, renders this Book interesting to the supreme 'degree. * * * I send you a fragment of my correspondence with the 'most illustrious Sieur Crochet,' some French Envoy or Emissary, I conclude: 'you perceive we go on very sweetly together, and are in 'a high strain. I am sorry I burnt one of his Letters, wherein he as- 'sured me he would in the Versailles Antechamber itself speak of me 'to the King, and that my name had actually been mentioned at the 'King's Levee. It certainly is not my ambition to choose this illustri- 'ous mortal to publish my renown; on the contrary, I should think 'it soiled by such a mouth, and prostituted if he were the publisher. 'But enough of the Crochet: the kindest thing we can do for so con- 'temptible an object is to say nothing of him at all.'[2]—* *

Letter *second* is to Jägermeister Hacke, Captain of the Potsdam Guard; who stands in great nearness to the King's Majesty; and, in fact, is fast becoming his factotum in Army-details. We, with the Duke of Lorraine and Majesty in person, saw his marriage to the Excellency Creutz's Fräulein Daughter not long since; who we trust has made him happy;—rich he is at any rate, and will be Adjutant-General before long; powerful in such intricacies as this that the Prince has fallen into.

The Letter has its obscurities; turns earnestly on Recruits tall and short; nor have idle Editors helped us, by the least hint towards 'reading' it with more than the *eyes*. Old Dessauer at this time is Commandant at Magdeburg; Buddenbrock, perhaps now passing by Ruppin, we know for a high old General, fit to carry messages from Majesty,—or, likelier, it may be Lieutenant Buddenbrock, his Son, merely *returning* to Ruppin? We can guess, that the flattering Dessauer has sent his Majesty Five gigantic men from the Magdeburg regiments, and that Friedrich is ordered to hustle out Thirty of insignificant stature from his own, by way of counter-gift to the Dessauer;—which Friedrich does instantly, but cannot, for his life, see how (being totally cashless) he is to replace them with better, or replace them at all!

[1] Voltaire's new Book; lately come out, 'Bâle, 1731.'
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 49, 51.

2. *To Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard.*

'Ruppin, 15th July 1732.

'*Mein Goit*, what a piece of news Buddenbrock has brought me! 'I am to get nothing out of Brandenburg, my dear Hacke? Thirty 'men I had to shift out of my company in consequence' (of Buddenbrock's order); 'and where am I now to get other thirty? I would 'gladly give the King tall men, as the Dessauer at Magdeburg does; 'but I have no money; and I don't get, or set up for getting, six men 'for one' (thirty short for five tall), 'as he does. So true is that Scrip-'ture: To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not 'shall be taken away even that he hath.

'Small art, that the Prince of Dessau's and the Magdeburg Regi-'ments are fine, when they have money at command, and thirty men '*gratis* over and above! I, poor devil, have nothing; nor shall have, 'all my days. Prithee, dear Hacke (*bitte Ihn, lieber Hacke*), think of 'all that: and if I have no money allowed, I must bring Asmus[3] alone 'as Recruit next year; and my Regiment will to a certainty be rubbish '(*Kroop*). Once I had learned a German Proverb—

> "*Versprechen und halten* (To promise and to keep)
> *Ziemt wohl Jungen und Alten* (Is pretty for young and for old)!"

'I depend alone on you (*Ihn*), dear Hacke; unless you help, there 'is a bad outlook. Today I have knocked again' (written to Papa for money); 'and if that does not help, it is over. If I could get any 'money to borrow, it would do; but I need not think of that. Help 'me, then, dear Hacke! I assure you I will ever remember it; who, 'at all times, am my dear Herr Captain's devoted (*ganz ergebener*) 'servant and friend, FRIDERICH.'[4]

To which add only this Note, two days later, to Seckendorf; indicating that the process of 'borrowing' has already, in some form, begun,—process which will have to continue, and to develop itself;—and that his Majesty, as Seckendorf well knows, is resolved upon his Bohemian journey:

3. *To the General Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf.*

'Ruppin, 17th July 1732.

'My very dear General,—I have written to the King, that I owed 'you 2,125 *thalers* for the Recruits; of which he says there are 600 'paid: there remain, therefore, 1,525, which he will pay you directly.

'The King is going to Prague: I shall not be of the party' (as you will). 'To say truth, I am not very sorry; for it would infallibly give 'rise to foolish rumours in the world. At the same time, I should have 'much wished to see the Emperor, Empress, and Prince of Lorraine,

[3] Recruit unknown to me.
[4] In German: *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 177.

'for whom I have a quite particular esteem. I beg you, Monsieur, to 'assure him of it;—and to assure yourself that I shall always be,—' with a great deal of consideration, *Monsieur, mon très-cher Général,*' &c. 'FRÉDÉRIC.'

And now for the Bohemian Journey, "Visit at Kladrup" as they call it;—Ruppin being left in this assiduous and wholesome, if rather hampered condition.

Kaiser Karl and his Empress, in this summer of 1732, were at Karlsbad, taking the waters for a few weeks. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long, for various reasons, wished to see his Kaiser face to face, thought this would be a good opportunity. The Kaiser himself, knowing how it stood with the Jülich-and-Berg and other questions, was not anxious for such an interview: still less were his official people; among whom the very ceremonial for such a thing was matter of abstruse difficulty. Seckendorf accordingly had been instructed to hunt wide, and throw-in discouragements, so far as possible; —which he did, but without effect. Friedrich Wilhelm had set his heart upon the thing; wished to behold for once a Head of the Holy Roman Empire, and Supreme of Christendom;—also to see a little, with his own eyes, into certain matters Imperial.

And so, since an express visit to Karlsbad might give rise to newspaper rumours, and will not suit, it is settled, there shall be an accidental intersection of routes, as the Kaiser travels homeward,—say in some quiet Bohemian Schloss or Hunting-seat of the Kaiser's own, whither the King may come incognito; and thus, with a minimum of noise, may the needful passage of hospitality be done. Easy all of this: only the Vienna Ministers are dreadfully in doubt about the ceremonial, Whether the Imperial hand can be given (I forget if for kissing or for shaking)?—nay at last they manfully declare that it cannot be given; and wish his Prussian Majesty to understand that it must be refused.[5] "*Res summæ consequentiæ,*" say they; and shake solemnly their big wigs.—Nonsense (*Narrenpossen*)! answers the Prussian Majesty: You, Seckendorf, settle about quarters, reasonable food, reasonable lodging; and I will do the ceremonial.

Seckendorf,—worth glancing into, for biographical pur-

[5] Förster, i. 328.

poses, in this place,—has written to his Court: That as to the victual department, his Majesty goes upon good common meat; flesh, to which may be added all manner of river-fish and crabs: sound old Rhenish is his drink, with supplements of brown and of white beer. Dinner-table to be spread always in some airy place, garden-house, tent, big clean barn,—Majesty likes air, of all things;—will sleep, too, in a clean barn or garden-house: better anything than being stifled, thinks his Majesty. Who, for the rest, does not like mounting stairs.[6] These are the regulations; and we need not doubt they were complied with.

Sunday 27th July 1732, accordingly, his Majesty, with five or six carriages, quits Berlin, before the sun is up, as is his wont: eastward, by the road for Frankfurt-on-Oder; "intends to look at Schulenburg's regiment," which lies in those parts,—Schulenburg's regiment for one thing: the rest is secret from the profane vulgar. Schulenburg's regiment (drawn-up for Church, I should suppose) is soon looked at; Schulenburg himself, by preappointment, joins the travelling party, which now consists of the King and Eight:—known figures, seven, Buddenbrock, Schulenburg, Waldau, Derschau, Seckendorf, Grumkow, Captain Hacke of the Potsdam Guard; and for eighth the Dutch Ambassador, Ginkel, an accomplished knowing kind of man, whom also my readers have occasionally seen. Their conversation, road-colloquy, could it interest any modern reader? It has gone all to dusk; we can know only that it was human, solid, for most part, and had much tobacco intermingled. They were all of the Calvinistic persuasion, of the military profession; knew that life is very serious, that speech without cause is much to be avoided. They travelled swiftly, dined in airy places: they are a *fact*, they and their summer dust-cloud there, whirling through the vacancy of that dim Time; and have an interest for us, though an unimportant one.

The first night they got to Grünberg; a pleasant Town, of vineyards and of looms, across the Silesian frontier. They are now turning more southeastward; they sleep here, in the Kaiser's territory, welcomed by some Official persons; who

[6] Seckendorf's Report (in Förster, i. 330).

signify that the overjoyed Imperial Majesty has, as was extremely natural, paid the bill everywhere. On the morrow, before the shuttles awaken, Friedrich Wilhelm is gone again; towards the Glogau region, intending for Liegnitz that night. Coursing rapidly through the green Silesian Lowlands, blue Giant Mountains (*Riesengebirge*) beginning to rise on the southwestward far away. Dines, at noon, under a splendid tent, in a country place called Polkwitz,[7] with country Nobility (sorrow on them, and yet thanks to them) come to do reverence. At night he gets to Liegnitz.

Here is Liegnitz, then. Here are the Katzbach and the Blackwater (*Schwarzwasser*), famed in war, your Majesty; here they coalesce; gray ashlar houses (not without inhabitants unknown to us) looking on. Here are the venerable walls and streets of Liegnitz; and the Castle which defied Baty Khan and his Tartars, five hundred years ago.[8]—Oh, your Majesty, this Liegnitz, with its princely Castle, and wide rich Territory, the bulk of the Silesian Lowland, whose is it if right were done? Hm, his Majesty knows full well; in Seckendorf's presence, and going on such an errand, we must not speak of certain things. But the undisputed truth is, Duke Friedrich II., come of the Sovereign Piasts, made that *Erbverbrüderung*, and his Grandson's Grandson died childless: so the heirship fell to *us*, as the biggest wig in the most benighted Chancery would have to grant;—only the Kaiser will not, never would; the Kaiser plants his armed self on Schlesien, and will hear no pleading. Jägerndorf too, which we purchased with our own money—No more of that; it is too miserable! Very impossible too, while we have Berg and Jülich in the wind!—

At Liegnitz, Friedrich Wilhelm 'reviews the garrison, cavalry and infantry,' before starting; then off for Glatz, some sixty miles before we can dine. The goal is towards Bohemia, all this while; and his Majesty, had he liked the mountain-passes, and unlevel ways of the Giant Mountains, might have found a shorter road and a much more picturesque one. Road abounding in gloomy valleys, intricate rock-labyrinths, haunts of Sprite *Rübezahl*, sources of the Elbe and I know not what. Majesty likes level roads, and interesting rock-labyrinths built

[7] 'Balkowitz,' say Pöllnitz (ii. 407) and Förster; which is not the correct name.
[8] 1241, the Invasion, and Battle here, of this unexpected Barbarian.

28th July 1732.

by man rather than by Nature. Majesty makes a wide sweep round to the east of all that; leaves the Giant Mountains, and their intricacies, as a blue Sierra far on his right,—had rather see Glatz Fortress than the caverns of the Elbe; and will cross into Bohemia, where the Hills are fallen lowest. At Glatz during dinner, numerous Nobilities are again in waiting. Glatz is in Jägerndorf region: Jägerndorf, which we purchased with our own money, is and remains ours, in spite of the mishaps of the Thirty-Years War;—*ours*, the darkest Chancery would be obliged to say, from under the immensest wig! Patience, your Majesty; Time brings roses!—

From Glatz, after viewing the works, drilling the guard a little, not to speak of dining, and dispatching the Nobilities, his Majesty takes the road again; turns now abruptly westward, across the Hills at their lowest point; into Bohemia, which is close at hand. Lewin, Nachod, these are the Bohemian villages, with their remnant of Czechs; not a prosperous population to look upon: but it is the Kaiser's own Kingdom: "King of Bohemia" one of his Titles ever since Sigismund *Super-Grammaticam's* time. And here now, at the meeting of the waters (*Elbe* one of them, a brawling mountain-stream) is Jaromierz, respectable little Town, with an Imperial Officiality in it,—where the Official Gentlemen meet us all in gala, "Thrice welcome to this Kingdom, your Majesty!"—and signify that they are to wait upon us henceforth, while we do the Kaiser's Kingdom of Bohemia that honour.

It is Tuesday night 29th July, this first night in Bohemia. The Official Gentlemen lead his Majesty to superb rooms, new-hung with crimson velvet, and the due gold fringes and tresses,—very grand indeed; but probably not so airy as we wish. "This is the way the Kaiser lodges in his journeys; and your Majesty is to be served like him." The goal of our journey is now within few miles. Wednesday 30th July 1732, his Majesty awakens again, within these crimson-velvet hangings with the gold tresses and fringes, not so airy as he could wish; dispatches Grumkow to the Kaiser, who is not many miles off, to signify what honour we would do ourselves.

It was on Saturday last that the Kaiser and Kaiserinn, returning from Karlsbad, illuminated Prag with their serene presence; 'attended high-mass, vespers,' and a good deal of other worship, as the meagre old Newspapers report for us,

on that and the Sunday following. And then, 'on Monday, at six in the morning,' both the Majesties left Prag, for a place called Chlumetz, southwestward thirty miles off, in the Elbe region, where they have a pretty Hunting Castle; Kaiser intending 'sylvan sport for a few days,' says the old rag of a Newspaper, 'and then to return to Prag.' It is here that Grumkow, after a pleasant morning's drive of thirty miles with the sun on his back, finds Kaiser Karl VI.; and makes his announcements, and diplomatic inquiries what next.

Had Friedrich Wilhelm been in Potsdam or Wusterhausen, and heard that Kaiser Karl was within thirty miles of him, Friedrich Wilhelm would have cried, with open arms, Come, come! But the Imperial Majesty is otherwise hampered; has his rhadamanthine Aulic Councillors, in vast amplitude of wig, sternly engaged in study of the etiquettes: they have settled that the meeting cannot be in Chlumetz; lest it might lead to night's lodgings, and to intricacies. "Let it be at Kladrup," say the Ample-wigged; Kladrup, an Imperial Stud, or Horse-Farm, half-a-dozen miles from this; where there is room for nothing more than dinner. There let the meeting be, tomorrow at a set hour; and, in the mean time, we will take precautions for the etiquettes. So it is settled, and Grumkow returns with the decision in a complimentary form.

Through Königsgrätz, down the right bank of the Upper Elbe, on the morrow morning, Thursday 31st July 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm rushes on towards Kladrup; finds that little village, with the Horse-edifices, looking snug enough in the valley of Elbe;—alights, welcomed by Prince Eugenio von Savoye, with word that the Kaiser is not come, but steadily expected soon. Prince Eugenio von Savoye: *Ach Gott*, it is another thing, your Highness, than when we met in the Flanders Wars, long since;—at Malplaquet that morning, when your Highness had been to Brussels, visiting your Lady Mother in case of the worst! Slightly grayer your Highness is grown; I too am nothing like so nimble; the great Duke, poor man, is dead!—Prince Eugenio von Savoye, we need not doubt, took snuff, and answered in a sprightly appropriate manner.

Kladrup is a Country House as well as a Horse-Farm: a square court is the interior, as I gather; the Horse-buildings at a reverent distance forming the fourth side. In the centre

31st July 1732.

of this court,—see what a contrivance the Aulic Councillors have hit upon,—there is a wooden stand built, with three staircases leading up to it, one for each person, and three galleries leading off from it into suites of rooms: no question of precedence here, where each of you has his own staircase and own gallery to his apartment! Friedrich Wilhelm looks down like a rhinoceros on all those cobwebberies. No sooner are the Kaiser's carriage-wheels heard within the court, than Friedrich Wilhelm rushes down, by what staircase is readiest; forward to the very carriage-door; and flings his arms about the Kaiser, embracing and embraced, like mere human friends glad to see one another. On these terms, they mount the wooden stand, Majesty of Prussia, Kaiser, Kaiserinn, each by his own staircase; see, for a space of two hours, the Kaiser's foals and horses led about,—which at least fills-up any gap in conversation that may threaten to occur. The Kaiser, a little man of high and humane air, is not bright in talk; the Empress, a Brunswick Princess of fine carriage, Granddaughter of old Anton Ulrich who wrote the Novels, is likewise of mute humour in public life: but old Nord-Teutschland, cradle of one's existence; Brunswick reminiscences; news of your Imperial Majesty's serene Father, serene Sister, Brother-in-law the Feldmarschall, and Insipid Niece whom we have had the satisfaction to betroth lately,—furnish small-talk where needful.

Dinner being near, you go by your own gallery to dress. From the drawing-room, Friedrich Wilhelm leads out the Kaiserinn; the Kaiser, as Head of the world, walks first, though without any lady. How they drank the healths, gave and received the ewers and towels, is written duly in the old Books, but was as indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm as it is to us; what their conversation was, let no man presume to ask. Dullish, we should apprehend,—and perhaps *better* lost to us? But where there are tongues, there are topics: the Loom of Time wags always, and with it the tongues of men. Kaiser and Kaiserinn have both been in Karlsbad lately; Kaiser and Kaiserinn both have sailed to Spain, in old days, and been in sieges and things memorable: Friedrich Wilhelm, solid Squire Western of the North, does not want for topics, and talks as a solid rustic gentleman will. Native politeness he knows on occasion; to etiquette, so far as concerns his own pretensions,

he feels callous altogether,—dimly sensible that the Eighteenth Century is setting in, and that solid musketeers and not gold-sticks are now the important thing. "I felt mad to see him so humiliate himself," said Grumkow afterwards to Wilhelmina, "*j'enrageais dans ma peau :*" why not?

Dinner lasted two hours; the Empress rising, Friedrich Wilhelm leads her to her room; then retires to his own, and 'in a quarter of an hour' is visited there by the Kaiser; 'who conducts him,' in so many minutes exact by the watch, 'back to the Empress,'—for a sip of coffee, as one hopes; which may wind-up the Interview well. The sun is still a good space from setting, when Friedrich Wilhelm, after cordial adieus, neglectful of etiquette, is rolling rapidly towards Nimburg, thirty miles off on the Prag Highway; and Kaiser Karl with his Spouse move deliberately towards Chlumetz to hunt again. In Nimburg Friedrich Wilhelm sleeps, that night;—Imperial Majesties, in a much-tumbled world, of wild horses, ceremonial ewers, and Eugenios of Savoy and Malplaquet, probably peopling his dreams. If it please Heaven, there may be another private meeting, a day or two hence.

Nimburg, ah your Majesty, Son Fritz will have a night in Nimburg too;—riding slowly thither amid the wrecks of Kolin Battle, not to sleep well;—but that happily is hidden from your Majesty. Kolin, Czaslau (Chotusitz), Elbe Teinitz,—here in this Kladrup region, your Majesty is driving amid poor Villages which will be very famous by and by. And Prag itself will be doubly famed in war, if your Majesty knew it, and the Ziscaberg be of bloodier memory than the Weissenberg itself!—His Majesty, the morrow's sun having risen upon Nimburg, rolls into Prag successfully about eleven A.M., Hill of Zisca not disturbing him; goes to the Klein-Seite Quarter, where an Aulic Councillor with fine Palace is ready; all the cannon thundering from the walls at his Majesty's advent; and Prince Eugenio, the ever-present, being there to receive his Majesty,—and in fact to invite him to dinner this day at half-past twelve. It is Friday 1st of August 1732.

By a singular chance, there is preserved for us in Fassmann's Book, what we may call an Excerpt from the old *Morning Post* of Prag, bringing that extinct Day into clear light again; recalling the vanished Dinner-Party from the realms of Hades, as a thing that once actually *was*. The List of the

Dinner-guests is given complete; vanished ghosts, whom, in studying the old History-Books, you can, with a kind of interest, fish-up into visibility at will. There is Prince Eugenio von Savoye at the bottom of the table, in the Count-Thun Palace where he lodges; there bodily, the little man, in gold-laced coat of unknown cut; the eyes and the temper bright and rapid, as usual, or more; nose not unprovided with snuff, and lips in consequence rather open. Be seated, your Majesty, high gentlemen all.

A big chair-of-state stands for his Majesty at the upper end of the table: his Majesty will none of it; sits down close by Prince Eugene at the very bottom, and opposite Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, whom we had at Berlin lately, a General of note in the Turkish and other wars: here probably there will be better talk; and the big chair may preside over us in vacancy. Which it does. Prince Alexander, Imperial General against the Turks, and Heir-Apparent of Würtemberg withal, can speak of many things,—hardly much of his serene Cousin the reigning Duke; whose health is in a too interesting state, the good though unlucky man. Of the Grävenitz sitting now in limbo, or travelling about disowned, *toujours un lavement à ses trousses*, let there be deep silence. But the Prince Alexander can answer abundantly on other heads. He comes to his inheritance a few months hence; actual reigning Duke, the poor serene Cousin having died: and perhaps we shall meet him transiently again.

He is Ancestor of the Czars of Russia, this Prince Alexander, who is now dining here in the body, along with Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Eugene: Paul of Russia, unbeautiful Paul, married the second time, from Mümpelgard (what the French call Montbeillard, in Alsace), a serene Granddaughter of his, from whom come the Czars,—thanks to her or not. Prince Alexander is Ancestor withal of our present "Kings of Würtemberg," if that mean anything: Father (what will mean something) to the serene Duke, still in swaddling-clothes,[9] who will be son-in-law to Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth (could your Majesty foresee it); and will do strange pranks in the world, upon poet Schiller and others. Him too, and Brothers of his, were they born and become of size, we shall meet. A noticeable man, and not without sense, this Prince Alexander; who

[9] Born 21st January 1732; Karl Eugen the name of him (Michaelis, iii. 450).

is now of a surety eating with us,—as we find by the extinct *Morning Post* in Fassmann's old Book.

Of the other eating figures, Stahrembergs, Sternbergs, Kinsky Ambassador to England, Kinsky Ambassador to France, high Austrian dignitaries, we shall say nothing;—who would listen to us? Hardly can the Hof-Kanzler Count von Sinzendorf, supreme of Aulic men, who holds the rudder of Austrian State-Policy, and probably feels himself loaded with importance beyond most mortals now eating here or elsewhere,—gain the smallest recognition from oblivious English readers of our time. It is certain he eats here on this occasion; and to his Majesty he does not want for importance. His Majesty, intent on Jülich and Berg and other high matters, spends many hours next day, in earnest private dialogue with him. We mention farther, with satisfaction, that Grumkow and Ordnance-Master Seckendorf are both on the list, and all our Prussian party, down to Hacke of the Potsdam grenadiers, friend Schulenburg visibly eating among the others. Also that the dinner was glorious (*herrlich*), and ended about five.[10] After which his Majesty went to two evening parties, of a high order, in the Hradschin Quarter or elsewhere; cards in the one (unless you liked to dance, or grin idle talk from you), and supper in the other.

His Majesty amused himself for four other days in Prag, interspersing long earnest dialogues with Sinzendorf, with whom he spent the greater part of Saturday,[11]—results as to Jülich and Berg of a rather cloudy nature. On Saturday came the Kaiser, too, and Kaiserinn, to their high House, the Schloss in Prag; and there occurred, in the incognito form, 'as if by accident,' three visits or counter-visits, two of them of some length. The King went dashing about; saw, deliberately or in glimpses, all manner of things,—from 'the Military Hospital' to 'the Tongue of St. Nepomuk' again. Nepomuk, an imaginary Saint of those parts; pitched into the Moldau, as is fancied and fabled, by wicked King Wenzel (King and Deposed-Kaiser, whom we have heard of), for speaking and refusing to speak; Nepomuk is now become the Patron of Bridges, in consequence; stands there in bronze on the Bridge of Prag; and still shows a dried Tongue in the world:[12] this latter, we expressly find, his Majesty saw.

[10] Fassmann, p. 474. [11] Pöllnitz, ii. 411.

[12] *Die Legende vom heiligen Johann von Nepomuk*, von D. Otto Abel (Berlin, 1855); an acute bit of Historical Criticism.

On Sunday, his Majesty, nothing of a straitlaced man, attended divine or quasi-divine worship in the Cathedral Church, —where high Prince Bishops delivered *palliums*, did histrionisms; 'manifested the *Absurdität* of Papistry' more or less. Coming out of the Church, he was induced to step in and see the rooms of the Schloss, or Imperial Palace. In one of the rooms, as if by accident, the Kaiser was found lounging:— "Extremely delighted to see your Majesty!"—and they had the first of their long or considerable dialogues together; purport has not transpired. The second considerable dialogue was on the morrow, when Imperial Majesty, as if by accident, found himself in the Count-Nostitz Palace, where Friedrich Wilhelm lodges. Delighted to be so fortunate again! Hope your Majesty likes Prag? Eternal friendship, *Oh ja*:—and as to Jülich and Berg? Particulars have not transpired.

Prag is a place full of sights: his Majesty, dashing about in all quarters, has a busy time; affairs of state (Jülich and Berg principally) alternating with what we now call the *lions*. Zisca's drum, for instance, in the Arsenal here? Would your Majesty wish to see Zisca's own skin, which he bequeathed to be a drum when *he* had done with it? "*Narenpossen!*"—for indeed the thing is fabulous, though in character with Zisca. Or the Council-Chamber window, out of which 'the Three Prag Projectiles fell into the Night of things,' as a modern Historian expresses it? Three Official Gentlemen, flung out one morning,[13] 70 feet, but fell on "sewerage," and did not die, but set the whole world on fire? That is too certain, as his Majesty knows: that brought the crowning of the Winter-King, Battle of the Weissenberg, Thirty-Years War; and lost us Jägerndorf and much else.

Or Wallenstein's Palace,—did your Majesty look at that? A thing worth glancing at, on the score of History and even of Natural-History. That rugged son of steel and gunpowder could not endure the least noise in his sleeping-room or even sitting-room,—a difficulty in the soldiering way of life;—and had, if I remember, one hundred and thirty houses torn away in Prag, and sentries posted all round in the distance, to secure silence for his much-meditating indignant soul. And yonder is the Weissenberg, conspicuous in the western suburban region: and here in the eastern, close by, is the Ziscaberg;—

[13] 13th (23d) May 1618 (Köhler, p. 507).

O Heaven, your Majesty, on this Zisca-Hill will be a new "Battle of Prag," which will throw the Weissenberg into eclipse; and there is awful fighting coming on in these parts again!—

The *third* of the considerable dialogues in Prag was on this same Monday night; when his Majesty went to wait upon the Kaiserinn, and the Kaiser soon accidentally joined them. Precious gracious words passed;—on Berg and Jülich nothing particular, that we hear;—and the High Personages, with assurances of everlasting friendship, said adieu; and met no more in this world. On his toilet-table Friedrich Wilhelm found a gold Tobacco-box, sent by the highest Lady extant; gold Tobacco-box, item gold Tobacco-stopper or Pipe-picker: such the parting gifts of her Imperial Majesty. Very precious indeed, and grateful to the honest heart;—yet testifying too (as was afterwards suggested to the royal mind) what these high people think of a rustic Orson King; and how they fling their nose into the air over his Tabagies and him.

On the morrow morning early, Friedrich Wilhelm rolls away again homewards, by Karlsbad, by Baireuth; all the cannon of Prag saying thrice, Good speed to him. "He has had "a glorious time," said the Berlin Court-lady to Queen Sophie one evening, "no end of kindness from the Imperial Majesties: "but has he brought Berg and Jülich in his pocket?"—Alas, not a fragment of them; nor of any solid thing whatever, except it be the gold Tobacco-box; and the confirmation of our claims on East-Friesland (cheap liberty to let us vindicate them if we can), if you reckon that a solid thing. These two Imperial gifts, such as they are, he has consciously brought back with him;—and perhaps, though as yet unconsciously, a third gift of much more value, once it is developed into clearness: some dim trace of insight into the no-meaning of these high people; and how they consider *us* as mere Orsons and wild Bisons, whom they will do the honour to consume as provision, if we behave well!

The great King Friedrich, now Crown-Prince at Ruppin, writing of this Journey long afterwards,—hastily, incorrectly, as his wont is, in regard to all manner of minute outward particulars; and somewhat maltreating, or at least misplacing even the inward meaning, which was well known to him *without* investigation, but which he is at no trouble to *date* for him-

self, and has dated at random,—says, in his thin rapid way, with much polished bitterness :

'His' (King Friedrich Wilhelm's) 'experience on this occasion served 'to prove that good-faith and the virtues, so contrary to the corruption 'of the age, do not succeed in it. Politicians have banished sincerity '(*la candeur*) into private life : they look upon themselves as raised quite 'above the laws which they enjoin on other people ; and give way with-'out reserve to the dictates of their own depraved mind.

'The guaranty of Jülich and Berg, which Seckendorf had formally 'promised in the name of the Emperor, went-off in smoke; and the 'Imperial Ministers were in a disposition so opposed to Prussia, the 'King saw clearly' (not for some years yet) 'that if there was a Court 'in Europe intending to cross his interests, it was certainly that of Vienna. 'This Visit of his to the Emperor was like that of Solon to Crœsus' (Solon not recognisable, in the grenadier costume, amid the tobacco-smoke, and dim accompaniments ?)—'and he returned to Berlin, rich 'still in his own virtue. The most punctilious censors could find no 'fault in his conduct, except a probity carried to excess. The Interview 'ended as those of Kings often do : it cooled' (not for some time yet), 'or, to say better, it extinguished the friendship there had been between 'the two Courts. Friedrich Wilhelm left Prag full of contempt' (dimly, altogether unconsciously, *tending* to have some contempt, and in the end to be full of it) 'for the deceitfulness and pride of the Imperial Court: 'and the Emperor's Ministers disdained a Sovereign who looked with-'out interest on frivolous ceremonials and precedences. Him they 'considered too ambitious in aiming at the Berg-and-Jülich succession : 'them he regarded' (came to regard) 'as a pack of knaves, who had 'broken their word, and were not punished for it.'

Very bitter, your Majesty; and, in all but the dates, true enough. But what a drop of concentrated absinth follows next, by way of finish,—which might itself have corrected the dating !

'In spite of so many subjects of discontent, the King wedded his 'Eldest Son' (my not too fortunate self), 'out of complaisance to the 'Vienna Court, with a Princess of Brunswick-Bevern, Niece to the 'Empress :'—bitter fact ; necessitating change of date in the paragraphs just written.[14]

Friedrich Wilhelm, good soul, cherishes the Imperial gifts, Tobacco-box included ;—claps the Arms of East-Friesland on his escutcheon ; will take possession of Friesland, if the present Duke die heirless, let George of England say what he will. And so he rolls homeward, by way of Baireuth. He staid but

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i. 162, 163.

a short while in Karlsbad; has warned his Wilhelmina that he will be at Baireuth on the 9th of the month.[15]

Wilhelmina is very poorly; "near her time," as wives say; rusticating in 'the Hermitage,' a Country-House in the vicinity of Baireuth; Husband and Father-in-law gone away, towards the Bohemian frontier, to hunt boars. O, the bustle and the bother that high Lady had; getting her little Country-House stretched out to the due pitch to accommodate everybody,—especially her foolish Sister of Anspach and foolish Brother-in-law and suite,—with whom, by negligence of servants and otherwise, there had like to have risen incurable quarrel on the matter. But the dextrous young Wife, gladdest, busiest and weakliest of hopeful creatures, contrived to manage everything, like a Female Fieldmarshal, as she was. Papa was delighted; bullied the foolish Anspach people,—or would have done so, had not I intervened, that the matter might die. Papa was gracious, happy; very anxious about me in my interesting state. "Thou hast lodged me to perfection, good Wilhelmina. Here "I find my wooden stools, tubs to wash in; all things as if I "were at Potsdam :—a good girl; and thou must take care of "thyself, my child (*mein Kind*)."

At dinner, his Majesty, dreading no ill, but intent only on the practical, got into a quiet, but to me most dreadful, lecture to the old Margraf (my Father-in-law) upon debt and money and arrears: How he, the Margraf, was cheated at every turn, and led-about by the nose, and kept weltering in debt: how he should let the young Margraf go into the Offices, to supervise, and withal to learn tax-matters and economics betimes. How he (Friedrich Wilhelm) would send him a fellow from Berlin who understood such things, and would drill his scoundrels for him! To which the old Margraf, somewhat flushed in the face, made some embarrassed assent, knowing it in fact to be true; and accepted the Berlin man :—but he made me (his poor Daughter-in-law) smart for it afterwards: "Not quite dead *yet*, Madam; you will have to wait a little!"—and other foolish speech; which required to be tempered-down again by a judicious female mind.

Grumkow himself was pleasant on this occasion; told us of Kladrup, the Prag etiquettes; and how he was like to go

[15] Wilhelmina, ii. 55.

14th Aug. 1732.

mad seeing his Majesty so humiliate himself. Fräulein Grumkow, a niece of his, belonging to the Austrian Court, who is over here with the rest, a satirical intriguing baggage, she, I privately perceive, has made a conquest of my foolish Brother-in-law, the Anspach Margraf here ;—and there will be jealousies, and a cat-and-dog life over yonder, worse than ever! Tush, why should we talk?—These are the phenomena at Baireuth ; Husband and Father-in-law having quitted their boat-hunt and hurried home.

After three days, Friedrich Wilhelm rolled away again ; lodged, once more, at Meuselwitz, with abstruse Seckendorf, and his good old Wife, who do the hospitalities well when they must, in spite of the single candle once visible. On the morrow after which, 14th August 1732, his Majesty is off again, 'at four in the morning,' towards Leipzig, intending to be home that night, though it is a long drive. At Leipzig, not to waste time, he declines entering the Town ; positively will not, though the cannon-salvos are booming all round ;—'breakfasts in the 'suburbs, with a certain Horse-dealer (*Ross-Händler*) now de-'ceased :' a respectable Centaur, capable, no doubt, of bargaining a little about cavalry mountings, while one eats, with appetite and at one's ease. Which done, Majesty darts-off again, the cannon-salvos booming-out a second time ;—and by assiduous driving gets home to Potsdam about eight at night. And so has happily *ended* this Journey to Kladrup.[16]

CHAPTER V.

GHOST OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE RISES ; TO NO PURPOSE.

WE little expected to see the "Double-Marriage" start-up into vitality again, at this advanced stage ; or, of all men, Seckendorf, after riding 25,000 miles to kill the Double-Marriage, engaged in resuscitating it! But so it is : by endless intriguing, matchless in History or Romance, the Austrian Court had, at such expense to the parties and to itself, achieved the first problem of stifling the harmless Double-Marriage ; and now, the wind having changed, it is actually trying its hand the opposite way.

[16] Fassmann, pp. 474-479 ; Wilhelmina, ii. 46-55 ; Pöllnitz, ii. 407-412 ; Förster, i. 328-334.

Wind is changed: consummate Robinson has managed to do his thrice-salutary 'Treaty of Vienna;'[1] to clout-up all differences between the Sea-Powers and the Kaiser, and restore the old Law of Nature,—Kaiser to fight the French, Sea-Powers to feed and pay him while engaged in that necessary job. And now it would be gratifying to the Kaiser, if there remained, on this side of the matter, no rent anywhere, if between his chief Sea ally and his chief Land one, the Britannic Majesty and the Prussian, there prevailed a complete understanding, with no grudge left.

The honour of this fine resuscitation project is ascribed to Robinson by the Vienna people: "Robinson's suggestion," they always say: how far it was, or whether at all it was or not, nobody at present knows. Guess rather, if necessary, it had been the Kaiser's own! Robinson, as the thing proceeds, is instructed from St. James's to 'look on and not interfere;'[2] Prince Eugene, too, we can observe, is privately against it, though officially urgent, and doing his best. Who knows, —or need know?

Enough that High Heads are set upon it; that the diplomatic wigs are all wagging with it, from about the beginning of October 1732; and rumours are rife and eager, occasionally spurting-out into the Newspapers: Double-Marriage after all, hint the old Rumours: Double-Marriage somehow or other; Crown-Prince to have his English Princess, Prince Fred of England to console the Brunswick one for loss of her Crown-Prince; or else Prince Karl of Brunswick to— And half-a-dozen other ways; which Rumour cannot settle to its satisfaction. The whispers upon it, from Hanover, from Vienna, at Berlin, and from the Diplomatic world in general, occasionally whistling through the Newspapers, are manifold and incessant,—not worthy of the least attention from us here.[3] What is certain is, Seckendorf, in the end of October, is corresponding on it with Prince Eugene; has got instructions to propose the matter in Tobacco-Parliament; and does not like it at all. Grumkow, who perhaps has seen dangerous clouds threatening to mount upon him, and never been quite himself again in the Royal Mind since that questionable *Nosti* business, dissuades

[1] 16th March 1731, the *tail* of it (accession of the Dutch, of Spain, &c.) not quite coiled-up till 20th February 1732: Schöll, i. 218-222.

[2] Despatches, in State-Paper Office. [3] Förster, iii. 111, 120, 108, 113, 122.

5th Dec. 1732.

earnestly, constantly. "Nothing but mischief will come of such a proposal," says Grumkow steadily; and for his own share absolutely declines concern in it.

But Prince Eugene's orders are express; remonstrances, cunctations only strengthen the determination of the High Heads or Head: Forward with this beautiful scheme! Seckendorf, puckered into dangerous anxieties, but summoning all his cunning, has at length, after six-weeks hesitation, to open it, as if casually, in some favourable hour, to his Prussian Majesty. December 5th, 1732, as we compute;—a kind of epoch in his Majesty's life. Prussian Majesty stares wide-eyed; the breath as if struck-out of him; repeats, "Jülich and Berg absolutely secured, say you? But—hm, na!"—and has not yet taken-in the unspeakable dimensions of the occurrence. "What? Imperial Majesty will make me break my word before all the world? Imperial Majesty has been whirling me about, face now to the east, face straightway round to the west: Imperial Majesty does not feel that I am a man and king at all; takes me for a mere machine, to be seesawed and whirled hither and thither, like a rotatory Clothes-horse, to dry his Imperial Majesty's linen upon. *Tausend Himmel—!*—"

The full dimensions of all this did not rise clear upon the intellect of Prussian Majesty,—a slow intellect, but a true and deep, with terrible earthquakes and poetic fires lying under it,—not at once, or for months, perhaps years to come. But they had begun to dawn upon him painfully here; they rose gradually into perfect clearness: all things seen at last as what they were;—with huge submarine earthquake for consequence, and total change of mind towards Imperial Majesty and the drying of his Pragmatic linen, in Friedrich Wilhelm. Amiable Orson, true to the heart; amiable, though terrible when too much put-upon!

This dawning process went on for above two years to come, painfully, reluctantly, with explosions, even with tears. But here, directly on the back of Seckendorf's proposal, and recorded from a sure hand, is what we may call the peep-of-day in that matter: First Session of Tobacco-Parliament, close after that event. Event is on the 5th December 1732; Tobacco Session is of the 6th;—glimpse of it is given by Speaker Grumkow himself; authentic to the bone.

Session of Tobacco-Parliament, 6th December 1732.

Grumkow, shattered into 'headache' by this Session, writes Report of it to Seckendorf before going to bed. Look, reader, into one of the strangest Political Establishments; and how a strange Majesty comports himself there, directly after such proposal from Vienna to marry with England still!—'Schwerin' is incidentally in from Frankfurt-on-Oder, where his Regiment and business usually lie: the other Honourable Members we sufficiently know. Majesty has been a little out of health lately; perceptibly worse the last two days. 'Syberg' is a Gold-cook (Alchemical gentleman, of very high professions), came to Berlin some time ago; whom his Majesty, after due investigation, took the liberty to hang.[4] Readers can now understand what Speaker Grumkow writes, and dispatches by his lackey, in such haste:

'I never saw such a scene as this evening. Derschau, Schwerin, 'Buddenbrock, Rochow, Flanz were present. We had been about an 'hour in the Red Room' (languidly doing our tobacco off and on), 'when he' (the King) 'had us shifted into the Little Room: drove-out 'the servants; and cried, looking fixedly at me: "No, I cannot endure 'it any longer! *Es stosset mir das Herz ab,*" cried he, breaking into 'German: "It crushes the heart out of me; to make me do a bit of 'scoundrelism, me, me! No, I say; no, never! Those damned intrigues; 'may the Devil take them!"—

'*Ego* (Grumkow). "Of course, I know of nothing. But I do not 'comprehend your Majesty's inquietude, coming thus on the sudden, 'after our common indifferent mood."

'*King.* "What, make me a villain! I will tell it right out. Cer-'tain damned scoundrels have been about betraying me. People that 'should have known me better have been trying to lead me into a dis-'honourable scrape"—('Here I called-in the hounds, *Je rompis les 'chiens,*' reports Grumkow, 'for he was going to blab everything; I 'interrupted, saying):

'*Ego.* "But, your Majesty, what is it ruffles you so? I know not 'what you talk of. Your Majesty has honourable people about you; 'and the man who lets himself be employed in things against your 'Majesty must be a traitor."

'*King.* "Yes, *ja, ja.* I will do things that will surprise them. 'I"—

'And, in short, a torrent of exclamations: which I strove to soften 'by all manner of incidents and contrivances; succeeding at last,'—by dexterity and time (but, at this point, the light is now blown out, and

[4] Förster, iii. 126.

6th Dec. 1732.

we *see* no more) :—'so that he grew quite calm again, and the rest of 'the evening passed gently enough.

'Well, you see what the effect of your fine Proposal is, which you 'said he would like! I can tell you, it is the most detestable incident 'that could have turned up. I know, you had your orders: but you 'may believe and depend on it, he has got his heart driven rabid by the 'business, and says, "Who knows now whether that villain Syberg" 'Gold-cook, that was hanged the other day, "was not set-on by some 'people to poison me?" In a word, he was like a madman.

'What struck me most was when he repeated, "Only think! 'Think! Who would have expected it of people that should have 'known me; and whom I know, and have known, better than they 'fancy!"'—Pleasant passage for Seckendorf to chew the cud upon, through the night-watches!

'In fine, as I was somewhat confused; and anxious, above all, to 'keep him from exploding with the secret, I cannot remember every-'thing. But Derschau, who was more at his ease, will be able to give 'you a full account. He' (the King) 'said more than once: "*This* 'was his sickness; the thing that ailed him, this: it gnawed his heart, 'and would be the death of him!" He certainly did not affect; he was 'in a very convulsive condition.'—(*Jarni-bleu*, here is a piece of work, Herr Seckendorf!)—'Adieu, I have a headache.' Whereupon to bed. —'GRUMKOW.'[5]

This Hansard Report went-off direct to Prince Eugene; and ought to have been a warning to the high Vienna heads and him. But they persisted not the less to please Robinson or themselves; considering his Prussian Majesty to be, in fact, a mere rotatory Clothes-horse for drying the Imperial linen on; and to have no intellect at all, because he was without guile, and had no vulpinism at all. In which they were very much mistaken indeed. History is proud to report that the guileless Prussian Majesty, steadily attending to his own affairs in a wise manner, though hoodwinked and led-about by Black-Artists as he had been, turned-out when Fact and Nature subsequently pronounced upon it, to have had more intellect than the whole of them together,—to have been, in a manner, the only one of them that had any real 'intellect,' or insight into Fact and Nature, at all. Consummate Black-art Diplomacies overnetting the Universe, went entirely to water, running down the gutters to the last drop; and a prosperous Drilled Prussia, compact, organic in every part, from diligent plough-sock to shining bayonet and iron ramrod, remained standing. "A full Treasury and 200,000

[5] Förster, iii. 135, 136.

"well-drilled men would be the one guarantee to your Prag-
"matic Sanction," Prince Eugene had said. But that bit of insight was not accepted at Vienna; Black-art, and Diplomatic spider-webs from pole to pole, being thought the preferable method.

Enough, Seckendorf was ordered to manipulate and soothe-down the Prussian Majesty, as surely would be easy; to continue his galvanic operations on the Double-Match, or produce a rotation in the purposes of the royal breast. Which he diligently strove to do, when once admitted to speech again;—Grumkow steadily declining to meddle, and only Queen Sophie, as we can fancy, auguring joyfully of it. Seckendorf, admitted to speech the third day after that explosive Session, snuffles his softest, his cunningest;—continues to ride diligently, the concluding portion (such it proved) of his 25,000 miles with the Prussian Majesty up and down through winter and spring; but makes not the least progress, the reverse rather.

Their dialogues and arguings on the matter, here and elsewhere, are lost in air; or gone wholly to a single point unexpectedly preserved for us. One day, riding through some village, Priort some say his Majesty calls it, some give another name, —advocate Seckendorf, in the fervour of pleading and arguing, said some word, which went like a sudden flash of lightning through the dark places of his Majesty's mind, and never would go out of it again while he lived after. In passionate moments, his Majesty spoke of it sometimes, a clangorous pathos in his tones, as of a thing hideous, horrible, never to be forgotten, which had killed him,—death from a friend's hand. "It was the "17th of April 1733,[6] riding through Priort, a man said some-"thing to me: it was as if you had turned a dagger about in "my heart. That man was he that killed me; there and 'then I got my death!"

A strange passion in that utterance: the deep dumb soul of his Majesty, of dumb-poetic nature, suddenly brought to a fatal clearness about certain things. "Oh Kaiser, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire; and this is your return for my loyal faith in you? I had nearly killed my Fritz, my Wilhelmina,

[6] All the Books (Förster, ii. 142, for one) mention this utterance of his Majesty, on what occasion we shall see farther on; and give the date '1732,' not 1733: but except as amended above, it refuses to have any sense visible at this distance. The Village of Priort is in the Potsdam region.

broken my Feekin's heart and my own, and reduced the world to ruins for your sake. And because I was of faith more than human, you took me for a dog? Oh Kaiser, Kaiser!"—Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, he spoke of this often, in excited moments, in his later years; the tears running down his cheeks, and the whole man melted into tragic emotion: but if Fritz were there, the precious Fritz whom he had almost killed for their sake, he would say, flashing out into proud rage, "There is one that will avenge me, though; that one! *Da steht Einer, der mich rächen wird!*"[7] Yes, your Majesty; perhaps that one. And it will be seen whether *you* were a rotatory Clothes-horse to dry their Pragmatic linen upon, or something different a good deal.

CHAPTER VI.

KING AUGUST MEDITATING GREAT THINGS FOR POLAND.

In the Newyear's days of 1733, the topic among diplomatic gentlemen, which set many big wigs wagging, and even tremulously came out in the gray leaves of gazetteers and garreteers of the period, was a royal drama, dimly supposed to be getting itself up in Poland at this time. Nothing known about it for certain; much guessed. "Something in the rumour!" nods this wig; "Nothing!" wags that, slightly oscillating; and gazetteers, who would earn their wages, and have a peck of coals apiece to glad them in the cold weather, had to watch with all eagerness the movements of King August, our poor old friend, the Dilapidated-Strong, who is in Saxony at present; but bound for Warsaw shortly,—just about lifting the curtain on important events, it is thought and not thought. Here are the certainties of it, now clear enough, so far as they deserve a glance from us.

January 10th, 1733, August the Dilapidated-Strong of Poland has been in Saxony, looking after his poor Electorate a little; and is on the road from Dresden homewards again;—will cross a corner of the Prussian Dominions, as his wont is on such occasions. Prussian Majesty, if not appearing in person, will as usual, by some Official of rank, send a polite Well speed-you as the brother Majesty passes. This time, however

[7] Förster, ii. 153.

it was more than politeness; the Polish Majesty having, as was thought, such intricate affairs in the wind. Let Grumkow, the fittest man in all ways, go, and do the greeting to his old Patroon: greeting, or whatever else may be needed.

Patroon left Dresden,—'having just opened the Carnival' or fashionable Season there, opened and nothing more,—January 10th, 1733;[1] being in haste home for a Polish Diet close at hand. On which same day Grumkow, we suppose, drives forth from Berlin, to intersect him, in the Neumark, about Crossen; and have a friendly word again, in those localities, over jolly wine. Intersection took place duly;—there was exuberant joy on the part of the Patroon; and such a dinner and night of drinking, as has seldom been. Abstruse things lie close ahead of August the Dilapidated-Strong, important to Prussia, and for which Prussia is important; let Grumkow try if he can fish the matter into clearness out of these wine-cups. And then August, on his side, wishes to know what the Kaiser said at Kladrup lately; there is much to be fished into clearness.

Many are the times August the Strong has made this journey; many are the carousals, on such and other occasions, Grumkow and he have had. But there comes an end to all things. This was their last meeting, over flowing liquor or otherwise, in the world. Satirical History says, they drank all night, endeavouring to pump one another, and with such enthusiasm that they never recovered it; drank themselves to death at Crossen on that occasion.[2] It is certain August died within three weeks; and people said of Grumkow, who lived six years longer, he was never well after this bout. Is it worth any human creature's while to look into the plans of this precious pair of individuals? Without the least expense of drinking, the secrets they were pumping out of each other are now accessible enough,—if it were of importance now. One glance I may perhaps commend to the reader, out of these multifarious Notebooks in my possession:

'August, by change of his religion, and other sad operations, got 'to be what they called the King of Poland, thirty-five years ago; but, 'though looking glorious to the idle public, it has been a crown of 'stinging-nettles to the poor man,—a sedan-chair running on rapidly, 'with the bottom broken out! To say nothing of the scourgings he 'got, and poor Saxony along with him, from Charles XII., on account

[1] Fassmann, *Leben Friedrich Augusti des Grossen*, p. 994.
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric (Mémoires de Brandebourg)*, i. 163.

11th Jan. 1733.

'of this Sovereignty so-called, what has the thing itself been to him? 'In Poland, for these thirty-five years, the individual who had least of 'his real will done in public matters has been, with infinite manage- 'ment, and display of such goodhumour as at least deserves credit, the 'nominal Sovereign Majesty of Poland. Anarchic Grandees have been 'kings over him; ambitious, contentious, unmanageable;—very fanati- 'cal too, and never persuaded that August's Apostasy was more than 'a sham one, not even when he made his Prince apostatise too. Their 'Sovereignty has been a mere peck of troubles, disgraces and vexations: 'for those thirty-five years, an ever-boiling pot of mutiny, contradiction, 'insolence, hardly tolerable even to such nerves as August's.

'August, for a long time back, has been thinking of schemes to 'clap some lid upon all that. To make the Sovereignty hereditary in 'his House: that, with the good Saxon troops we have, would be a 'remedy;—and in fact it is the only remedy. John Casimir (who ab- 'dicated long ago, in the Great Elector's time, and went to Paris,— 'much charmed with Ninon de l'Enclos there) told the Polish Diets, 'With their *liberum veto*, and "right of confederation" and rebellion, 'they would bring the country down under the feet of mankind, and 'reduce their Republic to zero one day, if they persisted. They have 'not failed to persist. With some hereditary King over it, and a re- 'gulated Saxony to lean upon: truly might it not be a change to the 'better? To the worse, it could hardly be, thinks August the Strong; 'and goes intent upon that method, this long while back;—and at 'length hopes now, in few days longer, at the Diet just assembling, to 'see fruits appear, and the thing actually begin.

'The difficulties truly are many; internal and external:—but there 'are calculated methods, too. For the internal: Get-up, by bribery, 'persuasion, some visible minority to countenance you; with these 'manœuvre in the Diets; on the back of these, the 30,000 Saxon troops. 'But then what will the neighbouring Kings say? The neighbouring 'Kings, with their big-mouthed manifestos, pities for an oppressed 'Republic, overwhelming forces, and invitations to "confederate" and 'revolt: without their tolerance first had, nothing can be done. That 'is the external difficulty. For which too there is a remedy. Cut-off 'sufficient outlying slices of Poland; fling these to the neighbouring 'Kings to produce consent: Partition of Poland, in fact; large sections 'of its Territory sliced away: that will be the method, thinks King 'August.

'Neighbouring Kings, Kaiser, Prussia, Russia, to them it is not 'grievous that Poland should remain in perennial anarchy, in perennial 'impotence; the reverse rather: a dead horse, or a dying, in the next 'stall,—he at least will not kick upon us, think the neighbouring 'Kings. And yet,—under another similitude,—you do not like your 'next-door neighbour to be always on the point of catching fire; smoke 'issuing, thicker or thinner, through the slates of his roof, as a per- 'ennial phenomenon? August will conciliate the neighbouring Kings.

'Russia, big-cheeked Anne Czarina there, shall have not only Courland 'peaceably henceforth, but the Ukraine, Lithuania, and other large out-'lying slices; that surely will conciliate Russia. To Austria, on its 'Hungarian border, let us give the Country of Zips;—nay there are 'other sops we have for Austria. Pragmatic Sanction, hitherto refused 'as contrary to plain rights of ours,—that, if conceded to a spectre-'hunting Kaiser? To Friedrich Wilhelm we could give West-Preussen; 'West-Preussen torn-away three hundred years ago, and leaving a 'hiatus in the very continuity of Friedrich Wilhelm: would not that 'conciliate him? Of all enemies or friends, Friedrich Wilhelm, close 'at hand with 80,000 men capable of fighting at a week's notice, is by 'far the most important.

'These are August's plans: West-Preussen for the nearest Neigh-'bour; Zips for Austria; Ukraine, Lithuania, and appendages for the 'Russian Czarina: handsome Sections to be sliced off, and flung to 'good neighbours; as it were, all the outlying limbs and wings of the 'Polish Territory sliced off; compact body to remain, and become, by 'means of August and Saxon troops, a Kingdom with government, not 'an imaginary Republic without government any longer. In fact, it 'was the "Partition of Poland," such as took effect forty years after, 'and has kept the Newspapers weeping ever since. Partition of Poland, '—*minus* the compact interior held under government, by a King with 'Saxon troops or otherwise. Compact interior, in that effective par-'tition, forty years after, was left as anarchic as ever; and had to be 'again partitioned, and cut-away altogether,—with new torrents of 'loud tears from the Newspapers, refusing to be comforted to this day.

'It is not said that Friedrich Wilhelm had the least intention of 'countenancing August in these dangerous operations, still less of 'going shares with August; but he wished much, through Grumkow, 'to have some glimpse into the dim program of them; and August 'wished much to know Friedrich Wilhelm's and Grumkow's humour 'towards them. Grumkow and August drank copiously, or copiously 'pressed drink on one another, all night (11th-12th January 1733, as I 'compute; some say at Crossen, some say at Frauendorf a royal do-'main near by), with the view of mutually fishing-out those secrets;— 'and killed one another in the business, as is rumoured.'

What were Grumkow's news at home-coming, I did not hear; but he continues very low and shaky;—refuses, almost with horror, to have the least hand in Seckendorf's mad project of resuscitating the English Double-Marriage, and breaking-off the Brunswick one, at the eleventh hour and after word pledged. Seckendorf himself continues to dislike and dissuade: but the High Heads at Vienna are bent on it; and command new strenuous attempts;—literally at the last moment; which is now come.

CHAPTER VII.

CROWN-PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.

SINCE November last, Wilhelmina is on visit at Berlin,—first visit since her marriage;—she stays there for almost ten months; not under the happiest auspices, poor child. Mamma's reception of her, just off the long winter journey, and extenuated with fatigues and sickly chagrins, was of the most cutting cruelty: "What do you want here? What is a mendicant like you come hither for?" And next night, when Papa himself came home, it was little better. "Ha, ha," said he, "here you are; I am glad to see you." Then holding-up a light, to take view of me: "How changed you are!" said he: "What is little Frederika" (my little Baby at Baireuth) "doing?" And on my answering, continued: "I am sorry for you, on my "word. You have not bread to eat; and but for me you "might go begging. I am a poor man myself, not able to "give you much; but I will do what I can. I will give you "now and then a twenty or a thirty shillings (*par dix ou douze "florins*), as my affairs permit: it will always be something "to assuage your want. And you, Madam," said he, turning to the Queen, "You will sometimes give her an old dress; for "the poor child hasn't a shift to her back."[1] This rugged paternal banter was taken too literally by Wilhelmina, in her weak state; and she was like 'to burst in her skin,' poor Princess.

So that,—except her own good Hereditary Prince, who was here, 'over from Pasewalk' and his regimental duties, waiting to welcome her; in whose true heart, full of honest human sunshine towards her, she could always find shelter and defence,—native Country and Court offer little to the brave Wilhelmina. Chagrins enough are here: chagrins also were there. At Baireuth our old Father Margraf has his crotchets, his infirmities and outbreaks; takes more and more to liquor; and does always keep us frightfully bare in money. No help from Papa here, either, on the finance side; no real hope anywhere (thinks Seckendorf, when we consult him), except only in the Margraf's death: "old Margraf will soon drink himself dead," thinks Seckendorf; "and in the mean while there is Vienna,

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 85.

and a noble Kaiserinn who knows *her* friends in case of extremity!" thinks he.[2] Poor Princess, in her weak shattered state, she has a heavy time of it; but there is a tough spirit in her; bright, sharp, like a swift sabre, not to be quenched in any coil; but always cutting its way, and emerging unsubdued.

One of the blessings reserved for her here, which most of all concerns us, was the occasional sight of her Brother. Brother in a day or two[3] ran over from Ruppin, on short leave, and had his first interview. Very kind and affectionate; quite the old Brother again; and 'blushed' when, at supper, Mamma and the Princesses, especially that wicked Charlotte (Papa not present), tore-up his poor Bride at such a rate. "Has not a word to answer you, but *Yes* or *No*," said they; "stupid as a block." "But were you ever at her toilette?" said the wicked Charlotte: "Out of shape, completely: considerable waddings, I promise you: and then"—still worse features, from that wicked Charlotte, in presence of the domestics here. Wicked Charlotte; who is to be her Sister-in-law soon;—and who is always flirting with my Husband, as if she liked that better! —Crown-Prince retired, directly after supper; as did I, to my apartment, where in a minute or two he joined me.

'To the question, How with the King and you? he answered, '"That his situation was changing every moment; that sometimes he 'was in favour, sometimes in disgrace;—that his chief happiness con-'sisted in absence. That he led a soft and tranquil life with his Regi-'ment at Ruppin; study and music his principal occupations; he had 'built himself a House there, and laid-out a Garden, where he could 'read, and walk about." Then as to his Bride, I begged him to tell 'me candidly if the portrait the Queen and my Sister had been making 'of her was the true one. "We are alone," replied he, 'and I will 'conceal nothing from you. The Queen, by her miserable intrigues, 'has been the source of our misfortunes. Scarcely were you gone 'when she began again with England; wished to substitute our Sister 'Charlotte for you; would have had me undertake to contradict the 'King's will again, and flatly refuse the Brunswick Match;—which I 'declined. That is the source of her venom against this poor Princess. 'As to the young Lady herself, I do not hate her so much as I pretend; 'I affect complete dislike, that the King may value my obedience more. 'She is pretty, a complexion lily-and-rose; her features delicate; face

[2] Wilhelmina, ii. 81-111.

[3] '18th November,' she says; which date is wrong, if it were of moment (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, where their *Correspondence* is).

8th June 1733.

'altogether of a beautiful person. True, she has no breeding, and 'dresses very ill: but I flatter myself, when she comes hither, you will 'have the goodness to take her in hand. I recommend her to you, 'my dear Sister; and beg your protection for her." It is easy to judge, 'my answer would be such as he desired.'[4]

For which small glimpse of the fact itself, at first-hand, across a whirlwind of distracted rumours new and old about the fact, let us be thankful to Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's hopeless attempts to resuscitate extinct English things, and make the Prussian Majesty break his word, continue to the very last; but are worth no notice from us. Grumkow's Drinking-bout with the Dilapidated-Strong at Crossen, which follows now in January, has been already noticed by us. And the Dilapidated-Strong's farewell next morning. "Adieu, dear Grumkow; I think I shall not see you again!" as he rolled-off towards Warsaw and the Diet,—will require farther notice; but must stand-over till this Marriage be got done. Of which latter Event,—Wilhelmina once more kindling the old dark Books into some light for us,—the essential particulars are briefly as follows.

Monday 8th June 1733, the Crown-Prince is again over from Ruppin: King, Queen and Crown-Prince are rendezvoused at Potsdam; and they set-off with due retinues towards Wolfenbüttel, towards Salzdahlum the Ducal Schloss there; Sister Wilhelmina sending blessings, if she had them, on a poor Brother in such interesting circumstances. Mamma was 'plunged in black melancholy;' King not the least; in the Crown-Prince nothing particular to be remarked. They reached Salzdahlum, Duke Ludwig Rudolf the Grandfather's Palace,—one of the finest Palaces, with Gardens, with Antiques, with Picture-Galleries no-end; a mile or two from Wolfenbüttel; built by old Anton Ulrich, and still the ornament of those parts:—reached Salzdahlum, Wednesday the 10th; where Bride, with Father, Mother, much more Grandfather, Grandmother, and all the sublimities interested, are waiting in the highest gala; Wedding to be on Friday next.

Friday morning, this incident fell out, notable and somewhat contemptible: Seckendorf, who is of the retinue, following his bad trade, visits his Majesty who is still in bed:—"Pardon, your Majesty: what shall I say for excuse? Here

[4] Wilhelmina, ii. 89.

is a Letter just come from Vienna; in Prince Eugene's hand;—Prince Eugene, or a Higher, will say something, while it is still time!" Majesty, not in impatience, reads the little Prince's and the Kaiser's Letter. "Give-up this, we entreat you for the last time; marry with England after all!" Majesty reads, quiet as a lamb; lays the Letter under his pillow; will himself answer it;—and does straightway, with much simple dignity, to the effect, "For certain, Never, my always respected Prince!"[5] Seckendorf, having thus shot his last bolt, does not stay many hours longer at Salzdahlum;—may as well quit Friedrich Wilhelm altogether, for any good he will henceforth do upon him. This is the one incident between the Arrival at Salzdahlum and the Wedding there.

Same Friday 12th June 1733, at a more advanced hour, the Wedding itself took effect; Wedding which, in spite of the mad rumours and whispers, in the Newspapers, Diplomatic Despatches and elsewhere, went off, in all respects, precisely as other weddings do; a quite human Wedding now and afterwards. Officiating Clergyman was the Reverend Herr Mosheim: readers know with approval the *Ecclesiastical History* of Mosheim: he, in the beautiful Chapel of the Schloss, with Majesties and Brunswick Sublimities looking on, performed the ceremony: and Crown-Prince Friedrich of Prussia has fairly wedded the Serene Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, age eighteen coming, manners rather awkward, complexion lily-and-rose;—and History is right glad to have done with the wearisome affair, and know it settled on any tolerable terms whatever. Here is a Note of Friedrich's to his dear Sister, which has been preserved:

To Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth, at Berlin.

'Salzdahlum, Noon, 12th June 1733.

'My dear Sister,—A minute since, the whole Ceremony was got 'finished; and God be praised it is over! I hope you will take it as 'a mark of my friendship that I give you the first news of it.

'I hope I shall have the honour to see you again soon; and to as-'sure you, my dear Sister, that I am wholly yours (*tout à vous*). I 'write in great haste; and add nothing that is merely formal. Adieu.[6]

'FRÉDÉRIC.'

[5] Account of the Interview by Seckendorf, in Förster, iii. 143-155; Copy of the Answer itself is in the State-Paper Office here.

[6] *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 9.

One Keyserling, the Prince's favourite gentleman, came over express, with this Letter and the more private news; Wilhelmina being full of anxieties. Keyserling said, The Prince was inwardly 'well content with his lot; though he had kept-'up the old farce to the last; and pretended to be in frightful 'humour, on the very morning; bursting-out upon his valets 'in the King's presence, who reproved him, and looked rather 'pensive,'—recognising, one hopes, what a sacrifice it was. The Queen's Majesty, Keyserling reported, 'was charmed with 'the style and ways of the Brunswick Court; but could not 'endure the Princess-Royal' (new Wife), 'and treated the two 'Duchesses like dogs (*comme des chiens*).'[7] Reverend Abbot Mosheim (such his title; Head Churchman, theological chief of Helmstädt University in those parts, with a couple of extinct little *Abbacies* near by, to help his stipend) preached next Sunday, 'On the Marriage of the Righteous,'—felicitous appropriate Sermon, said a grateful public;[8]—and in short, at Salzdahlum all goes, if not as merry as some marriage-bells, yet without jarring to the ear.

On Tuesday, both the Majesties set-out towards Potsdam again; 'where his Majesty,' having business waiting, 'arrived some time before the Queen.' Thither also, before the week ends, Crown-Prince Friedrich with his Bride, and all the Serenities of Brunswick escorting, are upon the road,—duly detained by complimentary harangues, tedious scenic evolutions at Magdeburg and the intervening Towns;—grand entrance of the Princess-Royal into Berlin is not till the 27th, last day of the week following. That was such a day as Wilhelmina never saw; no sleep the night before; no breakfast can one taste: between Charlottenburg and Berlin, there is a review of unexampled splendour; 'above eighty carriages of us,' and only a tent or two against the flaming June sun: think of it! Review begins at four A.M.;—poor Wilhelmina thought she would verily have died, of heat and thirst and hunger, in the crowded tent, under the flaming June sun; before the Review could end itself, and march into Berlin, trumpeting and salvoing, with the Princess-Royal at the head of it.[9]

Of which grand flaming day, and of the unexampled balls and effulgent festivities that followed, 'all Berlin ruining itself

7 Wilhelmina, ii. 114.
8 Text, Psalm xcii. 12; 'Sermon printed in Mosheim's *Works*.'
9 Wilhelmina, ii. 127-129.

in dresses and equipages,' we will say nothing farther; but give only, what may still have some significance for readers, Wilhelmina's Portrait of the Princess-Royal on their first meeting, which had taken place at Potsdam two days before. The Princess-Royal had arrived at Potsdam too, on that occasion, across a grand Review; Majesty himself riding out, Majesty and Crown-Prince, who had preceded her a little, to usher-in the poor young creature;—Thursday June 25th 1733:

'The King led her into the Queen's Apartment; then seeing, after 'she had saluted us all, that she was much heated and dispowdered '(*dépoudrée*), he bade my Brother take her to her own room. I followed 'them thither. My Brother said to her, introducing me: "This is a 'Sister I adore, and am obliged to beyond measure. She has had the 'goodness to promise me that she will take care of you, and help you 'with her good counsel; I wish you to respect her beyond even the King 'and Queen, and not to take the least step without her advice: do you 'understand?" I embraced the Princess-Royal, and gave her every 'assurance of my attachment; but she remained like a statue, not ans-'wering a word. Her people not being come, I repowdered her myself, 'and readjusted her dress a little, without the least sign of thanks from 'her, or any answer to all my caressings. My Brother got impatient at 'last; and said aloud: "Devil's in the blockhead (*Peste soit de la bête*): 'thank my Sister, then!" She made me a curtsy, on the model of that 'of Agnès in the *Ecole des Femmes*. I took her back to the Queen's 'Apartment; little edified by such a display of talent.

'The Princess-Royal is tall; her figure is not fine: stooping slightly, 'or hanging forward, as she walks or stands, which gives her an awk-'ward air. Her complexion is of dazzling whiteness, heightened by the 'liveliest colours: her eyes are pale blue, and not of much promise for 'spiritual gifts. Mouth small; features generally small,—dainty (*mig-'nons*) rather than beautiful:—and the countenance altogether is so 'innocent and infantine, you would think this head belonged to a child 'of twelve. Her hair is blond, plentiful, curling in natural locks. 'Teeth are unhappily very bad, black and ill-set; which are a disfigure-'ment in this fine face. She has no manners, nor the least vestige of 'tact; has much difficulty in speaking, and making herself understood: 'for most part you are obliged to guess what she means; which is very 'embarrassing.'[10]

The Berlin gaieties,—for Karl, Heir-Apparent of Brunswick, brother to this Princess-Royal, wedded his Charlotte, too, about a week hence,[11]—did not end, and the serene Guests disappear, till far on in July. After which an Inspection with Papa; and then Friedrich got back to Ruppin and his old way

[10] Wilhelmina, ii. 119-121.

[11] 2d July 1733.

of life there. Intrinsically the old studious, quietly diligent way of life; varied by more frequent excursions to Berlin;—where as yet the Princess-Royal usually resides, till some fit residence be got ready in the Ruppin Country for a wedded Crown-Prince and her.

The young Wife had an honest guileless heart; if little articulate intellect, considerable inarticulate sense; did not fail to learn tact, perpendicular attitude, speech enough;—and I hope kept well clear of pouting (*faire la fâchée*), a much more dangerous rock for her. With the gay temper of eighteen, and her native loyalty of mind, she seems to have shaped herself successfully to the Prince's taste; and growing yearly gracefuler and better-looking, was an ornament and pleasant addition to his Ruppin existence. These first seven years, spent at Berlin or in the Ruppin quarter, she always regarded as the flower of her life.[12]

Papa, according to promise, has faithfully provided a Crown-Prince Palace at Berlin; all trimmed and furnished, for occasional residences there; the late 'Government House' (originally *Schomberg* House), new-built,—which is, to this day, one of the distinguished Palaces of Berlin. Princess-Royal had Schönhausen given her; a pleasant Royal Mansion some miles out of Berlin, on the Ruppin side. Furthermore, the Prince-Royal, being now a wedded man, has, as is customary in such case, a special *Amt* (Government District) set apart for his support; the "Amt of Ruppin," where his business lies. What the exact revenues of Ruppin are, is not communicated; but we can justly fear they were far too frugal,—and excused the underhand borrowing, which is evident enough as a painful shadow in the Prince's life henceforth. He does not seem to have been wasteful; but he borrows all round, under sevenfold secrecy, from benevolent Courts, from Austria, Russia, England: and the only pleasant certainty we notice in such painful business is, that, on his Accession, he pays with exactitude,—sends his Uncle George of England, for example, the complete amount in rouleaus of new coin, by the first courier that goes.[13]

A thought too frugal, his Prussian Majesty: but he means to be kind, bountiful; and occasionally launches-out into hand-

[12] Büsching (Autobiography, *Beyträge*, vi.) heard her say so, in advanced years.
[13] Despatch (of adjacent date) in the State-Paper Office here.

some munificence. This very Autumn, hearing that the Crown-Prince and his Princess fancied Reinsberg, an old Castle in their Amt Ruppin, some miles north of them,—his Majesty, without word spoken, straightway purchased Reinsberg, Schloss and Territory, from the owner; gave it to his Crown-Prince, and gave him money to new-build it according to his mind.[14] Which the Crown-Prince did with much interest, under very wise architectural advice, for the next three years; then went into it, to reside;—yet did not cease new-building, improving, artistically adorning, till it became in all points the image of his taste.

A really handsome princely kind of residence, that of Reinsberg:—got-up with a thrift that most of all astonishes us. In which improved locality we shall by and by look in upon him again. For the present we must to Warsaw, where tragedies and troubles are in the wind, which turn out to be not quite without importance to the Crown-Prince and us.

CHAPTER VIII.

KING AUGUST DIES; AND POLAND TAKES FIRE.

MEANWHILE, over at Warsaw, there has an Event fallen out. Friedrich, writing rapidly from vague reminiscence, as he often does, records it as 'during the marriage festivities;'[1] but it was four good months earlier. Event we must now look at for a moment.

In the end of January last, we left Grumkow in a low and hypochondriacal state, much shaken by that drinking-bout at Crossen, when the Polish Majesty and he were so anxious to pump one another, by copious priming with Hungary wine. About a fortnight after, in the first days of February following (day is not given), Grumkow reported something curious. 'In 'my presence,' says Wilhelmina, 'and that of forty persons,' for the thing was much talked about, 'Grumkow said to the King 'one morning: "Ah Sire, I am in despair; the poor Patroon is 'dead! I was lying broad awake, last night: all on a sudden, 'the curtains of my bed flew asunder: I saw him; he was in 'a shroud: he gazed fixedly at me: I tried to start up, being 'dreadfully taken; but the phantom disappeared."' Here was

[14] 23d Oct. 1733—16th March 1734 (Preuss, i. 75).
[1] *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i. 163.

an illustrious ghost-story for Berlin, in a day or two when the Courier came. 'Died at the very time of the phantom; Death and phantom were the same night,' say Wilhelmina and the miraculous Berlin public,—but do not say *what* night for either of them it was.[2] By help of which latter circumstance the phantom becomes reasonably unmiraculous again, in a nervous system tremulous from drink. 'They had been sad at part-'ing,' Wilhelmina says, 'having drunk immensities of Hun-'gary wine; the Patroon almost weeping over his Grumkow: '"Adieu, my dear Grumkow," said he; "I shall never see 'you more!"'

Miraculous or not, the catastrophe is true: August, the once Physically Strong, lies dead;—and there will be no Partition of Poland for the present. He had the Diet ready to assemble; waiting for him, at Warsaw; and good trains laid in the Diet, capable of fortunate explosion under a good engineer. Engineer, alas! The Grumkow drinking-bout had awakened that old sore in his foot: he came to Warsaw, eager enough for business; but with his stock of strength all out, and Death now close upon him. The Diet met, 26th-27th January; engineer all alert about the good trains laid, and the fortunate exploding of them; when, almost on the morrow,—"Inflammation has come on!" said the Doctors, and were futile to help farther. The strong body, and its life, was done; and nothing remained but to call-in the Archbishop, with his extreme unctions and soul-apparatus.

August made no moaning or recalcitrating; took, on the prescribed terms, the inevitable that had come. Has been a very great sinner, he confesses to the Archbishop: "I have not at present strength to name my many and great sins to your Reverence," said he; "I hope for mercy on the"—on the usual rash terms. Terms perhaps known to August to be rash; to have been frightfully rash; but what can he now do? Archbishop thereupon gives absolution of his sins; Archbishop does,—a baddish, unlikely kind of man, as August well knows. August 'laid his hand on his eyes,' during such sad absolution-mummery; and in that posture had breathed his last, before it was well over.[3] Unhappy soul; who shall judge him?—

[2] Wilhelmina, ii. 98. Event happened, 1st February; news of it came to Berlin, 4th February: Fassmann (p. 485); Buchholz; &c.

[3] 'Sunday 1st February 1733, quarter past 4 A.M.' (Fassmann, *Leben Friederici Augusti Königs in Pohlen*, pp. 994-997).

transcendent King of edacious Flunkies; not without fine qualities, which he turned to such a use amid the temptations of this world!

Poland has to find a new King.

His death brought vast miseries on Poland; kindled foolish Europe generally into fighting, and gave our Crown-Prince his first actual sight and experience of the facts of War. For which reason, hardly for another, the thing having otherwise little memorability at present, let us give some brief synopsis of it, the briefer the better. Here, excerpted from multifarious old Notebooks, are some main heads of the affair:

'On the disappearance of August the Strong, his plans of Partitioning Poland disappeared too, and his fine trains in the Diet abolished themselves. The Diet had now nothing to do, but proclaim the coming Election, giving a date to it; and go home to consider a little whom they would elect.[4] A question weighty to Poland. And not likely to be settled by Poland alone or chiefly; the sublime Republic, with *liberum veto*, and Diets capable only of anarchic noise, having now reached such a stage that its Neighbours everywhere stood upon its skirts; asking, "Whitherward, then, with your anarchy? Not this way;—we say, that way!"—and were apt to get to battle about it, before such a thing could be settled. A house, in your street, with perpetual smoke coming through the slates of it, is not a pleasant house to be neighbour to! One honest interest the neighbours have, in an Election Crisis there, That the house do not get on fire, and kindle them. Dishonest interests, in the way of theft and otherwise, they may have without limit.

'The poor house, during last Election Crisis,—when August the Strong was flung out, and Stanislaus brought in; Crisis presided over by Charles XII., with Czar Peter and others hanging on the outskirts, as Opposition party,—fairly got into flame;[5] but was quenched down again by that stout Swede; and his Stanislaus, a native Pole, was left peaceably as King for the years then running. Years ran; and Stanislaus was thrown out, Charles himself being thrown out; and had to make way for August the Strong again:—an ejected Stanislaus: King only in title; known to most readers of this time.[6]

[4] 'Interregnum proclaimed,' 11th February; Preliminary Diet to meet 21st April; —meets; settles, before May is done, that the Election shall *begin* 25th August: it must *end* in six weeks thereafter, by law of the land.

[5] Description of it in Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 228-230.

[6] Stanislaus Lesczinsky, 'Woywode of Posen,' born 1677: King of Poland, Charles XII. superintending, 1704 (age then 27); driven out 1709, went to Charles XII. at Bender; to Zweibrück, 1714; thence, on Charles's death, to Weissenburg (Alsace, or Strasburg Country): Daughter married to Louis XV., 1725. Age now 56.—Hübner, t. 97; *Histoire de Stanislas I, Roi de Pologne* (English Translation, London, 1741), pp. 96-126; &c.

'Poor man, he has been living in Zweibrück, in Weissenburg and 'such places, in that Debateable French-German region,—which the 'French are more and more getting stolen to themselves, in late cen- 'turies:—generally on the outskirts of France he lives; having now 'connexions of the highest quality with France. He has had fine Coun- 'try-houses in that Zweibrück (*Two-Bridge*, Deux-Ponts) region; had 'always the ghost of a Court there; plenty of money,—a sinecure 'Country-gentleman life;—and no complaints have been heard from 'him. Charles XII., as proprietor of Deux-Ponts, had first of all sent 'him into those parts for refuge; and in general, easy days have been 'the lot of Stanislaus there.

'Nor has History spoken of him since, except on one small occa- 'sion: when the French Politician Gentlemen, at a certain crisis of 'their game, chose a Daughter of his to be Wife for young Louis XV., 'and bring royal progeny, of which they were scarce. This was in '1724-5; Duc de Bourbon, and other Politicians male and female, find- 'ing that the best move. A thing wonderful to the then Gazetteers, 'for nine days; but not now worth much talk. The good young Lady, 'it is well known, a very pious creature, and sore tried in her new sta- 'tion, did bring royal progeny enough,—and might as well have held 'her hand, had she foreseen what would become of them, poor souls! 'This was a great event for Stanislaus, the sinecure Country-gentleman, 'in his French-German rustication. One other thing I have read of 'him, infinitely smaller, out of those ten years: in Zweibrück Country, 'or somewhere in that French-German region, he "built a pleasure- 'cottage," conceivable to the mind, "and called it *Schuhflick* (Shoe- 'Patch),"[7]—a name that touches one's fancy on behalf of the innocent 'soul. Other fact I will not remember of him. He is now to quit 'Shoe-Patch and his pleasant Weissenburg Castle; to come on the 'public stage again, poor man; and suffer a second season of mischances 'and disgraces still worse than the first. As we shall see presently;— 'a new Polish Election Crisis having come!—

'What individual the Polish Grandees would have chosen for King 'if entirely left alone to do it? is a question not important; and indeed 'was never asked, in this or in late Elections. Not the individual who 'could have *been* a King among them were they, for a long time back, 'in the habit of seeking after; not him, but another and indeed reverse 'kind of individual,—the one in whom there lay most *nourishment*, 'nourishment of any kind, even of the cash kind, for a practical Polish 'Grandee. So that the question was no longer of the least importance, 'to Poland or the Universe; and in point of fact, the frugal Destinies 'had ceased to have it put, in that quarter. Not Grandees of Poland; 'but Intrusive Neighbours, carrying Grandees of Poland "in their 'breeches-pocket" (as our phrase is), were the voting parties. To that

[7] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 1194.

'pass it was come. Under such stern penalty had Poland and its Grandees fallen, by dint of false voting: the frugal Destinies had ceased 'to ask about their vote; and they were become machines for voting 'with, or pistols for fighting with, by bad Neighbours who cared to 'vote! Nor did the frugal Destinies consider that the proper method, 'either; but had, as we shall see, determined to abolish that too, in 'about forty years more.'

Of the Candidates; of the Conditions. How the Election went.

It was under such omens that the Polish Election of 1733 had to transact itself. Austria, Russia, Prussia, as next Neighbours, were the chief voting parties, if they cared to intrude;—which Austria and Russia were clear for doing; Prussia not clear, or not beyond the indispensable or evidently profitable. Seckendorf, and one Löwenwolde the Russian Ambassador at Berlin, had, some time ago, in foresight of this event, done their utmost to bring Friedrich Wilhelm into coöperation, —offering fine baits, 'Berg and Jülich' again, among others; —but nothing definite came of it: peaceable, reasonably safe Election in Poland, other interest Friedrich Wilhelm has not in the matter; and compliance, not coöperation, is what can be expected of him by the Kaiser and Czarina. Coöperating or even complying, these Three could have settled it; and would, —had no other Neighbour interfered. But other neighbours *can* interfere; any neighbour that has money to spend, or likes to bully in such a matter! And that proved to be the case, in this unlucky instance.

Austria and Russia, with Prussia complying, had,—a year ago, before the late August's decease, his life seeming then an extremely uncertain one, and foresight being always good,— privately come to an understanding,[8] in case of a Polish Election:

'1°. That France was to have no hand in it whatever,— 'no tool of France to be King; or, as they more politely ex- 'pressed it, having their eye upon Stanislaus, No Piast or na- 'tive Pole could be eligible.

'2°. That neither could August's Son, the new August,

[8] 31st December 1731, 'Treaty of Löwenwolde' (which never got completed or became valid): Schöll, ii. 223.

'who would then be Kurfürst of Saxony, be admitted King of 'Poland.—And, on the whole,

'3°. That an Emanuel Prince of Portugal would be the 'eligible man.' Emanuel of Portugal, King of Portugal's Brother; a gentleman without employment, as his very Title tells us: gentleman never heard of before or since, in those parts or elsewhere; but doubtless of the due harmless quality, as Portugal itself was: he is to be the Polish King,—vote these Intrusive Neighbours. What the vote of Poland itself may be, the Destinies do not, of late, ask; finding it a superfluous question.

So had the Three Neighbours settled this matter:—or rather, I should say, so had Two of them; for Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, now or afterwards, nothing in this Election, but that it should not take fire and kindle him. Two of the Neighbours: and of these two, perhaps we might guess the Kaiser was the principal contriver and suggester; France and Saxony being both hateful to him,—obstinate refusers of the Pragmatic Sanction, to say nothing more. What the Czarina, Anne with the big cheek, specially wanted, I do not learn,—unless it were peaceable hold of Courland; or perhaps merely to produce herself in these parts, as a kind of regulating Pallas, along with the Jupiter Kaiser of Western Europe;—which might have effects by and by.

Emanuel of Portugal was not elected, nor so much as spoken of in the Diet. Nor did one of these Three Regulations take effect; but much the contrary,—other Neighbours having the power to interfere. France saw good to interfere, a rather distant neighbour: Austria, Russia, could not endure the French vote at all; and so the whole world got on fire by the business.

France is not a near Neighbour; but it has a Stanislaus much concerned, who is eminently under the protection of France:—who may be called the "*Father* of France," in a sense, or even the "Grandfather;" his Daughter being Mother of a young creature they call Dauphin, or "Child of France." Fleury and the French Court decide that Stanislaus, Grandfather of France, was once King of Poland: that it will behove, for various reasons, he be King again. Some say, old Fleury did not care for Stanislaus; merely wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser,—having got himself in readiness, 'with Lor-

raine in his eye;' and seeing the Kaiser not ready. It is likelier the hot young spirits, Belleisle and others, controlled old Fleury into it. At all events, Stanislaus is summoned from his rustication; the French Ambassador at Warsaw gets his instructions. French Ambassador opens himself largely, at Warsaw, by eloquent speech, by copious money, on the subject of Stanislaus; finds large audience, enthusiastic receptivity;—and readers will now understand the following chronological phenomena of the Polish Election:

'*August 25th*, 1733. This day the Polish Election begins. So has 'the Preliminary Diet (kind of Polish *Caucus*) ordered it;—Preliminary 'Diet itself a very stormy matter; minority like to be "thrown out of 'window," to be "shot through the head," on some occasions.[9] Actual 'Election begins; continues *sub dio*, "in the Field of Wola," in a very 'tempestuous fashion; bound to conclude within six weeks. Kaiser 'has his troops assembled over the border, in Silesia, "to protect the 'freedom of election;" Czarina has 30,000 under Marshal Lacy, lying 'on the edge of Lithuania, bent on a like object; will increase them to '50,000, as the plot thickens.

'So that Emanuel of Portugal is not heard of; and French inter-'ference is, with a vengeance,—and Stanislaus, a born Piast, is over-'whelmingly the favourite. Intolerable to Austria, to Russia; the reverse 'to Friedrich Wilhelm, who privately thinks him the right man. And 'Kurfürst August of Saxony is the other Candidate,—with troops of 'his own in the distance, but without support in Poland; and depend-'ing wholly on the Kaiser and Czarina for his chance. And our "three 'settled points" are gone to water in this manner!

'August seeing there was not the least hope in Poland's own vote, 'judiciously went to the Kaiser first of all: "Imperial Majesty, I will 'accept your Pragmatic Sanction root and branch, swallow it whole; 'make me King of Poland!"—"Done!" answers Imperial Majesty;[10] 'brings the Czarina over, by good offers of August's and his;—and now 'there is an effective Opposition Candidate in the field, with strength 'of his own, and good backing close at hand. Austrian, Russian Am-'bassadors at Warsaw lift up their voice, like the French one; open 'their purse, and bestir themselves; but with no success in the Field 'of Wola, except to the stirring-up of noise and tumult there. They 'must look to other fields for success. The voice of Wola and of Po-'land, if it had now a voice, is enthusiastic for Stanislaus.

'*September 7th*. A couple of quiet-looking Merchants arrive in 'Warsaw,—one of whom is Stanislaus in person. Newspapers say he 'is in the French Fleet of War, which is sailing minatory towards these Coasts: and there is in truth a Gentleman in Stanislaus's clothes on

[9] *History of Stanislaus* (cited above), p. 136.
[10] 16th July 1733: Treaty in Schöll, ii. 224-231.

5th Oct. 1733.

'board there;—to make the Newspapers *believe*. Stanislaus himself 'drove through Berlin, a day or two ago; gave the sentry a ducat at 'the Gate, to be speedy with the Passports,—whom Friedrich Wilhelm 'affected to put under arrest for such negligent speed. And so, on the '10th of the month, Stanislaus being now rested and trimmed, makes 'his appearance on the Field of Wola itself; and captivates all hearts 'by the kind look of him. So that, on the second day after, 12th Sep-'tember 1733, he is, as it were, unanimously elected; with acclama-'tion, with enthusiasm; and sees himself actual King of Poland,—if 'France send proper backing to continue him there. As, surely, she 'will not fail?—But there are alarming news that the Russians are 'advancing: Marshal Lacy with 30,000; and reinforcements in the 'rear of him.

'*September 22d.* Russians advancing more and more, no French 'help arrived yet, and the enthusiastic Polish Chivalry being good for 'nothing against regular musketry,—King Stanislaus finds that he will 'have to quit Warsaw, and seek covert somewhere. Quits Warsaw this 'day; gets covert in Dantzig. And, in fact, from this 22d of September, 'day of the autumnal equinox, 1733, is a fugitive, blockaded, besieged 'Stanislaus: an Imaginary King thenceforth. His real Kingship had 'lasted precisely ten days.

'*October 3d.* Lacy and his Russians arrive in the suburbs of War-'saw, intent upon "protecting freedom of election." Bridges being 'broken, they do not yet cross the River, but invite the free electors to 'come across, and vote: "A real King is very necessary,—Stanislaus 'being an imaginary one, brought-in by compulsion, by threats of fling-'ing people out of window, and the like." The free electors do not 'cross. Whereupon a small handful, now free enough, and *not* to be 'thrown out of window, whom Lacy had about him, proceed to elect 'August of Saxony: he, on the 5th of October, still one day within the 'legal six weeks, is chosen and declared the real King:—"twelve sena-'tors and about six hundred gentlemen" voting for him there, free they 'in Lacy's quarters, the rest of Poland having lain under compulsion 'when voting for Stanislaus. That is the Polish Election, so far as 'Poland can settle it. We said the Destinies had ceased, some time 'since, to ask Poland for its vote; it is other people who have now got 'the real power of voting. But that is the correct state of the poll at 'Warsaw, if important to anybody.'

August is crowned in Cracow before long; "August III.," whom we shall meet again in important circumstances. Lacy and his Russians have voted for August; able, they, to disperse all manner of enthusiastic Polish Chivalry; which indeed, we observe, usually stands but one volley from the Russian musketry; and flies elsewhither, to burn and plunder its own domestic enemies. Far and wide, robbery and arson are pre-

valent in Poland; Stanislaus lying under covert in Dantzig,—an imaginary King ever since the equinox, but well trusting that the French will give him a plumper vote. French War-fleet is surely under way hither.

Poland on Fire; Dantzig stands Siege.

These are the news our Crown-Prince hears at Ruppin, in the first months of his wedded life there. With what interest we may fancy. Brandenburg is next neighbour; and these Polish troubles reach far enough;—the ever-smoking house having taken fire; and all the street threatening to get on blaze. Friedrich Wilhelm, nearest neighbour, stands anxious to quench, carefully sweeping the hot coals across again from his own borders; and will not interfere on one or the other side, for any persuasion.

Dantzig, strong in confidence of French help, refuses to give-up Stanislaus when summoned; will stand siege rather. Stands siege, furious lengthy siege,—with enthusiastic defence; 'a Lady of Rank firing-off the first gun,' against the Russian batteries. Of the Siege of Dantzig, which made the next Spring and Summer loud for mankind (February—June 1734), we shall say nothing,—our own poor field, which also grows loud enough, lying far away from Dantzig,—except:

First, That no French help came, or as good as none; the minatory War-fleet having landed a poor 1,500 men, headed by the Comte de Plelo, who had volunteered along with them; that they attempted one onslaught on the Russian lines, and that Plelo was shot, and the rest were blown to miscellaneous ruin, and had to disappear, not once getting into Dantzig. *Secondly*, That the Saxons, under Weissenfels, our poor old friend, with proper siege-artillery, though not with enough, did, by effort (end of May), get upon the scene; in which this is to be remarked, that Weissenfels's siege-artillery 'came by post;' two big mortars expressly passing through Berlin, marked as part of the Duke of Weissenfels's Luggage. And *thirdly*, That Münnich, who had succeeded Lacy as Besieging General, and was in hot haste, and had not artillery enough, made unheard-of assaults (2,000 men, some say 4,000, lost in one night-attack upon a post they call the Hagelberg; rash attack,

14th Oct. 1733.

much blamed by military men);[11]—but nevertheless, having now (by Russian Fleet, middle of June) got siege-artillery enough, advances irrepressibly day by day.

So that at length, things being now desperate, Stanislaus, disguised as a cattle-dealer, privately quitted Dantzig, night of 27th June 1734; got across the intricate mud-and-water difficulties of the Weichsel and its mouths, flying perilously towards Preussen and Friedrich Wilhelm's protection.[12] Whereby the Siege of Dantzig ended in chamade, and levying of penalties; penalties severe to a degree, though Friedrich Wilhelm interceded what he could. And with the Siege of Dantzig, the blazing Polish Election went out in like manner;[13]—having already kindled, in quarters far away from it, conflagrations quite otherwise interesting to us. Whitherward we now hasten.

CHAPTER IX.

KAISER'S SHADOW-HUNT HAS CAUGHT FIRE.

FRANZ of Lorraine, the young favourite of Fortune, whom we once saw at Berlin on an interesting occasion, was about this time to have married his Imperial Archduchess; Kaiser's consent to be formally demanded and given; nothing but joy and splendour looked for in the Court of Vienna at present. Nothing to prevent it,—had there been no Polish Election; had not the Kaiser, in his Shadow-Hunt (coursing the Pragmatic Sanction chiefly, as he has done these twenty years past), gone rashly into that combustible foreign element. But so it is: this was the fatal limit. The poor Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt, going scot-free this long while, and merely tormenting other people, has, at this point, by contact with inflammable Poland, unexpectedly itself caught fire; goes now plunging, all in mad flame, over precipices one knows not how deep: and there will be a lamentable singeing and smashing before the Kaiser get out of this, if he ever get! Kaiser Karl, from this point, plunges down and down, all his days; and except in that Shadow of a Pragmatic Sanction, if he can still save

[11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31.
[12] Narrative by himself, in *History*, pp. 235-248.
[13] Clear account, especially of Siege, in Mannstein (pp. 71-83), who was there as Münnich's Aide-de-Camp.

that, has no comfort left. Marriages are not the thing to be thought of at present !—

Scarcely had the news of August's Election, and Stanislaus's flight to Dantzig, reached France, when France, all in a state of readiness, informed the Kaiser, ready for nothing, his force lying in Silesia, doing the Election functions on the Polish borders there, "That he the Kaiser had, by such treatment of the Grandfather of France and the Polish Kingdom fairly fallen to him, insulted the most Christian Majesty; that in consequence the most Christian Majesty did hereby declare War against the said Kaiser,"—and in fact had, that very day (14th of October 1733), begun it. Had marched over into Lorraine, namely, secured Lorraine against accidents; and, more specially, gone across from Strasburg to the German side of the Rhine, and laid siege to Kehl. Kehl Fortress; a dilapidated outpost of the Reich there, which cannot resist many hours. Here is news for the Kaiser, with his few troops all on the Polish borders; minding his neighbours' business, or chasing Pragmatic Sanction, in those inflammable localities.

Pacific Fleury, it must be owned, if he wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, could not have managed it on more advantageous terms. Generals, a Duc de Berwick, a Noailles, Belleisle; generals, troops, artillery, munitions, nothing is wanting to Fleury; to the Kaiser all things. It is surmised, the French had their eye on Lorraine, not on Stanislaus, from the first. For many centuries, especially for these last two,—ever since that Siege of Metz, which we once saw, under Kaiser Karl V. and Albert Alcibiades,—France has been wrenching and screwing at this Lorraine, wriggling it off bit by bit; till now, as we perceived on Lyttelton junior of Hagley's visit, Lorraine seems all lying unscrewed; and France, by any good opportunity, could stick it in her pocket. Such opportunity sly Fleury contrived, they say;—or more likely it might be Belleisle and the other adventurous spirits that urged it on pacific Fleury;—but, at all events, he has got it. Dilapidated Kehl yields straightway:[1] Sardinia, Spain, declare alliance with Fleury; and not Lorraine only, and the Swabian Provinces, but Italy itself lies

[1] 29th October 1733. *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick* (in Petitot's Collection, Paris, 1828), ii. 303.

14th Oct. 1733.
at his discretion,—owing to your treatment of the Grandfather of France, and these Polish Elective methods.

The astonished Kaiser rushes forward to fling himself into the arms of the Sea-Powers, his one resource left: "Help! moneys, subsidies, ye Sea-Powers!" But the Sea-Powers stand obtuse, arms not open at all, hands buttoning their pockets: "Sorry we cannot, your Imperial Majesty. Fleury engages not to touch the Netherlands, the Barrier Treaty; Polish Elections are not our concern!" and callously decline. The Kaiser's astonishment is extreme; his big heart swelling even with a martyr-feeling; and he passionately appeals: "Ungrateful, blind Sea-Powers! No money to fight France, say you? Are the Laws of Nature fallen void?" Imperial astonishment, sublime martyr-feeling, passionate appeals to the Laws of Nature, avail nothing with the blind Sea-Powers: "No money in us," answer they: "we will help you to negotiate."—"Negotiate!" answers he; and will have to pay his own Election broken-glass, with a sublime martyr-feeling, without money from the Sea-Powers.

Fleury has got the Sardinian Majesty; 'Sardinian door-keeper of the Alps,' who opens them now this way, now that, for a consideration: "A slice of the Milanese, your Majesty;" bargains Fleury. Fleury has got the Spanish Majesty (our violent old friend the Termagant of Spain) persuaded to join: "Your infant Carlos made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, with such difficulty: what is that? Naples itself, crown of the Two Sicilies, lies in the wind for Carlos;—and your junior infant, great Madam, has he no need of apanages?" The Termagant of Spain, "offended by Pragmatic Sanction" (she says), is ready on those terms; the Sardinian Majesty is ready: and Fleury, this same October, with an overwhelming force, Spaniards and Sardinians to join, invades Italy; great Marshal Villars himself taking the command. Marshal Villars, an extremely eminent old military gentleman,—somewhat of a friend, or husband of a lady-friend, to M. de Voltaire, for one thing;—and capable of slicing Italy to pieces at a fine rate, in the condition it was in.

Never had Kaiser such a bill of broken-glass to pay for meddling in neighbours' elections before. The year was not yet ended, when Villars and the Sardinian Majesty had done their stroke on Lombardy; taken Milan Citadel, taken Piz-

zighetone, the Milanese in whole, and appropriated it; swept the poor unprepared Kaiser clear out of those parts. Baby Carlos and the Spaniards are to do the Two Sicilies, Naples or the land one to begin with, were the Winter gone. For the present, Louis XV. 'sings *Te Deum* at Paris, 23d December 1733'[2]—a merry Christmas there. Villars, now above fourscore, soon died of those fatigues; various Marshals, Broglio, Coigny, Noailles, succeeding him, some of whom are slightly notable to us; and there was one Maillebois, still a subordinate under them, whose name also may reappear in this History.

Subsequent Course of the War, in the Italian Part of it.

The French-Austrian War, which had now broken out, lasted a couple of years; the Kaiser steadily losing, though he did his utmost; not so much a War, on his part, as a Being Beaten and Being Stript. The Scene was Italy and the Upper-Rhine Country of Germany; Italy the deciding scene; where, except as it bears on Germany, our interest is nothing, as indeed in Germany too it is not much. The principal events, on both stages, are chronologically somewhat as follows;—beginning with Italy:

'*March 29th*, 1734. Baby Carlos with a Duke of Montemar for 'General, a difficult impetuous gentleman, very haughty to the French 'allies and others, lands in Naples Territory; intending to seize the 'Two Sicilies, according to bargain. They find the Kaiser quite un-'prepared, and their enterprise extremely feasible.

'*May 10th*. Baby Carlos,—whom we ought to call Don Carlos, 'who is now eighteen gone, and able to ride the great horse,—makes 'triumphant entry into Naples, having easily swept the road clear; 'styles himself "King of the Two Sicilies" (Papa having surrendered 'him his "right" there); whom Naples, in all ranks of it, willingly 'homages as such. Wrecks of Kaiser's forces intrench themselves, 'rather strongly, at a place called Bitonto, in Apulia, not far off.

'*May 25th*. Montemar, in an impetuous manner, storms them 'there:—which feat procures for him the title, Duke of Bitonto; and 'finishes-off the First of the Sicilies. And indeed, we may say, finishes 'Both the Sicilies: our poor Kaiser having no considerable force in 'either, nor means of sending any; the Sea-Powers having buttoned 'their pockets, and the Combined Fleet of France and Spain being on the waters there.

[2] *Fastes du Règne de Louis XV* (Paris, 1766), i. 248.

'We need only add, on this head, that, for ten months more, Baby 'Carlos and Montemar went about besieging, Gaeta, Messina, Syracuse; 'and making triumphal entries;—and that, on the 30th of June 1735, 'Baby Carlos had himself fairly crowned at Palermo:[3] "King of the 'Two Sicilies" *de facto;* in which eminent post he and his continue, 'not with much success, to this day.

'That will suffice for the Two Sicilies. As to Lombardy again, 'now that Villars is out of it, and the Coignys and Broglios have 'succeeded:

'*June 29th*, 1734. Kaiser, rallying desperately for recovery of the 'Milanese, has sent an Army thither, Graf von Mercy leader of it: 'Battle of Parma between the French and it (29th June);—totally lost 'by the Kaiser's people, after furious fighting; Graf von Mercy himself 'killed in the action. Graf von Mercy, and what comes nearer us, a 'Prince of Culmbach, amiable Uncle of our Wilhelmina's Husband, a 'brave man and Austrian Soldier, who was much regretted by Wil- 'helmina and the rest; his death and obsequies making a melancholy 'Court of Baireuth in this agitated year. The Kaiser, doing his utmost, 'is beaten at every point.

'*September 15th*. Surprisal of the Secchia. Kaiser's people rally, '—under a General Graf von Königseck worth noting by us,—and 'after some manœuvering, in the Guastalla-Modena region, on the 'Secchia and Po rivers there, dextrously steal across the Secchia that 'night (15th September), cutting-off the small guard-party at the ford 'of the Secchia, then wading silently; and burst-in upon the French 'Camp in a truly alarming manner.[4] So that Broglio, in command 'there, had to gallop with only one boot on, some say "in his shirt," '—till he got some force rallied, and managed to retreat more Parthian- 'like upon his brother Maréchal's Division. Artillery, war-chest, secret 'correspondence, "King of Sardinia's tent," and much cheering plunder 'beside Broglio's odd boot, were the consequences; the Kaiser's one 'success in this War; abolished, unluckily, in four days!—The Broglio 'who here gallops is the second French Maréchal of the name, son of 'the first; a military gentleman whom we shall but too often meet in 'subsequent stages. A son of this one's, a third Maréchal Broglio, 'present at the Secchia that bad night, is the famous War-god of the 'Bastille time, fifty-five years hence,—unfortunate old War-god, the 'Titans being all up about him. As to Broglio with the one boot, it 'is but a triumph over him till—

'*September 19th*. Battle of Guastalla, that day. Battle lost by the 'Kaiser's people, after eight-hours hot fighting; who are then obliged 'to hurry across the Secchia again;—and in fact do not succeed in 'fighting any more in that quarter, this year or afterwards. For, next 'year (1735), Montemar is so advanced with the Two Sicilies, he can 'assist in these Northern operations; and Noailles, a better Maréchal,

[3] *Fastes de Louis XV*, i. 278.
[4] Hormayr, xx. 84; *Fastes*, as it is liable to do, misdates.

'replaces the Broglio and Coigny there; who, with learned strategic 'movements, sieges, threatenings of siege, sweeps the wrecks of Austria, 'to a satisfactory degree, into the Tyrol, without fighting, or event 'mentionable thenceforth.

'This is the Kaiser's War of two Campaigns, in the Italian, which 'was the decisive, part of it: a continual Being Beaten, as the reader 'sees; a Being Stript, till one was nearly bare in that quarter.'

Course of the War, in the German Part of it.

In Germany the mentionable events are still fewer; and indeed, but for one small circumstance binding on us, we might skip them altogether. For there is nothing comfortable in it to the human memory otherwise.

Maréchal Duc de Berwick, a cautious considerable General (Marlborough's Nephew, on what terms is known to readers), having taken Kehl and plundered the Swabian outskirts last Winter, had extensive plans of operating in the heart of Germany, and ruining the Kaiser there. But first he needs, and the Kaiser is aware of it, a 'basis on the Rhine;' free bridge over the Rhine, not by Strasburg and Kehl alone: and for this reason, he will have to besiege and capture Philipsburg first of all. Strong Town of Philipsburg, well down towards Speyer-and-Heidelberg quarter on the German side of the Rhine:* here will be our bridge. Lorraine is already occupied, since the first day of the War; Trarbach, strong-place of the Moselle and Electorate of Trier, cannot be difficult to get. Thus were the Rhine Country, on the French side, secure to France; and so Berwick calculates he will have a basis on the Rhine, from which to shoot forth into the very heart of the Kaiser.

Berwick besieged Philipsburg accordingly (Summer and Autumn); Kaiser doing his feeble best to hinder: at the Siege, Berwick lost his life, but Philipsburg surrendered to his successor, all the same;—Kaiser striving to hinder; but in a most paralysed manner, and to no purpose whatever. And—and this properly *was* the German War; the sum of all done in it during those two years.

Seizure of Nanci (that is, of Lorraine), seizure of Kehl we already heard of; then, prior to Philipsburg, there was siege or seizure of Trarbach by the French; and, posterior to it,

* Map at p. 170.

seizure of Worms by them; and by the Germans there was 'burning of a magazine in Speyer by bombs.' And, in brief, on both sides, there was marching and manœuvering under various generals (our old rusty Seckendorf one of them), till the end of 1735, when the Italian decision arrived, and Truce and Peace along with it; but there was no other action worth naming, even in the Newspapers as a wonder of nine days. The Siege of Philipsburg, and what hung flickering round that operation, before and after, was the sum-total of the German War.

Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in those parts, has had many sieges; nor would this one merit the least history from us, were it not for one circumstance: That our Crown-Prince was of the Opposing Army, and made his first experience of arms there. A Siege of Philipsburg slightly memorable to us, on that one account. What Friedrich did there, which in the military way was as good as nothing; what he saw and experienced there, which, with some 'eighty Princes of the Reich,' a Prince Eugene for General, and three months under canvas on the field, may have been something: this, in outline, by such obscure indications as remain, we would fain make conceivable to the reader. Indications, in the History-Books, we have as good as none; but must gather what there is from *Wilhelmina* and the Crown-Prince's *Letters*,—much studying to be brief, were it possible!

CHAPTER X.

CROWN-PRINCE GOES TO THE RHINE CAMPAIGN.

THE Kaiser,—with Kehl snatched from him, the Rhine open, and Louis XV. singing *Te Deum* in the Christmas time for what Villars in Italy had done,—applied, in passionate haste, to the Reich. The Reich, though Fleury tried to cajole it, and apologise for taking Kehl from it, declares for the Kaiser's quarrel; War against France on his behalf;[1]—it was in this way that Friedrich Wilhelm and our Crown-Prince came to be concerned in the Rhine Campaign. The Kaiser will have a *Reich's*-Army (were it good for much, as is not likely) to join to his own Austrian one. And if Prince Eugene, who

[1] 13th March 1734 (Buchholz, i. 131).

is Reich's-Feldmarschall, one of the *two* Feldmarschalls, get the Generalship as men hope, it is not doubted but there will be great work on the Rhine, this Summer of 1734.

Unhappily the Reich's-Army, raised from multifarious contingents, and guided and provided for by many heads, is usually good for little. Not to say that old Kur-Pfalz, with an eye to French help in the Berg-and-Jülich matter; old Kur-Pfalz, and the Bavarian set (*Kur-Baiern* and *Kur-Köln*, Bavaria and Cologne, who are Brothers, and of old cousinship to Kur-Pfalz), —quite refuse their contingents; protest in the Diet, and openly have French leanings. These are bad omens for the Reich's-Army. And in regard to the Reich's-Feldmarschall Office, there also is a difficulty. The Reich, as we hinted, keeps two supreme Feldmarschalls; one Catholic, one Protestant, for equilibrium's sake; illustrious Prince Eugenio von Savoye is the Catholic;—but as to the Protestant, it is a difficulty worth observing for a moment.

Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, the unfortunate old gentleman bewitched by the Grävenitz "Deliver us from evil," used to be the Reich's-Feldmarschall of Protestant persuasion;—Commander-in-Chief for the Reich, when it tried fighting. Old Eberhard had been at Blenheim, and had marched up and down: I never heard he was much of a General; perhaps good enough for the Reich, whose troops were always bad. But now that poor Duke, as we intimated once or more, is dead; there must be, of Protestant type, a new Reich's-Feldmarschall had. One Catholic, unequalled among Captains, we already have; but where is the Protestant, Duke Eberhard being dead?

Duke Eberhard's successor in Würtemberg, Karl Alexander by name, whom we once dined with at Prag on the Kladrup journey, he, a General of some worth, would be a natural person. Unluckily Duke Karl Alexander had, while an Austrian Officer and without outlooks upon Protestant Würtemberg, gone over to Papacy, and is now Catholic. "Two Catholic Feldmarschalls!" cries the *Corpus Evangelicorum;* "that will never do!"

Well, on the other or Protestant side there appear two Candidates; one of them not much expected by the reader: no other than Ferdinand Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, our Crown-Prince's Father-in-law; whom we knew to be a worthy

man, but did not know to be much of a soldier, or capable of these ambitious views. He is Candidate First. Then there is a Second, much more entitled: our gunpowder friend the Old Dessauer; who, to say nothing of his soldier qualities, has promises from the Kaiser,—he surely were the man, if it did not hurt other people's feelings. But it surely does and will. There is Ferdinand of Bevern applying upon the score of old promises too. How can people's feelings be saved? Protestants these two last: but they cannot both have it; and what will Würtemberg say to either of them? The Reich was in very great affliction about this preliminary matter. But Friedrich Wilhelm steps in with a healing recipe: "Let there be Four Reich's-Feldmarschalls," said Friedrich Wilhelm; "Two Protestant and two Catholic: won't that do?"—Excellent! answers the Reich: and there are Four Feldmarschalls for the time being; no lack of commanders to the Reich's-Army. Brunswick-Bevern tried it first; but only till Prince Eugene were ready, and indeed he had of himself come to nothing before that date. Prince Eugene next; then Karl Alexander next; and in fact they all might have had a stroke at commanding, and at coming to nothing or little,—only the Old Dessauer sulked at the office in this its fourfold state, and never would fairly have it, till, by decease of occupants, it came to be twofold again. This glimpse into the distracted effete interior of the poor old Reich and its Politics, with friends of ours concerned there, let it be welcome to the reader.[2]

Friedrich Wilhelm was without concern in this War, or in what had led to it. Practical share in the Polish Election (after that preliminary theoretic program of the Kaiser's and Czarina's went to smoke) Friedrich Wilhelm steadily refused to take: though considerable offers were made him on both sides,—offer of West Preussen (Polish part of Prussia, which once was known to us) on the French side.[3] But his primary fixed resolution was to stand out of the quarrel; and he abides by that; suppresses any wishes of his own in regard to the Polish Election;—keeps ward on his own frontiers, with good military besom in hand, to sweep it out again if it intruded there. "What King you like, in God's name; only don't come over my threshold with his brabbles and him!"

[2] *Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben* (by Ranfft), p. 127; Buchholz, i. 131.
[3] By De la Chétardie, French Ambassador at Berlin (Buchholz, i. 130).

But seeing the Kaiser got into actual French War, with the Reich consenting, he is bound, by Treaty of old date (date older than *Wusterhausen*, though it was confirmed on that famous occasion), 'To assist the Kaiser with ten thousand men;' and this engagement he intends amply to fulfil. No sooner, therefore, had the Reich given sure signs of assenting ('Reich's assent' is the condition of the ten thousand), than Friedrich Wilhelm's orders were out, "Be in readiness!" Friedrich Wilhelm, by the time of the Reich's actual assent, or Declaration of War on the Kaiser's behalf, has but to lift his finger: squadrons and battalions, out of Pommern, out of Magdeburg, out of Preussen, to the due amount, will get on march whitherward you bid, and be with you there at the day you indicate, almost at the hour. Captains, not of an imaginary nature, these are always busy; and the King himself is busy over them. From big guns and wagon-horses down to gun-flints and gaiter-straps, all is marked in registers; nothing is wanting, nothing out of its place at any time, in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army.

From an early period, the French intentions upon Philipsburg might be foreseen or guessed: and in the end of March, Maréchal Berwick, 'in three divisions,' fairly appears in that quarter; his purpose evident. So that the Reich's-Army, were it in the least ready, ought to rendezvous, and reinforce the handful of Austrians there. Friedrich Wilhelm's part of the Reich's-Army does accordingly straightway get on march; leaves Berlin, after the due reviewing, '8th April:'[4] eight regiments of it, three of Horse and five of Foot, Goltz Foot-regiment one of them;—a General Röder, unexceptionable General, to command in chief;—and will arrive, though the farthest off, 'first of all the Reich's-Contingents;' 7th of June, namely. The march, straight south, must be some four hundred miles.

Besides the Official Generals, certain high military dignitaries, Schulenburg, Bredow, Majesty himself at their head, propose to go as volunteers;—especially the Crown-Prince, whose eagerness is very great, has got liberty to go. "As volunteer" he too: as Colonel of Goltz, it might have had its unsuitabilities, in etiquette and otherwise. Few volunteers are more interested than the Crown-Prince. Watching the great War-theatre uncurtain itself in this manner, from Dantzig down

[4] Fassmann, p. 495.

to Naples; and what his own share in it shall be: this, much more than his Marriage, I suppose, has occupied his thoughts since that event. Here out of Ruppin, dating six or seven weeks before the march of the Ten Thousand, is a small sign, one among many, of his outlooks in this matter. Small Note to his Cousin, Margraf Heinrich, the ill-behaved Margraf, much his comrade, who is always falling into scrapes; and whom he has just, not without difficulty, got delivered out of something of the kind.[5] He writes in German and in the intimate style of *Thou:*

'*Ruppin, 23d February* 1734. My dear Brother,—I can with pleasure answer that the King hath spoken of thee altogether favourably to me' (scrape now abolished, for the time):—'and I think it would not have an ill effect, wert thou to apply for leave to go with the Ten Thousand whom he is sending to the Rhine, and do the Campaign with them as volunteer. I am myself going with that Corps; so I doubt not the King would allow thee.

'I take the freedom to send herewith a few bottles of Champagne; and wish' all manner of good things. 'FRIEDRICH.'[6]

This Margraf Heinrich goes; also his elder Brother, Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm,—who long persecuted Wilhelmina with his hopes; and who is now about getting Sophie Dorothee, a junior Princess, much better than he merits: Betrothal is the week after these Ten Thousand march;[7] he thirty, she fifteen. He too will go; as will the other pair of Cousin Margraves,—Karl, who was once our neighbour in Cüstrin; and the *Younger* Friedrich Wilhelm, whose fate lies at Prag if he knew it. Majesty himself will go as volunteer. Are not great things to be done, with Eugene for General?—To understand the insignificant Siege of Philipsburg, sum-total of the Rhine Campaign, which filled the Crown-Prince's and so many other minds brimful that Summer, and is now wholly out of every mind, the following Excerpt may be admissible:

'The unlucky little Town of Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in that quarter, fortified under difficulties by old Bishops of Speyer, who sometimes resided there,[8] has been dismantled and refortified, has had its Rhine-bridge torn down and set up again; been garrisoned now by this party, now by that, who had "right of garrison there;" nay France has sometimes had "the right of garrison;"—and the poor little Town

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, pp. 8, 9.
[6] Ib. xxvii. part 2d, p. 10.
[7] 16th April 1734 (Ib. part 1st, p. 14 n.).
[8] Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 169.

'has suffered much, and been tumbled sadly about in the Succession-'Wars and perpetual controversies between France and Germany in 'that quarter. In the time we are speaking of, it has a "flying-bridge" '(of I know not what structure), with fortified "bridge-head (*tête-de-'pont*)," on the western or Franceward side of the River. Town's bul-'warks, and complex engineering defences, are of good strength, all 'put in repair for this occasion: Reich and Kaiser have an effective 'garrison there, and a commandant determined on defence to the utter-'most: what the unfortunate Inhabitants, perhaps a thousand or so in 'number, thought or did under such a visitation of ruin and bombshells, 'History gives not the least hint anywhere. "Quite used to it!" thinks 'History, and attends to other points.

'The Rhine Valley here is not of great breadth: eastward the 'heights rise to be mountainous in not many miles. By way of defence 'to this Valley, in the Eugene-Marlborough Wars, there was, about 'forty miles southward, or higher up the River than Philipsburg, a 'military line or chain of posts; going from Stollhofen, a boggy hamlet 'on the Rhine, with cunning indentations, and learned concatenation 'of bog and bluff, up into the inaccessibilities,—*Lines of Stollhofen*, the 'name of it,—which well-devised barrier did good service for certain 'years. It was not till, I think, the fourth year of their existence, year '1707, that Villars, the same Villars who is now in Italy, "stormed 'the Lines of Stollhofen;" which made him famous that year.

'The Lines of Stollhofen have now, in 1734, fallen flat again; but 'Eugene remembers them, and, I could guess, it was he who suggests 'a similar expedient. At all events, there is a similar expedient fallen 'upon: *Lines of Ettlingen* this time; one-half nearer Philipsburg; run-'ning from Mühlburg on the Rhine-brink up to Ettlingen in the Hills.* 'Nearer, by twenty miles; and, I guess, much more slightly done. We 'shall see these Lines of Ettlingen, one point of them, for a moment: '—and they would not be worth mentioning at all, except that in care-'less Books they too are called Lines of *Stollhofen*,[9] and the ingenuous 'reader is sent wandering on his map to no purpose.'

'Lines of *Ettlingen*' they are; related, as now said, to the Stollhofen set. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick-Bevern, one of the Four Feldmarschalls, has some ineffectual handful of Imperial troops dotted about, within these Lines and on the skirts of Philipsburg;—eagerly waiting till the Reich's-Army gather to him; otherwise he must come to nothing. Will at any rate, I should think, be happy to resign in favour of Prince Eugene, were that little hero once on the ground.

On Mayday, Maréchal Berwick, who has been awake in

* Map at p. 170.

[9] Wilhelmina (ii. 206), for instance; who, or whose Printer, calls them 'Lines of *Stokoff*' even.

4th-7th June 1734.

this quarter, 'in three divisions,' for a month past,—very impatient till Belleisle with the first division should have taken Trarbach, and made the Western interior parts secure,—did actually cross the Rhine, with his second division, 'at Fort Louis,' well up the River, well south of Philipsburg; intending to attack the Lines of Ettlingen, and so get in upon the Town. There is a third division, about to lay pontoons for itself a good way farther down, which will attack the Lines simultaneously from within,—that is to say, shall come upon the *back* of poor Bevern and his defensive handful of troops, and astonish him there. All prospers to Berwick in this matter: Noailles his lieutenant (not yet gone to Italy till next year), with whom is Maurice Comte de Saxe (afterwards Maréchal de Saxe), an excellent observant Officer, marches up to Ettlingen, May 3d; bivouacks 'at the base of the mountain' (no great things of a mountain); ascends the same in two columns, horse and foot, by the first sunlight next morning; forms on a little plain on the top; issues through a thin wood,—and actually beholds those same *Lines of Ettlingen*, the outmost eastern end of them: a somewhat inconsiderable matter, after all! Here is Noailles's own account:

'These retrenchments, made in Turk fashion, consisted of big trees 'set zigzag (*en échiquier*), twisted together by the branches; the whole 'about five fathoms thick. Inside of it were a small forlorn of Aus- 'trians: these steadily await our grenadiers, and do not give their vol- 'ley till we are close. Our grenadiers receive their volley; clear the 'intertwisted trees, after receiving a second volley (total loss seventy- 'five killed and wounded); and—the enemy quits his post; and the 'Lines of Ettlingen *are* stormed!'[10] This is not like storming the Lines of Stollhofen; a thing to make Noailles famous in the Newspapers for a year. But it was a useful small feat, and well enough performed on his part. The truth is, Berwick was about attacking the Lines simultaneously on the other or Mühlburg end of them (had not Noailles, now victorious, galloped to forbid); and what was far more considerable, those other French, to the northward, "upon pontoons," are fairly across; like to be upon the *back* of Duke Ferdinand and his handful of defenders. Duke Ferdinand perceives that he is come to nothing; hastily collects his people from their various posts; retreats with them that same night, unpursued, to Heilbronn; and gives-up the command to Prince Eugene, who is just arrived there,—who took quietly two pinches of snuff on hearing this news of Ettlingen, and said, "No matter, after all!"

Berwick now forms the Siege, at his discretion; invests

[10] Noailles, *Mémoires* (in Petitot's Collection), iii. 207.

Philipsburg, 13th May;[11] begins firing, night of the 3d-4th June;—Eugene waiting at Heilbronn till the Reich's-Army come up. The Prussian Ten Thousand do come, all in order, on the 7th: the rest by degrees, all later, and all *not* quite in order. Eugene, the Prussians having joined him, moves down towards Philipsburg and its cannonading; encamps close to rearward of the besieging French. "Camp of Wiesenthal" they call it; Village of Wiesenthal with bogs, on the left, being his head-quarters; Village of Waghäusel, down near the River, a five-miles distance, being his limit on the right. Berwick, in front, industriously battering Philipsburg into the River, has thrown-up strong lines behind him, strongly manned, to defend himself from Eugene; across the River, Berwick has one Bridge, and at the farther end one battery with which he plays upon the rear of Philipsburg. He is much criticised by unoccupied people, "Eugene's attack will ruin us on those terms!" —and much incommoded by overflowings of the Rhine; Rhine swoln by melting of the mountain-snows, as is usual there. Which inundations Berwick had well foreseen, though the War-minister at Paris would not: "Haste!" answered the War-minister always: "We shall be in right time. I tell you there have fallen no snows this winter: how can inundation be?"— "Depends on the heat," said Berwick; "there are snows enough always in stock up there!"

And so it proves, though the War-minister would not believe; and Berwick has to take the inundations, and to take the circumstances;—and to try if, by his own continual best exertions, he can but get Philipsburg into the bargain. On the 12th of June, visiting his posts, as he daily does, the first thing, Berwick stept out of the trenches, anxious for clear view of something; stept upon 'the crest of the sap,' a place exposed to both French and Austrian batteries, and which had been forbidden to the soldiers,—and there, as he anxiously scanned matters through his glass, a cannon-ball, unknown whether French or Austrian, shivered away the head of Berwick; left others to deal with the criticisms, and the inundations, and the operations big or little, at Philipsburg and elsewhere! Siege went on, better or worse, under the next in command; 'Paris in great anxiety,' say the Books.

It is a hot siege, a stiff defence; Prince Eugene looks on,

[11] Berwick, ii. 312; 23d, says Noailles's Editor (iii. 210).

29th June 1734.

but does not attack in the way apprehended. Southward in Italy, we hear there is marching, strategying in the Parma Country; Graf von Mercy likely to come to an action before long. Northward, Dantzig by this time is all wrapt in fire-whirlwinds; its sallyings and outer defences all driven in; mere torrents of Russian bombs raining on it day and night; French auxiliaries, snapt-up at landing, are on board Russian ships; and poor Stanislaus and 'the Lady of Quality who shot the first gun' have a bad outlook there. Towards the end of the month, the Berlin volunteer Generals, our Crown-Prince and his Margraves among them, are getting on the road for Philipsburg;—and that is properly the one point we are concerned with. Which took effect in manner following.

Tuesday evening 29th June, there is Ball at Monbijou; the Crown-Prince and others busy dancing there, as if nothing special lay ahead. Nevertheless, at three in the morning he has changed his ball-dress for a better, he and certain more; and is rushing southward, with his volunteer Generals and Margraves, full speed, saluted by the rising sun, towards Philipsburg and the Seat of War. And the same night, King Stanislaus, if any of us cared for him, is on flight from Dantzig, 'disguised as a cattle-dealer;' got out on the night of Sunday last, Town under such a rain of bombshells being palpably too hot for him: got out, but cannot get across the muddy intricacies of the Weichsel; lies painfully squatted up and down, in obscure alehouses, in that Stygian Mud-Delta,—a matter of life and death to get across, and not a boat to be had, such the vigilance of the Russian. Dantzig is capitulating, dreadful penalties exacted, all the heavier as no Stanislaus is to be found in it; and search all the keener rises in the Delta after him. Through perils and adventures of the sort usual on such occasions,[12] Stanislaus does get across; and in time does reach Preussen; where, by Friedrich Wilhelm's order, safe opulent asylum is afforded him, till the Fates (when this War ends) determine what is to become of the poor Imaginary Majesty. We leave him, squatted in the intricacies of the Mud-Delta, to follow our Crown-Prince, who in the same hour is rushing far elsewhither.

[12] Credible modest detail of them, in a *Letter* from Stanislaus himself (*History of Stanislaus*, already cited, pp. 235-248).

Margraves, Generals and he, in their small string of carriages, go on, by extra-post, day and night; no rest till they get to Hof, in the Culmbach neighbourhood, a good two hundred miles off,—near Wilhelmina, and more than halfway to Philipsburg. Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm is himself to follow in about a week: he has given strict order against waste of time: "Not to part company; go together, and *not* by Anspach or Baireuth,"—though they lie almost straight for you.

This latter was a sore clause to Friedrich, who had counted all along on seeing his dear faithful Wilhelmina, as he passed: therefore, as the Papa's Orders, dangerous penalty lying in them, cannot be literally disobeyed, the question rises, How see Wilhelmina and not Baireuth? Wilhelmina, weak as she is and unfit for travelling, will have to meet him in some neutral place, suitablest for both. After various shiftings, it has been settled between them that Berneck, a little town twelve miles from Baireuth on the Hof road, will do; and that Friday, probably early, will be the day. Wilhelmina, accordingly, is on the road that morning, early enough; Husband with her, and ceremonial attendants, in honour of such a Brother; morning is of sultry windless sort; day hotter and hotter;—at Berneck is no Crown-Prince, in the House appointed for him; hour after hour, Wilhelmina waits there in vain. The truth is, one of the smallest accidents has happened: the Generals 'lost a wheel at Gera yesterday;' were left behind there with their smiths, have not yet appeared; and the insoluble question among Friedrich and the Margraves is, "We dare not go on without them, then? We dare;—dare we?" Question like to drive Friedrich mad, while the hours, at any rate, are slipping on! Here are Three Letters of Friedrich, legible at last; which, with Wilhelmina's account from the other side, represent a small entirely human scene in this French-Austrian War,—nearly all of human we have found in the beggarly affair:

1. *To Princess Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, or on the road to Berneck.*

'Hof, 2d July' (not long after 4 A.M.) '1734.

'My dear Sister,—Here am I within six leagues' (say eight or more, twenty-five miles English) 'of a Sister whom I love; and I have to 'decide that it will be impossible to see her, after all!'—Does decide so, accordingly, for reasons known to us.

2d July 1734.

'I have never so lamented the misfortune of not depending on my-'self as at this moment! The King being but very sour-sweet on my 'score, I dare not risk the least thing: Monday come a week, when he 'arrives himself, I should have a pretty scene (*serais joliment traité*) in 'the Camp, if I were found to have disobeyed orders.

* * 'The Queen commands me to give you a thousand regards from 'her. She appeared much affected at your illness; but for the rest, I 'could not warrant you how sincere it was; for she is totally changed, 'and I have quite lost reckoning of her (*n'y connais rien*). That goes 'so far that she has done me hurt with the King, all she could: how-'ever, that is over now. As to Sophie' (young Sister just betrothed to the eldest Margraf whom you know), 'she also is no longer the same; 'for she approves all that the Queen says or does; and she is charmed 'with her big clown (*gros nigaud*) of a Bridegroom.

'The King is more difficult than ever: he is content with nothing, 'so as to have lost whatsoever could be called gratitude for all pleasures 'one can do him,'—marrying against one's will, and the like. 'As to 'his health, it is one day better, another worse; but the legs, they are 'always swelled. Judge what my joy must be to get out of that turpitude, '—for the King will only stay a fortnight, at most, in the Camp.

'Adieu, my adorable Sister: I am so tired, I cannot stir; having 'left on Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning at three o'clock, 'from a Ball at Monbijou, and arrived here this Friday morning at 'four. I recommend myself to your gracious remembrance; and am, 'for my own part, till death, dearest Sister,'—Your—

'FRIEDRICH.'[13]

This is Letter First; written Friday morning, on the edge of getting into bed, after such fatigue; and it has, as natural in that mood, given-up the matter in despair. It did not meet Wilhelmina on the road; and she had left Baireuth;—where it met her, I do not know; probably at home, on her return, when all was over. Let Wilhelmina now speak her own lively experiences of that same Friday:

'I got to Berneck at ten. The heat was excessive; I found myself 'quite worn-out with the little journey I had done. I alighted at the 'House which had been got ready for my Brother. We waited for 'him, and in vain waited, till three in the afternoon. At three we lost 'patience; had dinner served without him. Whilst we were at table, 'there came on a frightful thunderstorm. I have witnessed nothing so 'terrible: the thunder roared and reverberated among the rocky cliffs 'which begirdle Berneck; and it seemed as if the world was going to 'perish: a deluge of rain succeeded the thunder.

'It was four o'clock; and I could not understand what had become 'of my Brother. I had sent out several persons on horseback to get

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 13.

tidings of him, and none of them came back. At length, in spite of 'all my prayers, the Hereditary Prince' (my excellent Husband) 'himself would go in search. I remained waiting till nine at night, and 'nobody returned. I was in cruel agitations: these cataracts of rain 'are very dangerous in the mountain countries; the roads get suddenly 'overflowed, and there often happen misfortunes. I thought for certain, 'there had one happened to my Brother or to the Hereditary Prince.' Such a 2d of July to poor Wilhelmina!

'At last, about nine, somebody brought word that my Brother had 'changed his route, and was gone to Culmbach' (a House of ours, lying westward, known to readers); 'there to stay over night. I was 'for setting out thither,—Culmbach is twenty miles from Berneck; but 'the roads are frightful,' White Mayn, still a young River, dashing through the rock-labyrinths there, 'and full of precipices:—everybody 'rose in opposition, and, whether I would or not, they put me into the 'carriage for Himmelkron' (partly on the road thither), 'which is only 'about ten miles off. We had like to have got drowned on the road; 'the waters were so swoln' (White Mayn and its angry brooks), 'the 'horses could not cross but by swimming.

'I arrived at last, about one in the morning. I instantly threw 'myself on a bed. I was like to die with weariness; and in mortal 'terrors that something had happened to my Brother or the Hereditary 'Prince. This latter relieved me on his own score; he arrived at last, 'about four o'clock,—had still no news farther of my Brother. I was 'beginning to doze a little, when they came to warn me that "M. von 'Knobelsdorf wished to speak with me from the Prince-Royal." I darted out of bed, and ran to him. He,' handing me a Letter, 'brought 'word that'—

But let us now give Letter Second, which has turned up lately, and which curiously completes the picture here. Friedrich, on rising refreshed with sleep at Hof, had taken a cheerfuler view; and the Generals still lagging rearward, he thinks it possible to see Wilhelmina after all. Possible; and yet so very dangerous,—perhaps not possible? Here is a second Letter written from Münchberg, some fifteen miles farther on, at an after period of the same Friday: purport still of a perplexed nature, "I will, and I dare not;"—practical outcome, of itself uncertain, is scattered now by torrents and thunderstorms. This is the Letter, which Knobelsdorf now hands to Wilhelmina at that untimely hour of Saturday:

2. *To Princess Wilhelmina* (by Knobelsdorf).

'Münchberg, 2d July 1734.

'My dearest Sister,—I am in despair that I cannot satisfy my im-'patience and my duty,—to throw myself at your feet this day. But

3d July 1734.

'alas, dear Sister, it does not depend on me: we poor Princes,' the Margraves and I, 'are obliged to wait here till our Generals' (Bredow, Schulenburg and Company) 'come up; we dare not go along without 'them. They broke a wheel in Gera' (fifty miles behind us); 'hearing 'nothing of them since, we are absolutely forced to wait here. Judge 'in what a mood I am, and what sorrow must be mine! Express order 'not to go by Baireuth or Anspach:—forbear, dear Sister, to torment 'me on things not depending on myself at all.

'I waver between hope and fear of paying my court to you. I 'hope it might still be at Berneck,' this evening,—'if you could con- 'trive a road into the Nürnberg Highway again; avoiding Baireuth: 'otherwise I dare not go. The Bearer, who is Captain Knobelsdorf' (excellent judicious man, old acquaintance from the Cüstrin time, who attends upon us, actual Captain once, but now titular merely, given to architecture and the fine arts[14]), 'will apprise you of every particular: 'let Knobelsdorf settle something that may be possible. This is how 'I stand at present; and instead of having to expect some favour from 'the King' (after what I have done by his order), 'I get nothing but 'chagrin. But what is crueler upon me than all, is that you are ill. 'God, in his grace, be pleased to help you, and restore the precious 'health which I so much wish you!' * *

'FRIEDRICH.'[15]

Judicious Knobelsdorf settles that the meeting is to be this very morning at eight; Wilhelmina (whose memory a little fails her in the insignificant points) does not tell us where: but, by faint indications, I perceive it was in the Lake-House, pleasant Pavilion in the ancient artificial Lake, or big ornamental Fishpond, called *Brandenburger Weiher*, a couple of miles to the north of Baireuth: there Friedrich is to stop,—keeping the Paternal Order from the teeth outwards in this manner. Eight o'clock: so that Wilhelmina is obliged at once to get upon the road again,—poor Princess, after such a day and night. Her description of the Interview is very good:

'My Brother overwhelmed me with caresses; but found me in so 'pitiable a state, he could not restrain his tears. I was not able to 'stand on my limbs; and felt like to faint every moment, so weak was 'I. He told me the King was much angered at the Margraf' (my Father-in-Law) 'for not letting his Son make the Campaign,'—concerning which point, said Son, my Husband, being Heir-Apparent, there had been much arguing in Court and Country, here at Baireuth, and

[14] Seyfarth (Anonymous), *Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1786), ii. 200. *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 33. Preuss, *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten* (Berlin, 1838), pp. 8, 17.

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 15.

endless anxiety on my poor part, lest he should get killed in the Wars. 'I told him all the Margraf's reasons; and added, that surely they were 'good, in respect of my dear Husband. "Well," said he, "let him 'quit soldiering, then, and give back his regiment to the King. But 'for the rest, quiet yourself as to the fears you may have about him if 'he do go; for I know, by certain information, that there will be no 'blood spilt."—"They are at the Siege of Philipsburg, however."—'"Yes," said my Brother; "but there will not be a battle risked to 'hinder it."

'The Hereditary Prince,' my Husband, 'came in while we were 'talking so; and earnestly entreated my Brother to get him away from 'Baireuth. They went to a window, and talked a long time together. 'In the end, my Brother told me he would write a very obliging Letter 'to the Margraf, and give him such reasons in favour of the Campaign, 'that he doubted not it would turn the scale. "We will stay together," 'said he, addressing the Hereditary Prince; "and I shall be charmed 'to have my dear Brother always beside me." He wrote the Letter; 'gave it to Baron Stein' (Chamberlain or Goldstick of ours), 'to deliver 'to the Margraf. He promised to obtain the King's express leave to 'stop at Baireuth on his return;—after which he went away. It was 'the last time I saw him on the old footing with me: he has much 'changed since then!—We returned to Baireuth; where I was so ill 'that, for three days, they did not think I should get over it.'[16]

Crown-Prince dashes off, southwestward, through cross country, into the Nürnberg Road again; gets to Nürnberg that same Saturday night; and there, among other Letters, writes the following; which will wind-up this little Incident for us, still in a human manner:

3. *To Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth.*

'Nürnberg, 3d July 1734.

'My dearest (*très-chère*) Sister,—It would be impossible to quit this 'place without signifying, dearest Sister, my lively gratitude for all the 'marks of favour you showed me in the *Weiherhaus*' (House on the Lake, today). 'The highest of all that it was possible to do, was that 'of procuring me the satisfaction of paying my court to you. I beg 'millions of pardons for so putting you about, dearest Sister; but I 'could not help it; for you know my sad circumstances well enough. 'In my great joy, I forgot to give you the Enclosed. I entreat you, 'write me often news of your health! Question the Doctors; and'—and in certain contingencies, the Crown-Prince 'would recommend 'goat's-milk' for his poor Sister. Had already, what was noted of him in after life, a tendency to give medical advice, in cases interesting to him?—

[16] Wilhelmina, ii. 200-202.

7th July 1734.

'Adieu, my incomparable and dear Sister. I am always the same 'to you, and will remain so till my death.—FRIEDRICH.'[17]

Generals with their wheel mended, Margraves, Prince and now the Camp Equipage too, are all at Nürnberg; and start on the morrow; hardly a hundred miles now to be done,—but on slower terms, owing to the Equipage. Heilbronn, place of arms or central stronghold of the Reich's-Army, they reach on Monday: about Eppingen, next night, if the wind is westerly, one may hear the cannon,—not without interest. It was Wednesday forenoon, 7th July 1734, on some hill-top coming down from Eppingen side, that the Prince first saw Philipsburg Siege, blotting the Rhine Valley yonder with its fire and counter-fire; and the Tents of Eugene stretching on this side: first view he ever had of the actualities of war. His account to Papa is so distinct and good, we look through it almost as at first-hand for a moment:

'Camp at Wiesenthal, Wednesday, 7th July 1734.

'Most All-gracious Father, * * We left Nürnberg' (nothing said of our Baireuth affair), '4th early, and did not stop till Heilbronn; where, 'along with the Equipage, I arrived on the 5th. Yesterday I came 'with the Equipage to Eppingen' (twenty miles, a slow march, giving the fourgons time); 'and this morning we came to the Camp at Wie-'senthal. I have dined with General Röder' (our Prussian Commander); 'and, after dinner, rode with Prince Eugene while giving the parole. I 'handed him my All-gracious Father's Letter, which much rejoiced 'him. After the parole, I went to see the relieving of our outposts' (change of sentries there), 'and view the French retrenchment.

'We,' your Majesty's Contingent, 'are throwing-up three redoubts: 'at one of them today, three musketeers have been miserably shot' (*geschossen*, wounded, not quite killed); 'two are of Röder's, and one 'is of Finkenstein's regiment.

'Tomorrow I will ride to a village which is on our right wing; 'Waghäusel is the name of it'[18] (some five miles off, north of us, near by the Rhine): 'there is a steeple there, from which one can see the 'French Camp; from this point I will ride down, between the two 'Lines,' French and ours, 'to see what they are like.

'There are quantities of hurdles and fascines being made; which, 'as I hear, are to be employed in one of two different plans. The first 'plan is, To attack the French retrenchment generally; the ditch which 'is before it, and the morass which lies on our left wing, to be made 'passable with these fascines. The other plan is, To amuse the Enemy 'by a false attack, and throw succour into the Town.—One thing is

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 57. [18] Büsching, v. 1152.

'certain, in a few days we shall have a stroke of work here. Happen 'what may, my All-gracious Father may be assured that' &c., 'and 'that I will do nothing unworthy of him. FRIEDRICH.'[19]

Neither of those fine plans took effect; nor did anything take effect, as we shall see. But in regard to that 'survey 'from the steeple of Waghäusel, and ride home again between 'the Lines,'—in regard to that, here is an authentic fraction of anecdote, curiously fitting in, which should not be omitted. A certain Herr von Suhm, Saxon Minister at Berlin, occasionally mentioned here, stood in much Correspondence with the Crown-Prince in the years now following: Correspondence which was all published at the due distance of time; Suhm having, at his decease, left the Prince's Letters carefully assorted with that view, and furnished with a Prefatory 'Character of the Prince-Royal (*Portrait du Prince-Royal, par M. de Suhm*).' Of which Preface this is a small paragraph, relating to the Siege of Philipsburg; offering us a momentary glance into one fibre of the futile War now going on there. Of Suhm, and how exact he was, we shall know a little by and by. Of 'Prince von Lichtenstein,' an Austrian man and soldier of much distinction afterwards, we have only to say that he came to Berlin next year on Diplomatic business, and that probably enough he had been eyewitness to the little fact, —fact credible perhaps without much proving. One rather regretted there was no date to it, no detail to give it whereabout and fixity in our conception; that the poor little Anecdote, though indubitable, had to hang vaguely in the air. Now, however, the above dated *Letter* does, by accident, date Suhm's Anecdote too; date 'July 8' as good as certain for it; the Siege itself having ended (July 18) in ten days more. Herr von Suhm writes (not for publication till after Friedrich's death and his own):

'It was remarked in the Rhine Campaign of 1734, that this Prince 'has a great deal of intrepidity (*beaucoup de valeur*). On one occasion, 'among others' (to all appearance, this very day, 'July 8,' riding home from Waghäusel between the lines), 'when he had gone to reconnoitre 'the Lines of Philipsburg, with a good many people about him,—passing, on his return, along a strip of very thin wood, the cannon-shot 'from the Lines accompanied him incessantly, and crashed down several 'trees at his side; during all which he walked his horse along at the 'old pace, precisely as if nothing were happening, nor in his hand upon

[19] *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 79.

15th July-15th Aug. 1734.

'the bridle was there the least trace of motion perceptible. Those who 'gave attention to the matter remarked, on the contrary, that he did 'not discontinue speaking very tranquilly to some Generals who accom- 'panied him; and who admired his bearing, in a kind of danger with 'which he had not yet had occasion to familiarise himself. It is from 'the Prince von Lichtenstein that I have this anecdote.'[20]

On the 15th arrived his Majesty in person, with the Old Dessauer, Buddenbrock, Derschau and a select suite; in hopes of witnessing remarkable feats of war, now that the crisis of Philipsburg was coming on. Many Princes were assembled there, in the like hope: Prince of Orange (honeymoon well ended[21]), a vivacious light gentleman, slightly crooked in the back; Princes of Baden, Darmstadt, Waldeck: all manner of Princes and distinguished personages, Fourscore Princes of them by tale, the eyes of Europe being turned on this matter, and on old Eugene's guidance of it. Prince Fred of England, even he had a notion of coming to learn war.

It was about this time, not many weeks ago, that Fred, now falling into much discrepancy with his Father, and at a loss for a career to himself, appeared on a sudden in the Antechamber at St. James's, one day; and solemnly demanded an interview with his Majesty. Which his indignant Majesty, after some conference with Walpole, decided to grant. Prince Fred, when admitted, made three demands: 1°. To be allowed to go upon the Rhine Campaign, by way of a temporary career for himself; 2°. That he might have something definite to live upon, a fixed revenue being suitable in his circumstances; 3°. That, after those sad Prussian disappointments, some suitable Consort might be chosen for him,—heart and household lying in such waste condition. Poor Fred, who of us knows what of sense might be in these demands? Few creatures more absurdly situated are to be found in this world. To go where his equals were, and learn soldiering a little, might really have been useful. Paternal Majesty received Fred and his Three Demands with fulminating look; answered, to the first two, nothing; to the third, about a Consort, "Yes, you shall; but be respectful to the Queen;—and now off with you; away!"[22]

[20] *Correspondance de Frédéric II avec M. de Suhm* (Berlin, 1787); Avant-propos, p. xviii. (written 28th April 1740). The *Correspondance* is all in *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xvi. 247-408); but the Suhm Preface not.

[21] Had wedded Princess Anne, George II.'s eldest, 25th (14th) March 1734; to the joy of self and mankind, in England here.

[22] Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 322.

Poor Fred, he has a circle of hungry Parliamenteers about him; young Pitt, a Cornet of Horse, young Lyttelton of Hagley, our old Soissons friend, not to mention others of worse type; to whom this royal Young Gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, inexperiences, plentiful inflammabilities, is important for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than 'write madrigals' in this world: infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has;—he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth. And he is the Fireship those older hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman;—and for the elder ones concerned with him! He did not get to the Rhine Campaign; nor indeed ever to anything, except to writing madrigals, and being very futile, dissolute and miserable with what of talent Nature had given him. Let us pity the poor constitutional Prince. Our Fritz was only in danger of losing his life; but what is that, to losing your sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fireship to his Majesty's Opposition?

Friedrich Wilhelm stayed a month campaigning here; graciously declined Prince Eugene's invitation to lodge in Head Quarters, under a roof and within built walls; preferred a tent among his own people, and took the common hardships,—with great hurt to his weak health, as was afterwards found.

In these weeks, the big Czarina, who has set a price (100,000 rubles, say 15,000*l.*) upon the head of poor Stanislaus, hears that his Prussian Majesty protects him; and thereupon signifies, in high terms, That she, by her Feldmarschall Münnich, will come across the frontiers and seize the said Stanislaus. To which his Prussian Majesty answers positively, though in proper Diplomatic tone, "Madam, I will in no wise permit it!" Perhaps his Majesty's remarkablest transaction, here on the Rhine, was this concerning Stanislaus. For Seckendorf the Feldzeugmeister was here also, on military function, not forgetful of the Diplomacies; who busily assailed his Majesty, on the Kaiser's part, in the same direction: "Give up Stanislaus, your Majesty! How ridiculous (*lächerlich*) to be perhaps ruined for Stanislaus!" But without the least effect, now or afterwards.

Poor Stanislaus, in the beginning of July, got across into Preussen, as we intimated; and there he continued, safe against any amount of rubles and Feldmarschalls, entreaties and menaces. At Angerburg, on the Prussian frontier, he found a steadfast veteran, Lieutenant-General von Katte, Commandant in those parts (Father of a certain poor Lieutenant, whom we tragically knew of long ago!)—which veteran gentleman received the Fugitive Majesty,[23] with welcome in the King's name, and assurances of an honourable asylum till the times and roads should clear again for his fugitive Majesty. Fugitive Majesty, for whom the roads and times were very dark at present, went to Marienwerder; talked of going 'to Pillau, for a sea-passage,' of going to various places; went finally to Königsberg, and there,—with a considerable Polish Suite of Fugitives, very moneyless, and very expensive, most of them, who had accumulated about him,—set-up his abode. There for almost two years, in fact till this War ended, the Fugitive Polish Majesty continued; Friedrich Wilhelm punctually protecting him, and even paying him a small Pension (50*l.* a month),—France, the least it could do for the Grandfather of France, allowing a much larger one; larger, though still inadequate. France has left its Grandfather strangely in the lurch here; with '100,000 rubles on his head.' But Friedrich Wilhelm knows the sacred rites, and will do them; continues deaf as a doorpost alike to the menaces and the entreaties of Kaiser and Czarina; strictly intimating to Münnich what the Laws of Neutrality are, and that they must be observed. Which, by his Majesty's good arrangements, Münnich, willing enough to the contrary had it been feasible, found himself obliged to comply with. Prussian Majesty, like a King and a gentleman, would listen to no terms about dismissing or delivering-up, or otherwise failing in the sacred rites to Stanislaus; but honourably kept him there till the times and routes cleared themselves again.[24] A plain piece of duty; punctually done: the beginning of it falls here in the Camp at Philipsburg, July-August 1734; in May 1736 we shall see some glimpse of the end!—

His Prussian Majesty in Camp at Philipsburg,—so distinguished a volunteer, doing us the honour to encamp here,

[23] *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 254. [24] Förster, ii. 132, 134-136.

—'was asked to all the Councils-of-War that were held,' say the Books. And he did attend, the Crown-Prince and he, on important occasions: but, alas, there was, so to speak, nothing to be consulted of. Fascines and hurdles lay useless; no attempt was made to relieve Philipsburg. On the third day after his Majesty's arrival, July 18th, Philipsburg, after a stiff defence of six weeks, growing hopeless of relief, had to surrender;—French then proceeded to repair Philipsburg, no attempt on Eugene's part to molest them there. If they try ulterior operations on this side the River, he counter-tries; and that is all.

Our Crown-Prince, somewhat of a judge in after years, is maturely of opinion, That the French Lines were by no means inexpugnable; that the French Army might have been ruined under an attack of the proper kind.[25] Their position was bad; no room to unfold themselves for fight, except with the Town's cannon playing on them all the while; only one Bridge to get across by, in case of coming to the worse: defeat of them probable, and ruin to them inevitable in case of defeat. But Prince Eugene, with an Army little to his mind (Reich's-Contingents not to be depended on, thought Eugene), durst not venture: "Seventeen victorious Battles, and if we should be defeated in the eighteenth and last?"

It is probable the Old Dessauer, had he been Generalissimo, with this same Army,—in which, even in the Reich's part of it, we know Ten Thousand of an effective character,—would have done some stroke upon the French; but Prince Eugene would not try. Much dimmed from his former self this old hero; age now 73;—a good deal wearied with the long march through Time. And this very Summer, his Brother's Son, the last male of his House, had suddenly died of inflammatory fever; left the old man very mournful: "Alone, alone, at the end of one's long march; laurels have no fruit, then?" He stood cautious, on the defensive; and in this capacity is admitted to have shown skilful management.

But Philipsburg being taken, there is no longer the least event to be spoken of; the Campaign passed into a series of advancings, retreatings, facings, and then right-about facings, —painful manœuverings, on both sides of the Rhine and of the Neckar,—without result farther to the French, without

[25] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i. 167.

15th Aug. 1734.

memorability to either side. About the middle of August, Friedrich Wilhelm went away;—health much hurt by his month under canvas, amid Rhine inundations, and mere distressing phenomena. Crown-Prince Friedrich and a select party escorted his Majesty to Mainz, where was a Dinner of unusual sublimity by the Kurfürst there;[26]—Dinner done, his Majesty stept on board 'the Electoral Yacht;' and in this fine hospitable vehicle went sweeping through the Binger Loch, rapidly down towards Wesel; and the Crown-Prince and party returned to their Camp, which is upon the Neckar at this time.

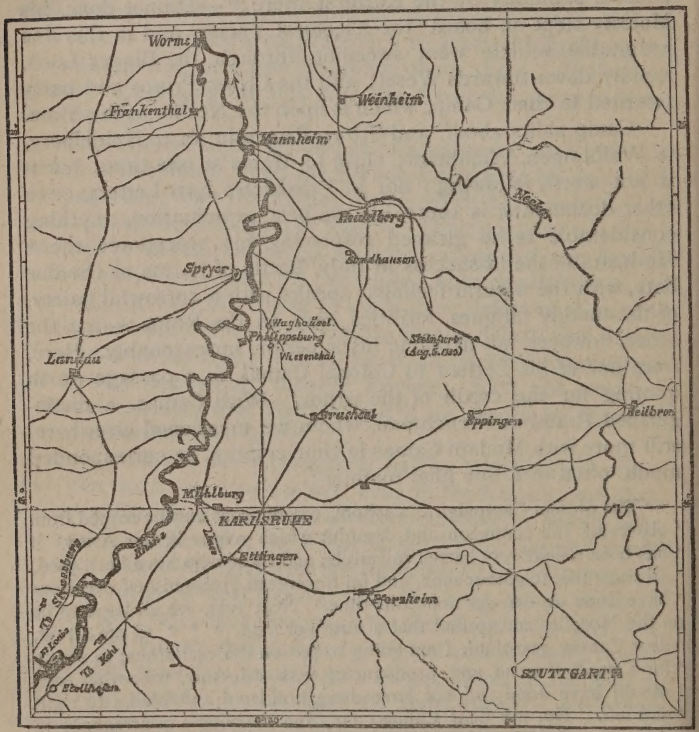
Camp shifts about, and Crown-Prince in it: to Heidelberg, to Waiblingen, Weinheim; close to Mainz at one time: but it is not worth following: nor in Friedrich's own Letters, or in other documents, is there, on the best examination, anything considerable to be gleaned respecting his procedures there. He hears of the ill-success in Italy, Battle of Parma at the due date, with the natural feelings; speaks with a sorrowful gaiety, of the muddy fatigues, futilities here on the Rhine;—has the sense, however, not to blame his superiors unreasonably. Here, from one of his Letters to Colonel Camas, is a passage worth quoting for the credit of the writer. With Camas, a distinguished Prussian Frenchman, whom we mentioned elsewhere, still more with Madam Camas in time coming, he corresponded much, often in a fine filial manner:

'The present Campaign is a school, where profit may be reaped from 'observing the confusion and disorder which reigns in this Army: it 'has been a field very barren in laurels; and those who have been used, 'all their life, to gather such, and on Seventeen distinguished occasions 'have done so, can get none this time.' Next year, we all hope to be on the Moselle, and to find that a fruitfuler field. * * * 'I am afraid, 'dear Camas, you think I am going to put on the cothurnus; to set-up 'for a small Eugene, and, pronouncing with a doctoral tone what each 'should have done and not have done, condemn and blame to right 'and left. No, my dear Camas; far from carrying my arrogance to 'that point, I admire the conduct of our Chief, and do not disapprove 'that of his worthy Adversary; and far from forgetting the esteem 'and consideration due to persons who, scarred with wounds, have by 'years and long service gained a consummate experience, I shall hear 'them more willingly than ever as my teachers, and try to learn from 'them how to arrive at honour, and what is the shortest road into the 'secret of this Profession.'[27]

[26] 15th August (Fassmann, p. 511).

[27] 'Camp at Heidelberg, 11th September 1734' (*Œuvres*, xvi. 131).

This other, to Lieutenant Gröben, three weeks earlier in date, shows us a different aspect; which is at least equally authentic; and may be worth taking with us. Gröben is Lieutenant,—I suppose still on the Regiment Goltz, though he is left there behind;—at any rate, he is much a familiar with



the Prince at Ruppin; was ringleader, it is thought, in those midnight pranks upon parsons, and the other escapades there;[28] a merry man, eight years older than the Prince,—with whom it is clear enough he stands on a very free footing. Philipsburg was lost a month ago; French are busy repairing it; and manœuvering, with no effect, to get into the interior of Ger-

[28] Büsching, v. 20.

17th Aug. 1734.

many a little. Weinheim is a little Town on the north side of the Neckar, a dozen miles or so from Mannheim;—out of which, and into which, the Prussian Corps goes shifting from time to time, as Prince Eugene and the French manœuvre to no purpose in that Rhine-Neckar Country. '*Herdek Teremtetem*,' it appears, is a bit of Hungarian swearing; should be *Ordek teremtete;* and means "The Devil made you!"

'Weinheim, 17th August 1734.

'*Herdek Teremtetem!* "Went with them, got hanged with them,"[29] 'said the Bielefeld Innkeeper! So will it be with me, poor devil; for 'I go dawdling about with this Army here; and the French will have 'the better of us. We want to be over the Neckar again' (to the South or Philipsburg side), 'and the rogues won't let us. What most pro-'vokes me in the matter is, that while we are here in such a wilderness 'of trouble, doing our utmost, by military labours and endurances, to 'make ourselves heroic, thou sittest, thou devil, at home!

'Duc de Bouillon has lost his equipage; our Hussars took it at 'Landau' (other side the Rhine, a while ago). 'Here we stand in 'mud to the ears; fifteen of the Regiment Alt-Baden have sunk alto-'gether in the mud. Mud comes of a waterspout, or sudden cataract 'of rain, there was in these Heidelberg Countries; two villages, 'Fuhrenheim and Sandhausen, it swam away, every stick of them '(*ganz und gar*).

'Captain von Stojentin, of Regiment Flans,' one of our eight Regiments here, 'has got wounded in the head, in an affair of honour; he 'is still alive, and it is hoped he will get through it.

'The Drill-Demon has now got into the Kaiser's people too: Prince 'Eugene is grown heavier with his drills than we ourselves. He is often 'three hours at it;—and the Kaiser's people curse us for the same, at 'a frightful rate. Adieu. If the Devil don't get thee, he ought. There-'fore *vale*.[30] FRIEDRICH.'

No laurels to be gained here; but plenty of mud, and laborious hardship,—met, as we perceive, with youthful stoicism, of the derisive, and perhaps of better forms. Friedrich is twenty-two and some months, when he makes his first Campaign. The general physiognomy of his behaviour in it we have to guess from these few indications. No doubt he profited by it, on the military side; and would study with quite new light and vivacity after such contact with the fact studied of. Very didactic to witness even 'the confusions of this Army,' and what comes of them to Armies! For the rest, the society of Eugene,

[29] '*Mitgegangen, mitgehangen:*' Letter is in German.
[30] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 181.

Lichtenstein, and so many Princes of the Reich, and Chiefs of existing mankind, could not but be entertaining to the young man; and silently, if he wished to read the actual Time, as sure enough he, with human and with royal eagerness, did wish,—they were here as the *alphabet* of it to him: important for years coming. Nay it is not doubted, the insight he here got into the condition of the Austrian Army and its management,—'Army left seven days without bread,' for one instance, —gave him afterwards the highly important notion, that such Army could be beaten if necessary!—

Wilhelmina says, his chief comrade was Margraf Heinrich; —the *Ill* Margraf; who was *cut* by Friedrich, in after years, for some unknown bad behaviour. Margraf Heinrich 'led him into all manner of excesses,' says Wilhelmina,—probably in the language of exaggeration. He himself tells her, in one of his *Letters*, a day or two before Papa's departure: 'The Camp 'is soon to be close on Mainz, nothing but the Rhine between 'Mainz and our right wing where my place is; and so soon as 'Serenissimus goes' (*Le Sérénissime*, so he irreverently names Papa), 'I mean to be across for some sport,'[31]—no doubt the Ill Margraf with me! With the Elder Margraf, little Sophie's Betrothed, whom he called 'big clown' in a Letter we read, he is at this date in open quarrel,—'*brouillé à toute outrance* 'with the mad Son-in-law, who is the wildest wild-beast of all 'this Camp.'[32]

Wilhelmina's Husband had come, in the beginning of August; but was not so happy as he expected. Considerably cut-out by the Ill Heinrich. Here is a small adventure they had; mentioned by Friedrich, and copiously recorded by Wilhelmina: adventure on some River,—which we could guess, if it were worth guessing, to have been the Neckar, not the Rhine. French had a fortified post on the farther side of this River; Crown-Prince, Ill Margraf, and Wilhelmina's Husband were quietly looking about them, riding up the other side: Wilhelmina's Husband decided to take a pencil-drawing of the French post, and paused for that object. Drawing was proceeding unmolested, when his foolish Baireuth Hussar, having an excellent rifle (*arquebuse rayée*) with him, took it into his head to have a shot at the French sentries at long range. His shot hit nothing; but it awakened the French animosity, as was natural·

[31] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 17 (10th Aug.). [32] Ib.

the French began diligently firing; and might easily have done mischief. My Husband, volleying-out some rebuke upon the blockhead of a Hussar, finished his drawing, in spite of the French bullets; then rode up to the Crown-Prince and Ill Margraf, who had got their share of what was going, and were in no good humour with him. Ill Margraf rounded things into the Crown-Prince's ear, in an unmannerly way, with glances at my Husband;—who understood it well enough; and promptly coerced such ill-bred procedures, intimating, in a polite impressive way, that they would be dangerous if persisted in. Which reduced the Ill Margraf to a spiteful but silent condition. No other harm was done at that time; the French bullets all went awry, or 'even fell short, being sucked-in by the river,' thinks Wilhelmina.[33]

A more important feature of the Crown-Prince's life in these latter weeks is the news he gets of his Father. Friedrich Wilhelm, after quitting the Electoral Yacht, did his reviewing at Wesel, at Bielefeld, all his reviewing in those Rhine and Weser Countries; then turned aside to pay a promised visit to Ginkel the Berlin Dutch Ambassador, who has a fine House in those parts; and there his Majesty has fallen seriously ill. Obliged to pause at Ginkel's, and then at his own Schloss of Moyland, for some time; does not reach Potsdam till the 14th September, and then in a weak, worsening, and altogether dangerous condition, which lasts for months to come.[34] Wrecks of gout, they say, and of all manner of nosological mischief; falling to dropsy. Case desperate, think all the Newspapers, in a cautious form; which is Friedrich Wilhelm's own opinion pretty much, and that of those better informed. Here are thoughts for a Crown-Prince; well-affected to his Father, yet suffering much from him which is grievous. To bystanders, one now makes a different figure: "A Crown-Prince, who may be King one of these days,—whom a little adulation were well spent upon!" From within and from without come agitating influences; thoughts which must be rigorously repressed, and which are not wholly repressible. The soldiering Crown-Prince, from about the end of September, for the last week or two of this Campaign, is secretly no longer quite the same to himself or to others.

[33] Wilhelmina, ii. 208, 209; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 19.
[34] Fassmann, pp. 512-533; September 1734-January 1735.

Glimpse of Lieutenant Chasot, and of other Acquisitions.

We have still two little points to specify, or to bring up from the rearward whither they are fallen, in regard to this Campaign. After which the wearisome Campaign shall terminate; Crown-Prince leading his Ten Thousand to Frankfurt, towards their winter-quarters in Westphalia; and then himself running across from Frankfurt (October 5th), to see Wilhelmina for a day or two on the way homewards:—with much pleasure to all parties, my readers and me included!

First point is, That, some time in this Campaign, probably towards the end of it, the Crown-Prince, Old Dessauer and some others with them, 'procured passports,' went across, and 'saw the French Camp,' and what new phenomena were in it for them. Where, when, how, or with what impression left on either side, we do not learn. It was not much of a Camp for military admiration, this of the French.[35] There were old soldiers of distinction in it here and there; a few young soldiers diligently studious of their art; and a great many young fops of high birth and high ways, strutting about 'in red-heeled shoes,' with 'Commissions got from Court' for this War, and nothing of the soldier but the epaulettes and plumages,—apt to be 'insolent' among their poorer comrades. From all parties, young and old, even from that insolent red-heel party, nothing but the highest finish of politeness could be visible on this particular occasion. Doubtless all passed in the usual satisfactory manner; and the Crown-Prince got his pleasant excursion, and materials, more or less, for after thought and comparison. But as there is nothing whatever of it on record for us but the bare fact, we leave it to the reader's imagination,—fact being indubitable, and details not inconceivable to lively readers. Among the French dignitaries doing the honours of their Camp on this occasion, he was struck by the General's Adjutant, a "Count de Rottembourg" (properly *von Rothenburg*, of German birth, kinsman to the Rothenburg whom we have seen as French Ambassador at Berlin long since); a promising young soldier; whom he did not lose sight of again, but acquired in due time to his own service, and found to be of eminent worth there. A Count

[35] *Mémoires de Noailles* (passim).

von Schmettau, two Brothers von Schmettau, here in the Austrian service; superior men, Prussian by birth, and very fit to be acquired by and by; these the Crown-Prince had already noticed in this Rhine Campaign,—having always his eyes open to phenomena of that kind.

The *second* little point is of date perhaps two months anterior to that of the French Camp; and is marked sufficiently in this Excerpt from our confused Manuscripts:

Before quitting Philipsburg, there befel one slight adventure, which, though it seemed to be nothing, is worth recording here. One day, date not given, a young French Officer, of ingenuous prepossessing look, though much flurried at the moment, came across as involuntary deserter; flying from a great peril in his own camp. The name of him is Chasot, Lieutenant of such and such a Regiment: "Take me to Prince Eugene!" he entreats, which is done. Peril was this: A high young gentleman, one of those fops in red heels, ignorant, and capable of insolence to a poorer comrade of studious turn, had fixed a duel upon Chasot. Chasot ran him through, in fair duel; dead, and is thought to have deserved it. "But Duc de Boufflers is his kinsman: run, or you are lost!" cried everybody. The Officers of his Regiment hastily redacted some certificate for Chasot, hastily signed it; and Chasot ran, scarcely waiting to pack his baggage.

"Will not your Serene Highness protect me?"—"Certainly!" said Eugene;—gave Chasot a lodging among his own people; and appointed one of them, Herr Brender by name, to show him about, and teach him the nature of his new quarters. Chasot, a brisk, ingenuous young fellow, soon became a favourite; eager to be useful where possible; and very pleasant in discourse, said everybody.

By and by,—still at Philipsburg, as would seem, though it is not said,—the Crown-Prince heard of Chasot; asked Brender to bring him over. Here is Chasot's own account: through which, as through a small eylet-hole, we peep once more, and for the last time, direct into the Crown-Prince's Campaign-life on this occasion:

'Next morning, at ten o'clock the appointed hour, Brender having 'ordered out one of his horses for me, I accompanied him to the Prince; 'who received us in his Tent,—behind which he had, hollowed out to 'the depth of three or four feet, a large Dining-room, with windows, 'and a roof,' I hope of good height, 'thatched with straw. His Royal 'Highness, after two-hours conversation, in which he had put a hundred 'questions to me' (a Prince desirous of knowing the facts), 'dismissed 'us; and at parting, bade me return often to him in the evenings.

'It was in this Dining-room, at the end of a great dinner, the day 'after next, that the Prussian guard introduced a Trumpet from Monsieur d'Asfeld' (French Commander-in-Chief since Berwick's death),

'with my three horses, sent over from the French Army. Prince Eugene, 'who was present, and in good humour, said, "We must sell those 'horses, they don't speak German; Brender will take care to mount you 'some way or other." Prince Lichtenstein immediately put a price 'on my horses; and they were sold on the spot at three times their 'worth. The Prince of Orange, who was of this Dinner' (slightly crook-backed witty gentleman, English honeymoon well over), 'said to me 'in a half-whisper, "Monsieur, there is nothing like selling horses to 'people who have dined well."

'After this sale, I found myself richer than I had ever been in my 'life. The Prince-Royal sent me, almost daily, a groom and led horse, 'that I might come to him, and sometimes follow him in his excursions. 'At last, he had it proposed to me, by M. de Brender, and even by 'Prince Eugene, to accompany him to Berlin.' Which, of course, I did; taking Ruppin first. 'I arrived at Berlin from Ruppin, in 1734, 'two days after the marriage of Friedrich Wilhelm Margraf of Schwedt' (Ill Margraf's elder Brother, wildest wild-beast of this Camp) 'with the 'Princess Sophie,'—that is to say, 12th of November; Marriage having been on the 10th, as the Books teach us. Chasot remembers that, on the 14th, 'the Crown-Prince gave, in his Berlin mansion, a dinner to 'all the Royal Family,' in honour of that auspicious wedding.[36]

Thus is Chasot established with the Crown-Prince. He will turn-up fighting well in subsequent parts of this History; and again duelling fatally, though nothing of a quarrelsome man, as he asserts.

Crown-Prince's Visit to Baireuth on the Way home.

October 4th, the Crown-Prince has parted with Prince Eugene,—not to meet again in this world; 'an old hero gone to the shadow of himself,' says the Crown-Prince;[37]—and is giving his Prussian War-Captains a farewell dinner at Franfurt-on-Mayn; having himself led the Ten Thousand so far, towards Winter-quarters, and handing them over now to their usual commanders. They are to winter in Westphalia, these Ten Thousand, in the Paderborn-Münster Country; where they are nothing like welcome to the Ruling Powers; nor are intended to be so,—Kur-Köln (proprietor there) and his Brother of Bavaria having openly French leanings. The Prussian Ten Thousand will have to help themselves to the essential, therefore, without welcome;—and things are not pleasant. And the Rul-

[36] Kurd von Schlözer, *Chasot* (Berlin, 1856), pp. 20-22. A pleasant little Book; tolerably accurate, and of very readable quality.
[37] *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i. 167.

5th Oct. 1734.

ing Powers, by protocolling, still more the Commonalty if it try at mobbing,[38] can only make them worse. Indeed it is said the Ten Thousand, though their bearing was so perfect otherwise, generally behaved rather ill in their marches over Germany, during this War,—and always worst, it was remarked by observant persons, in the countries (Bamberg and Würzburg, for instance) where their officers had in past years been in recruiting troubles. Whereby observant persons explained the phenomenon to themselves. But we omit all that; our concern lying elsewhere. 'Directly after dinner at Frankfurt,' the Crown-Prince drives off, rapidly as his wont is, towards Baireuth. He arrives there on the morrow; 'October 5th,' says Wilhelmina,—who again illuminates him to us, though with oblique lights, for an instant.

Wilhelmina was in low spirits:—weak health; add funeral of the Prince of Culmbach (killed in the Battle of Parma), illness of Papa, and other sombre events:—and was by no means content with the Crown-Prince, on this occasion. Strangely altered since we met him in July last! It may be, the Crown-Prince, looking, with an airy buoyancy of mind, towards a certain Event probably near, has got his young head inflated a little, and carries himself with a height new to this beloved Sister;—but probably the sad humour of the Princess herself has a good deal to do with it. Alas, the contrast between a heart knowing secretly its own bitterness, and a friend's heart conscious of joy and triumph, is harsh and shocking to the former of the two! Here is the Princess's account; with the subtrahend, twenty-five or seventy-five per cent, *not* deducted from it:

'My Brother arrived, the 5th of October. He seemed to me put-'out (*décontenancé*); and to break-off conversation with me, he said he 'had to write to the King and Queen. I ordered him pen and paper. 'He wrote in my room; and spent more than a good hour in writing 'a couple of Letters, of a line or two each. He then had all the Court, 'one after the other, introduced to him; said nothing to any of them, 'looked merely with a mocking air at them; after which we went to 'dinner.

'Here his whole conversation consisted in quizzing (*turlupiner*) 'whatever he saw; and repeating to me, above a hundred times over, 'the words "little Prince," "little Court." I was shocked; and could 'not understand how he had changed so suddenly towards me. The

[38] '28th March 1735' (Fassmann, p. 547); Buchholz, i. 136.

'etiquette of all Courts in the Empire is, that nobody who has not at 'the least the rank of Captain can sit at a Prince's table: my Brother 'put a Lieutenant there, who was in his suite; saying to me, "A 'King's Lieutenants are as good as a Margraf's Ministers." I swal- 'lowed this incivility, and showed no sign.

'After dinner, being alone with me, he said,'—turning up the flip- pant side of his thoughts, truly, in a questionable way:—'"Our Sire 'is going to end (*tire à sa fin*); he will not live-out this month. I 'know I have made you great promises; but I am not in a condition 'to keep them. I will give you up the Half of the sum which the late 'King" (our Grandfather) "lent you;[39] I think you will have every 'reason to be satisfied with that." I answered, That my regard for 'him had never been of an interested nature; that I would never ask 'anything of him, but the continuance of his friendship; and did not 'wish one sou, if it would in the least inconvenience him. "No, no," 'said he, "you shall have those 100,000 thalers; I have destined them 'for you.—People will be much surprised," continued he, "to see me 'act quite differently from what they had expected. They imagine I 'am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will become as 'common as pebbles at Berlin: but they will find I know better. I 'mean to increase my Army, and to leave all other things on the old 'footing. I will have every consideration for the Queen my Mother, 'and will sate her (*rassasierai*) with honours; but I do not mean that 'she shall meddle in my affairs; and if she try it, she will find so."' What a speech; what an outbreak of candour in the young man, pre- occupied with his own great thoughts and difficulties,—to the exclusion of any other person's!

'I fell from the clouds, on hearing all that; and knew not if I was 'sleeping or waking. He then questioned me on the affairs of this 'Country. I gave him the detail of them. He said to me: "When 'your goose (*benêt*) of a Father-in-law dies, I advise you to break-up 'the whole Court, and reduce yourselves to the footing of a private 'gentleman's establishment, in order to pay your debts. In real truth, 'you have no need of so many people; and you must try also to re- 'duce the wages of those whom you cannot help keeping. You have 'been accustomed to live at Berlin with a table of four dishes; that is 'all you want here: and I will invite you now and then to Berlin; 'which will spare table and housekeeping."

'For a long while my heart had been getting big; I could not re- 'strain my tears, at hearing all these indignities. "Why do you cry?" 'said he: "Ah, ah, you are in low spirits, I see. We must dissipate 'that dark humour. The music waits us; I will drive that fit out of 'you by an air or two on the flute." He gave me his hand, and led 'me into the other room. I sat down to the harpsichord; which I 'inundated (*abreuvai*) with my tears. Marwitz' (my artful Demoiselle

[39] Suprà, vol. ii. pp. 228-229.

d'Atours, perhaps too artful in time coming) 'placed herself opposite 'me, so as to hide from the others what disorder I was in.'[40]

For the last two days of the visit, Wilhelmina admits her Brother was a little kinder. But on the fourth day there came, by estafette, a Letter from the Queen, conjuring him to return without delay, the King growing worse and worse. Wilhelmina, who loved her Father, and whose outlooks in case of his decease appeared to be so little flattering, was overwhelmed with sorrow. Of her Brother, however, she strove to forget that strange outbreak of candour; and parted with him as if all were mended between them again. Nay, the day after his departure, there goes a beautifully affectionate Letter to him; which we could give, if there were room:[41] 'the happiest time 'I ever in my life had;' 'my heart so full of gratitude and 'so sensibly touched;' 'every one repeating the words "dear 'Brother" and "charming Prince-Royal:"'—a Letter in very lively contrast to what we have just been reading. A Prince-Royal not without charm, in spite of the hard practicalities he is meditating, obliged to meditate!—

As to the outbreak of candour, offensive to Wilhelmina and us, we suppose her report of it to be in substance true, though of exaggerated, perhaps perverted tone; and it is worth the reader's notice, with these deductions. The truth is, our charming Princess is always liable to a certain subtrahend. In 1744, when she wrote those *Mémoires*, 'in a Summerhouse at Baireuth,' her Brother and she, owing mainly to go-betweens acting on the susceptible female heart, were again in temporary quarrel (the longest and worst they ever had), and hardly on speaking terms; which of itself made her heart very heavy;—not to say that Marwitz, the too artful Demoiselle, seemed to have stolen her Husband's affections from the poor Princess, and made the world look all a little grim to her. These circumstances have given their colour to parts of her Narrative, and are not to be forgotten by readers.

The Crown-Prince,—who goes by Dessau, lodging for a night with the Old Dessauer, and writes affectionately to his Sister from that place, their Letters crossing on the road,—gets home on the 12th to Potsdam. October 12th, 1734, he has ended his Rhine Campaign, in that manner;—and sees his poor Father, with a great many other feelings besides those expressed in the dialogue at Baireuth.

[40] Wilhelmina, ii. 216-218. [41] *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 23.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PAPA'S SICK-ROOM; PRUSSIAN INSPECTIONS: END OF WAR.

IT appears, Friedrich met a cordial reception in the sick-room at Potsdam; and, in spite of his levities to Wilhelmina, was struck to the heart by what he saw there. For months to come, he seems to be continually running between Potsdam and Ruppin, eager to minister to his sick Father, when military leave is procurable. Other fact about him, other aspect of him, in those months, is not on record for us.

Of his young Madam, or Princess-Royal, peaceably resident at Berlin or at Schönhausen, and doing the vacant officialities, formal visitings and the like, we hear nothing; of Queen Sophie and the others, nothing: anxious, all of them, no doubt, about the event at Potsdam, and otherwise silent to us. His Majesty's illness comes and goes; now hope, and again almost none. Margraf of Schwedt and his young Bride, we already know, were married in November; and Lieutenant Chasot (two days old in Berlin) told us, there was Dinner by the Crown-Prince to all the Royal Family on that occasion;—poor Majesty out at Potsdam languishing in the background, meanwhile.

His Carnival the Crown-Prince passes naturally at Berlin. We find he takes a good deal to the French Ambassador, one Marquis de la Chétardie; a showy restless character, of fame in the Gazettes of that time; who did much intriguing at Petersburg some years hence, first in a signally triumphant way, and then in a signally untriumphant; and is not now worth any knowledge but a transient accidental one. Chétardie came hither about Stanislaus and his affairs; tried hard, but in vain, to tempt Friedrich Wilhelm into interference;—is naturally anxious to captivate the Crown-Prince, in present circumstances.

Friedrich Wilhelm lay at Potsdam, between death and life, for almost four months to come; the Newspapers speculating much on his situation; political people extremely anxious what would become of him,—or in fact, when he would die; for that was considered the likely issue. Fassmann gives dolorous clippings from the *Leyden Gazette*, all in a blubber of tears,

according to the then fashion, but full of impertinent curiosity withal. And from the Seckendorf private Papers there are Extracts of a still more inquisitive and notable character: Seckendorf and the Kaiser having an intense interest in this painful occurrence.

Seckendorf is not now himself at Berlin; but running much about, on other errands; can only see Friedrich Wilhelm, if at all, in a passing way. And even this will soon cease;—and in fact, to us it is by far the most excellent result of this French-Austrian War, that it carries Seckendorf clear away; who now quits Berlin and the Diplomatic line, and obligingly goes out of our sight henceforth. The old Ordnance-Master, as an Imperial General of rank, is needed now for War-Service, if he has any skill that way. In those late months, he was duly in attendance at Philipsburg and the Rhine-Campaign, in a subaltern torpid capacity, like Brunswick-Bevern and the others; ready for work, had there been any: but next season, he expects to have a Division of his own, and to do something considerable.—In regard to Berlin and the Diplomacies, he has appointed a Nephew of his, a Seckendorf Junior, to take his place there; to keep the old machinery in gear, if nothing more; and furnish copious reports during the present crisis. These Reports of Seckendorf Junior,—full of eavesdroppings, got from a *Kammermohr* (Nigger Lackey), who waits in the sick-room at Potsdam, and is sensible to bribes,—have been printed; and we mean to glance slightly into them. But as to Seckendorf Senior, readers can entertain the fixed hope that they have at length done with him; that, in these our premises, we shall never see him again;—nay shall see him, on extraneous dim fields, far enough away, smarting and suffering, till even we are almost sorry for the old knave!—

Friedrich Wilhelm's own prevailing opinion is, that he cannot recover. His bodily sufferings are great: dropsically swollen, sometimes like to be choked: no bed that he can bear to lie on;—oftenest rolls about in a Bath-chair; very heavy-laden indeed; and I think of tenderer humour than in former sicknesses. To the Old Dessauer he writes, few days after getting home to Potsdam: 'I am ready to quit the world, as Your 'Dilection knows, and has various times heard me say. 'One ship sails faster, another slower; but they come all to 'one haven. Let it be with me, then, as the Most High has

'determined for me.'[1] He has settled his affairs, Fassmann says, so far as possible; settled the order of his funeral, How he is to be buried, in the Garrison Church of Potsdam, without pomp or fuss, like a Prussian Soldier; and what regiment or regiments it is that are to do the triple volley over him, by way of finis and long farewell. His soul's interests too,—we need not doubt he is in deep conference, in deep consideration about these; though nothing is said on that point. A serious man always, much feeling what immense facts he was surrounded with; and here is now the summing-up of all facts. Occasionally, again, he has hopes; orders up 'two hundred of his Potsdam Giants to march through the sick-room,' since he cannot get out to them; or old Generals, Buddenbrock, Waldau, come and take their pipe there, in reminiscence of a Tabagie. Here, direct from the fountain-head, or Nigger Lackey bribed by Seckendorf Junior, is a notice or two:

'*Potsdam, September 30th*, 1734. Yesterday, for half an hour, the 'King could get no breath: he keeps them continually rolling him 'about' in his Bath-chair, 'over the room, and cries: "*Luft, Luft* '(Air, air)!"

'*October 2d.* The King is not going to die just yet; but will 'scarcely see Christmas. He gets-on his clothes; argues with the 'Doctors, is impatient; won't have people speak of his illness;—is 'quite black in the face; drinks nothing but *Moll*' (which we suppose to be small bitter beer), 'takes physic, writes in bed.'

'*October 5th.* The Nigger tells me things are better. The King 'begins to bring-up phlegm; drinks a great deal of oatmeal-water' (*Hafergrützwasser*, comfortable to the sick); 'says to the Nigger: "Pray 'diligently, all of you; perhaps I shall not die!"'

October 5th: this is the day the Crown-Prince arrives at Baireuth; to be called away by express four days after. How valuable, at Vienna or elsewhere, our dark friend the Lackey's medical opinion is, may be gathered from this other Entry, three weeks farther on,—enough to suffice us on that head:

'The Nigger tells me he has a bad opinion of the King's health. 'If you roll the King a little fast in his Bath-chair, you hear the water 'jumble in his body,'—with astonishment! 'King gets into passions; 'has beaten the pages' (may we hope, our dark friend among the rest?), 'so that it was feared apoplexy would take him.'

[1] Orlich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i. 14. 'From the Dessau Archives; date, 21st September 1734.'

This will suffice for the physiological part; let us now hear our poor friend on the Crown-Prince and his arrival:

'*October 12th.* Return of the Prince-Royal to Potsdam; tender re-'ception.—*October 21st.* Things look ill in Potsdam. The other leg 'is now also begun running; and above a quart (*maas*) of water has 'come from it. Without a miracle, the King cannot live,'—thinks our dark friend. 'The Prince-Royal is truly affected (*véritablement attendri*) 'at the King's situation; has his eyes full of water, has wept the eyes 'out of his head: has schemed in all ways to contrive a commodious 'bed for the King; wouldn't go away from Potsdam. King forced 'him away; he is to return Saturday afternoon. The Prince-Royal 'has been heard to say, "If the King will let me live in my own way, 'I would give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years." King al-'ways calls him Fritzchen. But Fritzchen,' thinks Seckendorf Junior, 'knows nothing about business. The King is aware of it; and said in 'the face of him one day: "If thou begin at the wrong end with things, 'and all go topsy-turvy after I am gone, I will laugh at thee out of my 'grave!" '[2]—

So Friedrich Wilhelm; labouring amid the mortal quicksands; looking into the Inevitable, in various moods. But the memorablest speech he made to Fritzchen or to anybody at present, was that covert one about the Kaiser and Seckendorf, and the sudden flash of insight he got, from some word of Seckendorf's, into what they had been meaning with him all along. Riding through the Village of Priort, in debate about Vienna politics of a strange nature, Seckendorf said something, which illuminated his Majesty, dark for so many years, and showed him where he was. A ghastly horror of a country, yawning indisputable there; revealed to one as if by momentary lightning, in that manner! This is a speech which all the Ambassadors report, and which was already mentioned by us,—in reference to that opprobrious Proposal about the Crown-Prince's Marriage, "Marry with England, after all; never mind breaking your word!" Here is the manner of it, with time and place:

'Sunday last,' Sunday 17th October 1734, reports Seckendorf Junior, through the Nigger or some better witness, 'the King said to 'the Prince-Royal: "My dear Son, I tell thee I got my death at 'Priort. I entreat thee, above all things in the world, don't trust 'those people (*denen Leuten*), however many promises they make. 'That day, it was April 17th, 1733, there was a man said something 'to me: it was as if you had turned a dagger round in my heart." '[3]—

[2] Seckendorf (*Baron*), *Journal Secret;* cited in Förster, ii. 142. [3] Ib.

Figure that, spoken from amid the dark sick whirlpools, the mortal quicksands, in Friedrich Wilhelm's voice, clangorously plaintive; what a wild sincerity, almost pathos, is in it; and whether Fritzchen, with his eyes all bewept even for what Papa had suffered in that matter, felt lively gratitudes to the House of Austria at this moment!—

It was four months after, '21st January 1735,'[4] when the King first got back to Berlin, to enlighten the eyes of the Carnival a little, as his wont had been. The crisis of his Majesty's illness is over, present danger gone; and the Carnival people, not without some real gladness, though probably with less than they pretend, can report him well again. Which is far from being the fact, if they knew it. Friedrich Wilhelm is on his feet again; but he never more was well. Nor has he forgotten that word at Priort, 'like the turning of a dagger in one's heart;'—and indeed gets himself continually reminded of it by practical commentaries from the Vienna Quarter.

In April, Prince Lichtenstein arrives on Embassy with three requests or demands from Vienna: '1°. That, besides 'the Ten Thousand due by Treaty, his Majesty would send 'his Reich's-Contingent,'—*not* comprehended in those Ten Thousand, thinks the Kaiser. '2°. That he would have the 'goodness to dismiss Marquis de la Chétardie the French Am-'bassador, as a plainly superfluous person at a well-affected 'German Court in present circumstances;'—person excessively dangerous, should the present Majesty die, Crown-Prince being so fond of that Chétardie. '3°. That his Prussian Majesty 'do give-up the false Polish Majesty Stanislaus, and no longer 'harbour him in East Preussen or elsewhere.' The whole of which demands his Prussian Majesty refuses; the latter two especially, as something notably high on the Kaiser's part, or on any mortal's, to a free Sovereign and Gentleman. Prince Lichtenstein is eloquent, conciliatory; but it avails not. He has to go home empty-handed;—manages to leave with Herr von Suhm, who took care of it for us, that Anecdote of the Crown-Prince's behaviour under cannon-shot from Philipsburg last year; and does nothing else recordable, in Berlin.

The Crown-Prince's hopes were set, with all eagerness, on getting to the Rhine-Campaign next ensuing; nor did the King refuse, for a long while, but still less did he consent;

[4] Fassmann, p. 533.

April 1735.

and in the end there came nothing of it. From an early period of the year, Friedrich Wilhelm sees too well what kind of campaigning the Kaiser will now make; at a certain Wedding-dinner where his Majesty was,—precisely a fortnight after his Majesty's arrival in Berlin,—Seckendorf Junior has got, by eavesdropping, this utterance of his Majesty's: "The Kaiser "has not a groschen of money. His Army in Lombardy is "gone to Twenty-four Thousand men, will have to retire into "the Mountains. Next campaign" (just coming) "he will "lose Mantua and the Tyrol. God's righteous judgment it is: "a War like this! Comes of flinging old principles overboard, "—of meddling in business that was none of yours;" and more, of a plangent alarming nature.[5]

Friedrich Wilhelm sends back his Ten Thousand, according to contract; sends, over and above, a beautiful stock of 'copper pontoons' to help the Imperial Majesty in that River Country, says Fassmann;—sends also a supernumerary Troop of Hussars, who are worth mentioning, 'Six-score horse of Hussar type,' under one Captain Ziethen, a taciturn, much-enduring, much-observing man, whom we shall see again: these are to be diligently helpful, as is natural; but they are also, for their own behoof, to be diligently observant, and learn the Austrian Hussar methods, which his Majesty last year saw to be much superior. Nobody that knows Ziethen doubts but he learnt; Hussar-Colonel Baronay, his Austrian teacher here, became too well convinced of it when they met on a future occasion.[6] All this his Majesty did for the ensuing campaign: but as to the Crown-Prince's going thither, after repeated requests on his part, it is at last signified to him, deep in the season, that it cannot be: "Won't answer for a Crown-Prince to be sharer in such a Campaign;—be patient, my good Fritzchen, I will find other work for thee."[7] Fritzchen is sent into Preussen, to do the Reviewings and Inspections there; Papa not being able for them this season; and strict manifold Inspection, in those parts, being more than usually necessary, owing to the Russian-Polish troubles. On this errand, which is clearly a promotion, though in present circumstances not a welcome one

[5] Förster, ii. 144 (and *date* it from *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 54).

[6] *Life of Ziethen* (veridical but inexact, by the Frau von Blumenthal, a kinswoman of his; English Translation, very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), p. 54.

[7] Friedrich's Letter, 5th September 1735; Friedrich Wilhelm's Answer next day (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, 93-95).

for the Crown-Prince, he sets out without delay; and passes there the equinoctial and autumnal season, in a much more useful way than he could have done in the Rhine-Campaign.

In the Rhine-Moselle Country and elsewhere the poor Kaiser does exert himself to make a Campaign of it; but without the least success. Having not a groschen of money, how could he succeed? Noailles, as foreseen, manœuvres him, hitch after hitch, out of Italy; French are greatly superior, more especially when Montemar, having once got Carlos crowned in Naples and put secure, comes to assist the French; Kaiser has to lean for shelter on the Tyrol Alps, as predicted. Italy, all but some sieging of strong places, may be considered as lost for the present.

Nor on the Rhine did things go better. Old Eugene, 'the shadow of himself,' had no more effect this year than last: nor, though Lacy and Ten Thousand Russians came as allies, Poland being all settled now, could the least good be done. Reich's-Feldmarschall Karl Alexander of Würtemberg did 'burn a Magazine' (probably of hay among better provender), by his bomb-shells, on one occasion. Also the Prussian Ten Thousand, — Old Dessauer leading them, General Röder having fallen ill, — burnt something: an Islet in the Rhine, if I recollect, 'Islet of Lorch near Bingen,' where the French had a post; which and whom the Old Dessauer burnt away. And then Seckendorf, at the head of Thirty Thousand, he, after long delays, marched to Trarbach in the interior Moselle Country; and got into some explosive sputter of battle with Belleisle, one afternoon, — some say, rather beating Belleisle; but a good judge says, it was a mutual flurry and terror they threw one another into.[8] Seckendorf meant to try again on the morrow: but there came an estafette that night: 'Preliminaries signed (Vienna, 3d October 1735); — try no farther!'[9] And this was the second Rhine-Campaign, and the end of the Kaiser's French War. The Sea-Powers, steadily refusing money, diligently run about, offering terms of arbitration; and the Kaiser, beaten at every point, and reduced to his last groschen, is obliged to comply. He will have a pretty bill to pay for his Polish-

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i. 168.

[9] 'Cessation is to be, 5th November for Germany, 15th for Italy; Preliminaries' were, Vienna, '3d October' 1735 (Schöll, ii. 245).

Election frolic, were the settlement done! Fleury is pacific, full of bland candour to the Sea-Powers; the Kaiser, after long higgling upon articles, will have to accept the bill.

The Crown-Prince, meanwhile, has a successful journey into Preussen; sees new interesting scenes, Salzburg Emigrants, exiled Polish Majesties; inspects the soldiering, the schooling, the tax-gathering, the domain-farming, with a perspicacity, a dexterity and completeness that much pleases Papa. Fractions of the Reports sent home exist for us: let the reader take a glance of one only; the first of the series; dated *Marienwerder* (just across the Weichsel, fairly out of Polish Preussen and into our own), 27th September 1735, and addressed to the 'Most All-gracious King and Father;' —abridged for the reader's behoof:

* * 'In Polish Preussen, lately the Seat of War, things look hideously waste; one sees nothing but women and a few children; it is said the people are mostly running away,'—owing to the Russian-Polish procedures there, in consequence of the blessed Election they have had. King August, whom your Majesty is not in love with, has prevailed at this rate of expense. King Stanislaus, protected by your Majesty in spite of Kaisers and Czarinas, waits in Königsberg, till the Peace, now supposed to be coming, say what is to become of him: once in Königsberg, I shall have the pleasure to see him. 'A detachment of five-and-twenty Saxon Dragoons of the Regiment Arnstedt, marching towards Dantzig, met me: their horses were in tolerable case; but some are piebald, some sorrel, and some brown among them,' which will be shocking to your Majesty, 'and the people did not look well.' * *

'Got hither to Marienwerder, last night: have inspected the two Companies which are here, that is to say, Lieutenant-Col. Meier's and Rittmeister Hans's. In very good trim, both of them; and though neither the men nor their horses are of extraordinary size, they are handsome well-drilled fellows, and a fine set of stiff-built horses (*gedrungenen Pferden*). The fellows sit them like pictures (*reiten wie die Puppen*); I saw them do their wheelings. Meier has some fine recruits; in particular two;'—nor has the Rittmeister been wanting in that respect. 'Young horses' too are coming well on, sleek of skin. In short, all is right on the military side.[10]

Civil business, too, of all kinds, the Crown-Prince looked into, with a sharp intelligent eye;—gave praise, gave censure in the right place; put various things on a straight footing,

[10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 97.

which were awry when he found them. In fact, it is Papa's second self; looks into the bottom of all things quite as Papa would have done, and is fatal to mendacities, practical or vocal, wherever he meets them. What a joy to Papa: "Here, after all, is one that can replace me, in case of accident. This Apprentice of mine, after all, he has fairly learned the Art; and will continue it when I am gone!"—

Yes, your Majesty, it is a Prince-Royal wise to recognise your Majesty's rough wisdom, on all manner of points; will not be a Devil's-*friend*, I think, any more than your Majesty was. Here truly are rare talents; like your Majesty and unlike;—and has a steady swiftness in him, as of an eagle, over and above! Such powers of practical judgment, of skilful action, are rare in one's twenty-third year. And still rarer, have readers noted what a power of holding his peace this young man has? Fruit of his sufferings, of the hard life he has had. Most important power; under which all other useful ones will more and more ripen for him. This Prince already knows his own mind, on a good many points; privately, amid the world's vague clamour jargoning round him to no purpose, he is capable of having *his* mind made up into definite Yes and No,—so as will surprise us one day.

Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive,[11] was in a high degree content with this performance of the Prussian Mission: a very great comfort to his sick mind, in those months and afterwards. Here are talents, here are qualities,—visibly the Friedrich-Wilhelm stuff throughout, but cast in an infinitely improved type:—what a blessing we did not cut off that young Head, at the Kaiser's dictation, in former years!—

At Königsberg, as we learn in a dim indirect manner, the Crown-Prince sees King Stanislaus twice or thrice,—not formally, lest there be political offence taken, but incidentally at the houses of third-parties;—and is much pleased with the old gentleman; who is of cultivated good-natured ways, and has surely many curious things, from Charles XII. downwards, to tell a young man.[12] Stanislaus has abundance of useless refugee Polish Magnates about him, with their useless crowds of servants, and no money in pocket; Königsberg all on flutter, with their draperies and them, 'like a little Warsaw:' so that

[11] His Letter, 24th Oct. 1735. (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 99.)
[12] Came 8th October, went 21st (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 98).

Oct. 1735.

Stanislaus's big French pension, moderate Prussian monthly allowance, and all resources, are inadequate; and, in fact, in the end, these Magnates had to vanish, many of them, without settling their accounts in Königsberg.[13] For the present they wait here, Stanislaus and they, till Fleury and the Kaiser, shaking the urn of doom in abstruse treaty after battle, decide what is to become of them.

Friedrich returned to Dantzig: saw that famous City, and late scene of War; tracing with lively interest the footsteps of Münnich and his Siege operations,—some of which are much blamed by judges, and by this young Soldier among the rest. There is a pretty Letter of his from Dantzig, turning mainly on those points. Letter written to his young Brother-in-law, Karl of Brunswick, who is now become Duke there; Grandfather and Father both dead;[14] and has just been blessed with an Heir, to boot. Congratulation on the birth of this Heir is the formal purport of the Letter, though it runs ever and anon into a military strain. Here are some sentences in a condensed form:

'*Dantzig, 26th October* 1735. * * Thank my dear Sister for her 'services. I am charmed that she has made you papa with so good a 'grace. I fear you won't stop there; but will go on peopling the world,' —one knows not to what extent,—'with your amiable race. Would 'have written sooner; but I am just returning from the depths of the 'barbarous Countries; and having been charged with innumerable com-'missions which I did not understand too well, had no good possibility 'to think or to write.

'I have viewed all the Russian labours in these parts; have had the 'assault on the Hagelsberg narrated to me; been on the grounds;— 'and own I had a better opinion of Marshal Münnich than to think him 'capable of so distracted an enterprise.[15] * * Adieu, my dear Brother. 'My compliments to the amiable young Mother. Tell her, I beg you, 'that her proof-essays are masterpieces (*coups d'essai sont des coups de 'maître*).' * * 'Your most' &c.—'FRÉDÉRIC.'

The Brunswick Masterpiece, achieved on this occasion, grew to be a man and Duke, famous enough in the Newspapers in time coming: Champagne, 1792; Jena, 1806; George

[13] *History of Stanislaus.*

[14] Grandfather, 1st March 1735; Father (who lost the *Lines of Ettlingen* lately in our sight), 3d September 1735. Suprà, p. 63.

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31. Pressed for time, and in want of battering-cannon, he attempted to seize this Hagelsberg, one of the outlying defences of Dantzig, by nocturnal storm; lost two thousand men; and retired, *without* doing 'what was flatly impossible,' thinks the Crown-Prince. See Mannstein, pp. 77-79, for an account of it.

IV.'s Queen Caroline; these and other distracted phenomena (pretty much blotting-out the earlier better sort), still keep him hanging painfully in men's memory. From his birth, now in this Prussian Journey of our Crown-Prince, to his death-stroke on the Field of Jena, what a Seventy-one years!—

Fleury and the Kaiser, though it is long before the signature and last finish can take place, are come to terms of settlement, at the Crown-Prince's return; and it is known, in political circles, what the Kaiser's Polish-Election damages will probably amount to. Here are, in substance, the only conditions that could be got for him:

'1°. Baby Carlos, crowned in Naples, cannot be pulled out again: 'Naples, the Two Sicilies, are gone without return. That is the first 'loss; please Heaven it be the worst! On the other hand, Baby Carlos 'will, as some faint compensation, surrender to your Imperial Majesty 'his Parma and Piacenza apanages; and you shall get back your Lom-'bardy,—all but a scantling which we fling to the Sardinian Majesty; 'who is a good deal huffed, having had possession of the Milanese these 'two years past, in terms of his bargain with Fleury. Pacific Fleury 'says to him: "Bargain cannot be kept, your Majesty; please to quit 'the Milanese again, and put-up with this scantling."

'2°. The Crown of Poland, August III. has got it, by Russian bom-'bardings and other measures: Crown shall stay with August,—all the 'rather as there would be no dispossessing him, at this stage. He was 'your Imperial Majesty's Candidate; let him be the winner there, for 'your Imperial Majesty's comfort.

'3°. And then as to poor Stanislaus? Well, let Stanislaus be Titular 'Majesty of Poland for life;—which indeed will do little for him:— 'but in addition, we propose, That, the Dukedom of Lorraine being 'now in our hands, Majesty Stanislaus have the life-rent of Lorraine to 'subsist upon; and—and that Lorraine fall to us of France on his de-'cease!—"Lorraine?" exclaim the Kaiser, and the Reich, and the 'Kaiser's intended Son-in-law Franz Duke of Lorraine. There is in-'deed a loss and a disgrace; a heavy item in the Election damages!

'4°. As to Duke Franz, there is a remedy. The old Duke of 'Florence, last of the Medici, is about to die childless: let the now 'Duke of Lorraine, your Imperial Majesty's intended Son-in-law, have 'Florence instead.—And so it had to be settled. "Lorraine? To 'Stanislaus, to France?" exclaimed the poor Kaiser, still more the 'poor Reich, and poor Duke Franz. This was the bitterest cut of all; 'but there was no getting past it. This too had to be allowed, this 'item for the Election breakages in Poland. And so France, after 'nibbling for several centuries, swallows Lorraine whole. Duke Franz 'attempted to stand out; remonstrated much, with Kaiser and Hofrath,

'at Vienna, on this unheard-of proposal: but they told him it was ir-
'remediable; told him at last (one Bartenstein, a famed Aulic Official,
'told him), "No Lorraine, no Archduchess, your Serenity!"—and
'Franz had to comply. Lorraine is gone; cunning Fleury has swallowed
'it whole. "That was what he meant in picking this quarrel!" said
'Teutschland mournfully. Fleury was very pacific, candid in aspect
'to the Sea-Powers and others; and did not crow afflictively, did not
'say what he had meant.

'5°. One immense consolation for the Kaiser, if for no other, is:
'France guarantees the Pragmatic Sanction,—though with very great
'difficulty; spending a couple of years, chiefly on this latter point as was
'thought.[16] How it kept said guarantee, will be seen in the sequel.'

And these were the damages the poor Kaiser had to pay for meddling in Polish Elections; for galloping thither in chase of his Shadows. No such account of broken windows was ever presented to a man before. This may be considered as the consummation of the Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt; or at least its igniting and exploding point. His Duel with the Termagant has at last ended; in total defeat to him on every point. Shadow-Hunt does not end; though it is now mostly vanished; exploded in fire. Shadow-Hunt is now gone all to Pragmatic Sanction, as it were: that now is the one thing left in Nature for a Kaiser; and that he will love, and chase, as the summary of all things. From this point he steadily goes down, and at a rapid rate;—getting into disastrous Turk Wars, with as little preparation for War or Fact as a life-long Hunt of *Shadows* presupposes; Eugene gone from him, and nothing but Seckendorfs to manage for him;—and sinks to a low pitch indeed. We will leave him here; shall hope to see but little more of him.

In the summer of 1736, in consequence of these arrangements,—which were completed so far, though difficulties on Pragmatic Sanction and other points retarded the final signature for many months longer,—the Titular Majesty Stanislaus girt himself together for departure towards his new Dominion or Life-rent; quitted Königsberg; traversed Prussian Poland, safe this time, 'under escort of Lieutenant-General von Katte' (our poor Katte of Cüstrin's Father) 'and fifty cuirassiers;' reached Berlin in the middle of May, under flowerier aspects than usual. He travelled under the title of 'Count' Something, and alighted at the French Ambassador's in Berlin: but Fried-

[16] Treaty on *it* not signed till 18th November 1738 (Schöll, ii. 246).

rich Wilhelm treated him like a real Majesty, almost like a real Brother; had him over to the Palace; rushed out to meet him there, I forget how many steps beyond the proper limits; and was hospitality itself and munificence itself;—and, in fact, that night and all the other nights, 'they smoked above thirty pipes together,' for one item. May 21st, 1736,[17] Ex-Majesty Stanislaus went on his way again; towards France,—towards Meudon, a quiet Royal House in France,—till Lunéville, Nanci, and their Lorraine Palaces are quite ready. There, in these latter, he at length does find resting-place, poor innocent insipid mortal, after such tossings to and fro: and M. de Voltaire, and others of mark, having sometimes enlivened the insipid Court there, Titular King Stanislaus has still a kind of remembrance among mankind.

Of his Prussian Majesty we said that, though the Berlin populations reported him well again, it was not so. The truth is, his Majesty was never well again. From this point, age only forty-seven, he continues broken in bodily constitution; clogged more and more with physical impediments; and his History, personal and political withal, is as that of an old man, finishing his day. To the last he pulls steadily, neglecting no business, suffering nothing to go wrong. Building operations go on at Berlin; pushed more than ever, in these years, by the rigorous Derschau, who has got that in charge. No man of money or rank in Berlin but Derschau is upon him, with heavier and heavier compulsion to build: which is felt to be tyrannous; and occasions an ever-deepening grumble among the moneyed classes. At Potsdam his Majesty himself is the Builder; and gives the Houses away to persons of merit.[18]

Nor is the Army less an object, perhaps almost more. Nay, at one time, old Kur-Pfalz being reckoned in a dying condition, Friedrich Wilhelm is about ranking his men, prepared to fight for his rights in Jülich and Berg; Kaiser having openly gone over, and joined with France against his Majesty in that matter. However, the old Kur-Pfalz did not die, and there came nothing of fight in Friedrich Wilhelm's time. But his History,

[17] Förster (i. 227), following loose Pöllnitz (ii. 478), dates it 1735: a more considerable error, if looked into, than is usual in Herr Förster; who is not an ill-informed nor inexact man;—though, alas, in respect of method (that is to say, *want* of visible method, indication, or human arrangement), probably the most confused of all the Germans!

[18] Pöllnitz, ii. 469.

on the political side, is henceforth mainly a commentary to him on that "word" he heard in Priort, "which was as if you had turned a dagger in my heart!" With the Kaiser he is fallen out: there arise unfriendly passages between them, sometimes sarcastic on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, in reference to this very War now ended. Thus, when complaint rose about the Prussian misbehaviours on their late marches (misbehaviours notable in Countries where their recruiting operations had been troubled), the Kaiser took a high severe tone, not assuaging, rather aggravating the matter; and, for his own share, winded-up by a strict prohibition of Prussian recruiting in any and every part of the Imperial Dominions. Which Friedrich Wilhelm took extremely ill. This is from a letter of his to the Crown-Prince, and after the first gust of wrath had spent itself: 'It is a clear disadvantage, this prohibition of recruiting in the 'Kaiser's Countries. That is our thanks for the Ten Thou-'sand men sent him, and for all the deference I have shown 'the Kaiser at all times; and by this you may see that it would 'be of no use if one even sacrificed oneself to him. So long 'as they need us, they continue to flatter; but no sooner is the 'strait thought to be over, and help not wanted, than they pull-'off the mask, and have not the least acknowledgment. The 'considerations that will occur to you on this matter may put it 'in your power to be prepared against similar occasions in time 'coming.'[19]

Thus, again, in regard to the winter-quarters of the Ziethen Hussars. Prussian Majesty, we recollect, had sent a Supernumerary Squadron to the last Campaign on the Rhine. They were learning their business, Friedrich Wilhelm knew; but also were fighting for the Kaiser,—that was what the Kaiser knew about them. Somewhat to his surprise, in the course of next year, Friedrich Wilhelm received, from the Vienna War-Office, a little Bill of 10,284 florins (1,028*l.* 8*s.*) charged to *him* for the winter-quarters of these Hussars. He at once paid the little Bill, with only this observation: 'Heartily glad that I can help 'the Imperial *Ærarium* with that 1,028*l.* 8*s.* With the sin-'cerest wishes for hundred-thousandfold increase to it in said '*Ærarium;* otherwise it won't go very far!'[20]

At a later period, in the course of his disastrous Turk War,

[19] 6th February 1736: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 102.
[20] Letter to Seckendorf (*Senior*): Förster, ii. 150.

the Kaiser, famishing for money, set about borrowing a million gulden (100,000*l.*) from the Banking House Splittgerber and Daun at Berlin. Splittgerber and Daun had not the money, could not raise it: "Advance us that sum, in their name, your Majesty," proposes the Vienna Court: "There shall be three-per-cent bonus, interest six per cent, and security beyond all question!" To which fine offer his Majesty answers, addressing Seckendorf Junior: 'Touching the proposal of my giving 'the Bankers Splittgerber and Daun a lift, with a million gul-'den, to assist in that loan of theirs,—said proposal, as I am 'not a merchant accustomed to deal in profits and percentages, 'cannot in that form take effect. Out of old friendship, how-'ever, I am, on Their*o* Imperial Majesty's request, extremely 'ready to pay down, once and away (*à fond perdu*), a couple of 'million gulden, provided the Imperial Majesty will grant me '*the conditions* known to your Uncle' (*fulfilment* of that now oldish Jülich-and-Berg promise, namely!), 'which are *fair*. In 'such case the thing shall be rapidly completed!'[21]

In a word, Friedrich Wilhelm falls-out with the Kaiser more and more; experiences more and more what a Kaiser this has been towards him. Queen Sophie has fallen silent in the History Books; both the Majesties may look remorsefully, but perhaps best in silence, over the breakages and wrecks this Kaiser has brought upon them. Friedrich Wilhelm does not meanly hate the Kaiser: good man, he sometimes pities him; sometimes, we perceive, has a touch of authentic contempt for him. But his thoughts, in that quarter, premature old age aggravating them, are generally of a tragic nature, not to be spoken without tears; and the tears have a flash at the bottom of them, when he looks round on Fritz and says, "There is one, though, that will avenge me!" Friedrich Wilhelm, to the last a broad strong phenomenon, keeps wending downward, homeward, from this point; the Kaiser too, we perceive, is rapidly consummating his enormous Spectre-Hunts and Duels with Termagants, and before long will be at rest. We have well-nigh done with both these Majesties.

The Crown-Prince, by his judicious obedient procedures in these Four Years at Ruppin, at a distance from Papa, has, as it were, completed his *Apprenticeship;* and, especially by this

[21] Förster, ii. 151 (without *date* there).

May 1736.

last Inspection-Journey into Preussen, may be said to have delivered his *Proof-Essay* with a distinguished success. He is now out of his Apprenticeship; entitled to take-up his Indentures, whenever need shall be. The rugged old Master cannot but declare him competent, qualified to try his own hand without supervision :—after all those unheard-of confusions, like to set the shop on fire at one time, it is a blessedly successful Apprenticeship! Let him now, theoretically at least, in the realms of Art, Literature, Spiritual Improvement, do his *Wanderjahre*, over at Reinsberg, still in the old region,—still well apart from Papa, who agrees best *not* in immediate contact;—and be happy in the new Domesticities, and larger opportunities, provided for him there; till a certain *time* come, which none of us are in haste for.

BOOK X.

AT REINSBERG.

1736–1740.

CHAPTER I.

MANSION OF REINSBERG.

On the Crown-Prince's Marriage, three years ago, when the *Amt* or Government-District *Ruppin*, with its incomings, was assigned to him for revenue, we heard withal of a residence getting ready. Hint had fallen from the Prince, that Reinsberg, an old Country-seat, standing with its Domain round it in that little Territory of Ruppin, and probably purchaseable as was understood, might be pleasant, were it once his and well put in repair. Which hint the kind paternal Majesty instantly proceeded to act upon. He straightway gave orders for the purchase of Reinsberg; concluded said purchase, on fair terms, after some months bargaining;[1]—and set his best Architect, one Kemeter, to work, in concert with the Crown-Prince, to new-build and enlarge the decayed Schloss of Reinsberg into such a Mansion as the young Royal Highness and his Wife would like.

Kemeter has been busy, all this while; a solid, elegant, yet frugal builder: and now the main body of the Mansion is complete, or nearly so, the wings and adjuncts going steadily forward; Mansion so far ready that the Royal Highnesses can take-up their abode in it. Which they do, this Autumn, 1736; and fairly commence Joint Housekeeping, in a permanent manner. Hitherto it has been intermittent only: hitherto the Crown-Princess has resided in their Berlin Mansion, or in her own Country-house at Schönhausen; Husband not habitually

[1] 23d October 1733, order given,—16th March 1734, purchase completed (Preuss, i. 73).

with her, except when on leave of absence from Ruppin, in Carnival time or for shorter periods. At Ruppin his life has been rather that of a bachelor, or husband abroad on business, up to this time. But now at Reinsberg they do kindle the sacred hearth together; '6th August 1736' the date of that important event. They have got their Court about them, dames and cavaliers more than we expected; they have arranged the furnitures of their existence here on fit scale, and set-up their Lares and Penates on a thrifty footing. Majesty and Queen come out on a visit to them next month;[2]—raising the sacred hearth into its first considerable blaze, and crowning the operation in a human manner.

And so there has a new epoch arisen for the Crown-Prince and his Consort. A new and much-improved one. It lasted into the fourth year; rather improving all the way: and only Kingship, which, if a higher sphere, was a far less pleasant one, put an end to it. Friedrich's happiest time was this at Reinsberg; the little Four Years of Hope, Composure, realisable Idealism: an actual snatch of something like the Idyllic, appointed him in a life-pilgrimage consisting otherwise of realisms oftenest contradictory enough, and sometimes of very grim complexion. He is master of his work, he is adjusted to the practical conditions set him; conditions once complied with, daily work done, he lives to the Muses, to the spiritual improvements, to the social enjoyments; and has, though not without flaws of ill-weather,—from the Tobacco-Parliament perhaps rather less than formerly, and from the Finance-quarter perhaps rather more,—a sunny time. His innocent insipidity of a Wife, too, appears to have been happy. She had the charm of youth, of good looks; a wholesome perfect loyalty of character withal; and did not 'take to pouting,' as was once apprehended of her, but pleasantly gave and received of what was going. This poor Crown-Princess, afterwards Queen, has been heard, in her old age, reverting, in a touching transient way, to the glad days she had at Reinsberg. Complaint openly was never heard from her, in any kind of days; but these doubtless were the best of her life.

Reinsberg, we said, is in the *Amt* Ruppin; naturally under the Crown-Prince's government at present: the little Town or Village of Reinsberg stands about ten miles north of the Town

[2] 4th September 1736 (Preuss, i. 75).

Ruppin;—not quite a third-part as big as Ruppin is in our time, and much more pleasantly situated. The country about is of comfortable, not unpicturesque character; to be distinguished almost as beautiful, in that region of sand and moor. Lakes abound in it; tilled fields; heights called "hills;" and wood of fair growth,—one reads of 'beech-avenues,' of 'high linden-avenues:'—a country rather of the ornamented sort, before the Prince with his improvements settled there. Many lakes and lakelets in it, as usual hereabouts; the loitering waters straggle, all over that region, into meshes of lakes. Reinsberg itself, Village and Schloss, stands on the edge of a pleasant Lake, last of a mesh of such: the *summary*, or outfall, of which, already here a good strong brook or stream, is called the *Rhein*, Rhyn or Rein; and gives name to the little place. We heard of the Rein at Ruppin: it is there counted as a kind of river; still more, twenty miles farther down, where it falls into the Havel, on its way to the Elbe. The waters, I think, are drab-coloured, not peat-brown: and here, at the source, or outfall from that mesh of lakes, where Reinsberg is, the country seems to be about the best;—sufficient, in picturesqueness and otherwise, to satisfy a reasonable man.

The little Town is very old; but, till the Crown-Prince settled there, had no peculiar vitality in it. I think there are now some potteries, glass-manufactories: Friedrich Wilhelm, just while the Crown-Prince was removing thither, settled a first Glass-work there; which took good root, and rose to eminence in the crystal, Bohemian-crystal, white-glass, cut-glass, and other commoner lines, in the Crown-Prince's time.[3]

Reinsberg stands on the east or southeast side of its pretty Lake: Lake is called "the *Grinerick See*" (as all those remote Lakes have their names); Mansion is between the Town and Lake. A Mansion fronting, we may say, four ways; for it is of quadrangular form, with a wet moat from the Lake begirdling it, and has a spacious court for interior: but the principal entrance is from the Town side; for the rest, the Building is ashlar on all sides, front and rear. Stands there, handsomely abutting on the Lake with two Towers, a Tower at each angle, which it has on that lakeward side; and looks, over Reinsberg, and its steeple rising amid friendly umbrage which hides

[3] *Beschreibung des Lustschlosses &c. zu Reinsberg* (Berlin, 1788): Author, a 'Lieutenant Hennert,' thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

the housetops, towards the rising sun. Townward there is room for a spacious esplanade; and then for the stables, outbuildings, well masked; which still farther shut-off the Town. To this day, Reinsberg stands with the air of a solid respectable Edifice; still massive, rain-tight, though long since deserted by the Princeships,—by Friedrich nearly six-score years ago, and nearly three-score by Prince Henri, a Brother of Friedrich's, who afterwards had it. Last accounts I got were, of talk there had risen of planting an extensive *Normal-School* there; which promising plan had been laid aside again for the time.

The old Schloss, residence of the Bredows and other feudal people for a long while, had good solid masonry in it, and around it orchards, potherb gardens; which Friedrich Wilhelm's Architects took good care to extend and improve, not to throw away: the result of their art is what we see, a beautiful Country-House, what might be called a Country-Palace with all its adjuncts;—and at a rate of expense which would fill English readers, of this time, with amazement. Much is admirable to us as we study Reinsberg, what it had been, what it became, and how it was made; but nothing more so than the small modicum of money it cost. To our wondering thought, it seems as if the shilling, in those parts, were equal to the guinea in these; and the reason, if we ask it, is by no means flattering altogether. "Change in the value of money?" Alas, reader, no; that is not above the fourth part of the phenomenon. Three-fourths of the phenomenon are change in the methods of administering money,—difference between managing it with wisdom and veracity on both sides, and managing it with unwisdom and mendacity on both sides. Which is very great indeed; and infinitely sadder than any one, in these times, will believe!—But we cannot dwell on this consideration. Let the reader take it with him, as a constant accompaniment in whatever work of Friedrich Wilhelm's or of Friedrich his Son's, he now or at any other time may be contemplating. Impious waste, which means disorder and dishonesty, and loss of much other than money to all parties,—disgusting aspect of human creatures, master and servant, working together as if they were not human,—will be spared him in those foreign departments; and in an English heart thoughts will arise, perhaps, of a wholesome tendency, though very sad, as times are.

It would but weary the reader to describe this Crown-Prince Mansion; which, by desperate study of our abstruse materials, it is possible to do with auctioneer minuteness. There are engraved *Views* of Reinsberg and its Environs; which used to lie conspicuous in the portfolios of collectors,—which I have not seen.[4] Of the House itself, engraved Frontages (*Façades*), Groundplans, are more accessible; and along with them, descriptions which are little descriptive,—wearisomely detailed, and as it were dark by excess of light (auctioneer light) thrown on them. The reader sees, in general, a fine symmetrical Block of Buildings, standing in rectangular shape, in the above locality:—about two hundred English feet, each, the two longer sides measure, the Townward and the Lakeward, on their outer front: about a hundred and thirty, each, the two shorter; or a hundred and fifty, taking-in their Towers just spoken of. The fourth or Lakeward side, however, which is one of the longer pair, consists mainly of 'Colonnade;' spacious Colonnade 'with vases and statues;' catching-up the outskirts of said Towers, and handsomely uniting everything.

Beyond doubt, a dignified, substantial pile of stonework; all of good proportions. Architecture everywhere of cheerfully serious, solidly graceful character; all of sterling ashlar; the due *risalites* (projecting spaces) with their attics and statues atop, the due architraves, cornices and corbels,—in short the due opulence of ornament being introduced, and only the due. Genuine sculptors, genuine painters, artists have been busy; and in fact all the suitable fine arts, and all the necessary solid ones, have worked together, with a noticeable fidelity, comfortable to the very beholder to this day. General height is about forty feet; two stories of ample proportions: the Towers overlooking them are sixty feet in height. Extent of outer frontage, if you go all round, and omit the Colonnade, will be five hundred feet and more: this, with the rearward face, is a thousand feet of room frontage:—fancy the extent of lodging space. For 'all the kitchens and appurtenances are underground;' the 'left front' (which is a new part of the Edifice) rising comfortably over these. Windows I did not count; but they must go high up into the Hundreds. No end to lodging space. Nay in a detached side-edifice subsequently built, called Cavalier House, I read of there being, for one item, 'fifty lodging rooms,' and

[4] See Hennert, just cited, for the titles of them.

for another 'a theatre.' And if an English Duke of Trumps were to look at the bills for all that,—his astonishment would be extreme, and perhaps in a degree painful and salutary to him.

In one of these Towers the Crown-Prince has his Library: a beautiful apartment; nothing wanting to it that the arts could furnish, 'ceiling done by Pesne' with allegorical geniuses and what not; looks out on mere sky, mere earth and water in an ornamental state: silent as in Elysium. It is there we are to fancy the Correspondence written, the Poetries and literary industries going on. There, or stepping down for a turn in the open air, or sauntering meditatively under the Colonnade with its statues and vases (where weather is no object), one commands the Lake, with its little tufted Islands, 'Remus Island' much famed among them, and 'high beech-woods' on the farther side. The Lake is very pretty, all say; lying between you and the sunset;—with perhaps some other lakelet, or solitary pool in the wilderness, many miles away, 'revealing itself as a cup of molten gold,' at that interesting moment. What the Book-Collection was, in the interior, I know not except by mere guess.

The Crown-Princess's Apartment, too, which remained unaltered at the last accounts had of it,[5] is very fine;—take the anteroom for specimen: 'This fine room,' some twenty feet height of ceiling, 'has six windows; three of them, in the main 'front, looking towards the Town, the other three towards the 'Interior Court. The light from these windows is heightened 'by mirrors covering all the piers (*Schäfte*, interspaces of the 'walls), to an uncommonly splendid pitch; and shows the 'painting of the ceiling, which again is by the famous Pesne, 'to much perfection. The Artist himself, too, has managed 'to lay-on his colours there so softly, and with such delicate 'skill, that the light-beams seem to prolong themselves in the 'painted clouds and air, as if it were the real sky you had over-'head.' There in that cloud-region 'Mars is being disarmed 'by the Love-Goddesses, and they are sporting with his wea-'pons. He stretches out his arm towards the Goddess, who 'looks upon him with fond glances. Cupids are spreading-out 'a draping.' That is Pesne's luxurious performance in the ceiling.—'Weapon-festoons, in basso-relievo, gilt, adorn the

[5] From Hennert, namely, in 1778.

'walls of this room; and two Pictures, also by Pesne, which 'represent, in life size, the late King and Queen' (our good friends Friedrich Wilhelm and his Sophie), 'are worthy of at-'tention. Over each of the doors, you find in low-relief the 'Profiles of Hannibal, Pompey, Scipio, Cæsar, introduced as 'Medallions.'

All this is very fine: but all this is little to another ceiling, in some big Saloon elsewhere, Music-saloon, I think: Black Night, making off, with all her sickly dews, at one end of the ceiling; and at the other end, the Steeds of Phœbus bursting forth, and the glittering shafts of Day,—with Cupids, Love-goddesses, War-gods, not omitting Bacchus and his vines, all getting beautifully awake in consequence. A very fine room indeed;—used as a Music-Saloon, or I know not what,—and the ceiling of it almost an ideal, say the connoisseurs.

Endless gardens, pavilions, grottos, hermitages, orangeries, artificial ruins, parks and pleasances surround this favoured spot and its Schloss; nothing wanting in it that a Prince's establishment needs,—except indeed it be hounds, for which this Prince never had the least demand.

Except the old Ruppin duties, which imply continual journeyings thither, distance only a morning's ride; except these, and occasional commissions from Papa, Friedrich is left master of his time and pursuits in this new Mansion. There are visits to Potsdam, periodical appearances at Berlin; some Correspondence to keep the Tobacco-Parliament in tune. But Friedrich's taste is for the Literatures, Philosophies: a young Prince bent seriously to cultivate his mind; to attain some clear knowledge of this world, so all-important to him. And he does seriously read, study and reflect a good deal; his main recreations, seemingly, are Music, and the converse of well-informed friendly men. In Music we find him particularly rich. Daily, at a fixed hour of the afternoon, there is concert held; the reader has seen in what kind of room: and if the Artists entertained here for that function were enumerated (high names, not yet forgotten in the Musical world), it would still more astonish readers. I count them to the number of Twenty or Nineteen; and mention only that 'the two Brothers Graun' and 'the two Brothers Benda' were of the lot; suppressing four other Fiddlers of eminence, and 'a Pianist who is known

to everybody.'[6] The Prince has a fine sensibility to Music: does himself, with thrilling adagios on the flute, join in these harmonious acts; and, no doubt, if rightly vigilant against the Nonsenses, gets profit, now and henceforth, from this part of his resources.

He has visits, calls to make, on distinguished persons within reach; he has much Correspondence, of a Literary or Social nature. For instance, there is Suhm the Saxon Envoy translating *Wolf's Philosophy* into French for him; sending it in fascicles; with endless Letters to and from, upon it,—which were then highly interesting, but are now dead to every reader. The Crown-Prince has got a Post-Office established at Reinsberg; leathern functionary of some sort comes lumbering round, southward, 'from the Mecklenburg quarter twice a week, and goes by Fehrbellin,' for the benefit of his Correspondences. Of his calls in the neighbourhood, we mean to show the reader one sample, before long; and only one.

There are Lists given us of the Prince's 'Court' at Reinsberg; and one reads, and again reads, the dreariest unmemorable accounts of them; but cannot, with all one's industry, attain any definite understanding of what they were employed in, day after day, at Reinsberg:—still more are their salaries and maintenance a mystery to us, in that frugal establishment. There is Wolden for Hofmarschall, our old Cüstrin friend; there is Colonel Senning, old Marlborough Colonel with the wooden leg, who taught Friedrich his drillings and artillery-practices in boyhood, a fine sagacious old gentleman this latter. There is a M. Jordan, Ex-Preacher, an ingenious Prussian-Frenchman, still young, who acts as 'Reader and Librarian;' of whom we shall hear a good deal more. 'Intendant' is Captain (Ex-Captain) Knobelsdorf; a very sensible accomplished man, whom we saw once at Baireuth; who has been to Italy since, and is now returned with beautiful talents for Architecture: it is he that now undertakes the completing of Reinsberg,[7] which he will skilfully accomplish in the course of the next three years. Twenty Musicians on wind or string; Painters, Antoine Pesne but one of them; Sculptors, Glume and others of eminence; and Hof-Cavaliers, to we know not what extent:—How was such a Court kept up, in harmonious free dignity, and no halt in its finances, or mean pinch of any kind visible?

[6] Hennert, p. 21. [7] Ib. p. 29.

The Prince did get in debt; but not deep, and it was mainly for the tall recruits he had to purchase. His money-accounts are by no means fully known to me: but I should question if his expenditure (such is my guess) ever reached 3,000*l.* a year; and am obliged to reflect more and more, as the ancient Cato did, what an admirable revenue frugality is!

Many of the Cavaliers, I find, for one thing, were of the Regiment Goltz; that was one evident economy. 'Rittmeister von Chasot,' as the Books call him: readers saw that Chasot flying to Prince Eugene, and know him since the Siege of Philipsburg. He is not yet Rittmeister, or Captain of Horse, as he became; but is of the Ruppin Garrison; Hof-Cavalier; 'attended Friedrich on his late Prussian journey;' and is much a favourite, when he can be spared from Ruppin. Captain Wylich, afterwards a General of mark; the Lieutenant Buddenbrock who did the parson-charivari at Ruppin, but is now reformed from those practices: all these are of Goltz. Colonel Keyserling, not of Goltz, nor in active military duty here, is a friend of very old standing; was officially named as 'Companion' to the Prince, a long while back; and got into trouble on his account in the disastrous Ante-Cüstrin or Flight Epoch: one of the Prince's first acts, when he got pardoned after Cüstrin, was to beg for the pardon of this Keyserling; and now he has him here, and is very fond of him. A Courlander, of good family, this Keyserling; of good gifts too,—which, it was once thought, would be practically sublime; for he carried off all manner of college prizes, and was the Admirable-Crichton of Königsberg University and the Graduates there. But in the end they proved to be gifts of the vocal sort rather: and have led only to what we see. A man, I should guess, rather of buoyant vivacity than of depth or strength in intellect or otherwise. Excessively buoyant, ingenious; full of wit, kindly exuberance; a loyal-hearted, gay-tempered man, and much a favourite in society as well as with the Prince. If we were to dwell on Reinsberg, Keyserling would come prominently forward.

Major von Stille, ultimately Major-General von Stille, I should also mention: near twenty years older than the Prince; a wise thoughtful soldier (went, by permission, to the Siege of Dantzig lately, to improve himself); a man capable of rugged service, when the time comes. His military writings were once

in considerable esteem with professional men; and still impress a lay reader with favourable notions towards Stille, as a man of real worth and sense.[8]

Of Monsieur Jordan and the Literary Set.

There is, of course, a Chaplain in the Establishment: a Reverend 'M. Deschamps;' who preaches to them all,—in French no doubt. Friedrich never hears Deschamps: Friedrich is always over at Ruppin on Sundays; and there 'himself reads a sermon to the Garrison,' as part of the day's duties. Reads finely, in a melodious feeling manner, says Formey, who can judge: 'even in his old days, he would incidentally,' when some Emeritus Parson, like Formey, chanced to be with him, 'roll out choice passages from Bossuet, from Massillon,' in a voice and with a look, which would have been perfection in the pulpit, thinks Formey.[9]

M. Jordan, though he was called '*Lecteur* (Reader),' did not read to him, I can perceive; but took charge of the Books; busied himself honestly to be useful in all manner of literary or quasi-literary ways. He was, as his name indicates, from the French-refugee department: a recent acquisition, much valued at Reinsberg. As he makes a figure afterwards, we had better mark him a little.

Jordan's parents were wealthy religious persons, in trade at Berlin; this Jordan (Charles Etienne, age now thirty-six) was their eldest son. It seems they had destined him from birth, consulting their own pious feelings merely, to be a Preacher of the Gospel; the other sons, all of them reckoned clever too, were brought-up to secular employments. And preach he, this poor Charles Etienne, accordingly did; what best Gospel he had; in an honest manner, all say,—though never with other than a kind of reluctance on the part of Nature, forced out of her course. He had wedded, been clergyman in two successive country places; when his wife died, leaving him one little daughter, and a heart much overset by that event. Friends, wealthy Brothers probably, had pushed him out into the free air, in these circumstances: "Take a Tour; Holland, Eng-

[8] *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse*;—a posthumous Book; *anterior* to the Seven-Years War.

[9] *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen* (2de édition, Paris, 1797), i. 37.

land; feel the winds blowing, see the sun shining, as in times past: it will do you good!"

Jordan, in the course of his Tour, came to composure on several points. He found that, by frugality, by wise management of some peculium already his, his little Daughter and he might have quietness at Berlin, and the necessary food and raiment;—and, on the whole, that he would altogether cease preaching, and settle down there, among his Books, in a frugal manner. Which he did;—and was living so, when the Prince, searching for that kind of person, got tidings of him. And here he is at Reinsberg; bustling about, in a brisk, modestly frank and cheerful manner: well liked by everybody; by his Master very well and ever better, who grew into real regard, esteem and even friendship for him, and has much Correspondence, of a freer kind than is common to him, with little Jordan, so long as they lived together. Jordan's death, ten years hence, was probably the one considerable pain he had ever given his neighbours, in this the ultimate section of his life.

I find him described, at Reinsberg, as a small nimble figure, of Southern-French aspect; black, uncommonly bright eyes; and a general aspect of adroitness, modesty, sense, sincerity; good prognostics, which on acquaintance with the man were pleasantly fulfilled.

For the sake of these considerations, I fished-out, from the Old-Book Catalogues and sea of forgetfulness, some of the poor Books he wrote; especially a *Voyage Littéraire*,[10] Journal of that first Sanitary Excursion or Tour he took, to get the clouds blown from his mind. A *Literary Voyage* which awakens a kind of tragic feeling; being itself dead, and treating of matters which are all gone dead. So many immortal writers, Dutch chiefly, whom Jordan is enabled to report as having effloresced, or being soon to effloresce, in such and such forms, of Books important to the learned: leafy, blossomy Forest of Literature, waving glorious in the then sunlight to Jordan;—and it lies all now, to Jordan and us, not withered only, but abolished; compressed into a film of indiscriminate *peat*. Consider what that *peat* is made of, O celebrated or uncelebrated reader, and take a moral from Jordan's Book! Other merit, except indeed clearness and commendable brevity, the *Voyage Littéraire* or other

[10] *Histoire d'un Voyage Littéraire fait, en* MDCCXXXIII, *en France, en Angleterre et en Hollande* (2de édition, à La Haye, 1736).

little Books of Jordan's have not now. A few of his Letters to Friedrich, which exist, are the only writings with the least life left in them, and this an accidental life, not momentous to him or us. Dryasdust informs me, 'Abbé Jordan, alone of 'the Crown-Prince's cavaliers, sleeps in the Town of Reins-'berg, not in the Schloss:' and if I ask, Why?—there is no answer. Probably his poor little Daughterkin was beside him there?—

We have to say of Friedrich's Associates, that generally they were of intelligent type, each of them master of something or other, and capable of rational discourse upon that at least. Integrity, loyalty of character, was indispensable; good humour, wit if it could be had, were much in request. There was no man of shining distinction there; but they were the best that could be had, and that is saying all. Friedrich cannot be said, either as Prince or as King, to have been superlatively successful in his choice of associates. With one single exception, to be noticed shortly, there is not one of them whom we should now remember except for Friedrich's sake;—uniformly they are men whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner. One man of shining parts he had, and one only; no man ever of really high and great mind. The latter sort are not so easy to get; rarely producible on the soil of this Earth! Nor is it certain how Friedrich might have managed with one of this sort, or he with Friedrich;—though Friedrich unquestionably would have tried, had the chance offered. For he loved intellect as few men on the throne, or off it, ever did; and the little he could gather of it round him often seems to me a fact tragical rather than otherwise.

With the outer Berlin social world, acting and reacting, Friedrich has his connexions, which obscurely emerge on us now and then. Literary Eminences, who are generally of Theological vesture; any follower of Philosophy, especially if he be of refined manners withal, or known in fashionable life, is sure to attract him; and gains ample recognition at Reinsberg or on Town-visits. But the Berlin Theological or Literary world at that time, still more the Berlin Social, like a sunk extinct object, continues very dim in those old records; and to say truth, what features we have of it do not invite to miraculous efforts for farther acquaintance. Venerable Beausobre, with

his *History of the Manicheans*,[11] and other learned things,—we heard of him long since, in Toland and the Republican Queen's time, as a light of the world. He is now fourscore, grown white as snow; very serene, polite, with a smack of French noblesse in him, perhaps a smack of affectation traceable too. The Crown-Prince, on one of his Berlin visits, wished to see this Beausobre; got a meeting appointed, in somebody's rooms 'in the French College,' and waited for the venerable man. Venerable man entered, loftily serene as a martyr Preacher of the Word, something of an ancient Seigneur de Beausobre in him, too; for the rest, soft as sunset, and really with fine radiances, in a somewhat twisted state, in that good old mind of his. "What have you been reading lately, M. de Beausobre?" said the Prince, to begin conversation. "Ah, Monseigneur, I "have just risen from reading the sublimest piece of writing "that exists."—"And what?" "The exordium of St. John's "Gospel: *In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was* "*with God, and the Word was*—" Which somewhat took the Prince by surprise, as Formey reports; though he rallied straightway, and got good conversation out of the old gentleman. To whom, we perceive, he writes once or twice,[12]—a copy of his own verses to correct, on one occasion,—and is very respectful and considerate.

Formey tells us of another French sage, personally known to the Prince since Boyhood; for he used to be about the Palace, doing something. This is one La Croze; Professor of, I think, "Philosophy" in the French College: sublime monster of Erudition, at that time; forgotten now, I fear, by everybody. Swag-bellied, short of wind; liable to rages, to utterances of a coarse nature; a decidedly ugly, monstrous and rather stupid kind of man. Knew twenty languages, in a coarse inexact way. Attempted deep kinds of discourse, in the lecture-room and elsewhere; but usually broke-off into endless welters of anecdote, not always of cleanly nature; and after every two or three words, a desperate sigh, not for sorrow, but on account of flabbiness and fat. Formey gives a portraiture of him; not

[11] *Histoire critique de Manichée et du Manichéisme*: wrote also *Remarques &c. sur le Nouveau Testament*, which were once famous; *Histoire de la Réformation*; &c. &c. He is Beausobre *Senior*; there were two Sons (one of them born in second wedlock, after Papa was 70), who were likewise given to writing.—See Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 33-39.

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 121-126. Dates are all of 1737; the last of Beausobre's years.

worth copying farther. The same Formey, standing one day somewhere on the streets of Berlin, was himself, he cannot doubt, *seen* by the Crown-Prince in passing; 'who asked M. Jordan, who that was,' and got answer:—is not that a comfortable fact? Nothing farther came of it;—respectable Ex-Parson Formey, though ever ready with his pen, being indeed of very vapid nature, not wanted at Reinsberg, as we can guess.

There is M. Achard, too, another Preacher, supreme of his sort, in the then Berlin circles; to whom or from whom a Letter or two exist. Letters worthless, if it were not for one dim indication: That, on inquiry, the Crown-Prince had been consulting this supreme Achard on the difficulties of Orthodoxy;[13] and had given him texts, or a text, to preach from. Supreme Achard did not abolish the difficulties for his inquiring Prince,—who complains respectfully that 'his faith is weak,' and leaves us dark as to particulars. This Achard passage is almost the only hint we have of what might have been an important chapter: Friedrich's Religious History at Reinsberg. The expression 'weak faith' I take to be meant not in mockery, but in ingenuous regret and solicitude; much painful fermentation, probably, on the religious question in those Reinsberg years! But the old '*Gnadenwahl*' business, the Free-Grace controversy, had taught him to be cautious as to what he uttered on those points. The fermentation, therefore, had to go on under cover; what the result of it was, is notorious enough; though the steps of the process are not in any point known.

Enough now of such details. Outwardly or inwardly, there is no History, or almost none, to be had of this Reinsberg Period; the extensive records of it consisting, as usual, mainly of chaotic nugatory matter, opaque to the mind of readers. There is copious correspondence of the Crown-Prince, with at least dates to it for most part: but this, which should be the main resource, proves likewise a poor one; the Crown-Prince's Letters, now or afterwards, being almost never of a deep or intimate quality; and seldom turning on events or facts at all, and then not always on facts interesting, on facts clearly apprehensible to us in that extinct element.

The Thing, we know always, *is* there; but vision of the Thing is only to be had faintly, intermittently. Dim inane

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. pp. 112-117: date, March-June 1736.

twilight, with here and there a transient *spark* falling somewhither in it;—you do at last, by desperate persistence, get to discern outlines, features:—"The Thing cannot *always* have been No-thing," you reflect! Outlines, features:—and perhaps, after all, those are mostly what the reader wants on this occasion.

CHAPTER II.

OF VOLTAIRE AND THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCES.

ONE of Friedrich's grand purposes at Reinsberg, to himself privately the grandest there, which he follows with constant loyalty and ardour, is that of scaling the heights of the Muses' Hill withal; of attaining mastership, discipleship, in Art and Philosophy;—or in candour let us call it, what it truly was, that of enlightening and fortifying himself with clear knowledge, clear belief, on all sides; and acquiring some spiritual panoply in which to front the coming practicalities of life. This, he feels well, will be a noble use of his seclusion in those still places; and it must be owned, he struggles and endeavours towards this, with great perseverance, by all the methods in his power, here, or wherever afterwards he might be.

Here at Reinsberg, one of his readiest methods, his pleasantest if not his usefulest, is that of getting into correspondence with the chief spirits of his time. Which accordingly he forthwith sets about, after getting into Reinsberg, and continues, as we shall see, with much assiduity. Rollin, Fontenelle, and other French lights of the then firmament,—his Letters to them exist; and could be given in some quantity: but it is better not. They are intrinsically the common Letters on such occasions: "O sublime demigod of literature, how small are princely distinctions to such a glory as thine; thou who enterest within the veil of the temple, and issuest with thy face shining!"—To which the response is: "Hm, think you so, most happy, gracious, illustrious Prince, with every convenience round you, and such prospects ahead? Well, thank you, at any rate,—and, as the Irish say, more power to your Honour's Glory!" This really is nearly all that said Sets of Letters contain; and except perhaps the Voltaire Set, none of them give symptoms of much capacity to contain more.

Aug. 1736.

Certainly there was no want of Literary Men discernible from Reinsberg at that time; and the young Prince corresponds with a good many of them; temporal potentate saluting spiritual, from the distance,—in a way highly interesting to the then parties, but now without interest, except of the reflex kind, to any creature. A very cold and empty portion, this, of the Friedrich Correspondence; standing there to testify what his admiration was for literary talent, or the great reputation of such; but in itself uninstructive utterly, and of freezing influence on the now living mind. Most of those French lights of the then firmament are gone out. Forgotten altogether; or recognised, like Rollin and others, for polished dullards, university bigwigs, and longwinded commonplace persons, deserving nothing but oblivion. To Montesquieu,—not yet called "Baron de Montesquieu" with *Esprit des Lois*, but "M. de Secondat" with (Anonymous) *Lettres Persanes*, and already known to the world for a person of sharp audacious eyesight,—it does not appear that Friedrich addressed any Letter, now or afterwards. No notice of Montesquieu; nor of some others, the absence of whom is a little unexpected. Probably it was want of knowledge mainly; for his appetite was not fastidious at this time. And certainly he did hit the centre of the mark, and get into the very kernel of French literature, when, in 1736, hardly yet established in his new quarters, he addressed himself to the shining figure known to us as "Arouet Junior" long since, and now called *M. de Voltaire;* which latter is still a name notable in Friedrich's History and that of Mankind. Friedrich's first Letter, challenging Voltaire to correspondence, dates itself 8th August 1736; and Voltaire's Answer,—the Reinsberg Household still only in its second month,—was probably the brightest event which had yet befallen there.

On various accounts it will behove us to look a good deal more strictly into this Voltaire; and, as his relations to Friedrich and to the world are so multiplex, endeavour to disengage the real likeness of the man from the circumambient noise and confusion which in his instance continue very great. 'Voltaire was the spiritual complement of Friedrich,' says Sauerteig once: 'what little of lasting their poor Century 'produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulat-'ing Century! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich;

'what little it *thought*, Voltaire. Other fruit we have not 'from it to speak of, at this day. Voltaire, and what *can* be 'faithfully done on the Voltaire Creed; "Realised Voltair-'ism;"—admit it, reader, not in a too triumphant humour,—'is not that pretty much the net historical product of the 'Eighteenth Century? The rest of its history either pure 'somnambulism; or a mere Controversy, to the effect, "Re-'alised Voltairism? How soon shall it be realised, then? 'Not at once, surely!" So that Friedrich and Voltaire are 'related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of 'better, the two Original Men of their Century; the chief and 'in a sense the sole products of their Century. They alone 'remain to us as still living results from it,—such as they 'are. And the rest, truly, *ought* to depart and vanish (as 'they are now doing); being mere ephemera; contemporary 'eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hear-'say; and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their 'time, and not related to the Perennialities at all, as these 'Two were.'—With more of the like sort from Sauerteig.

M. de Voltaire, who used to be M. François-Marie Arouet, was at this time about forty,[1] and had gone through various fortunes; a man, now and henceforth, in a high degree conspicuous, and questionable to his fellow-creatures. Clear knowledge of him ought, at this stage, to be common; but unexpectedly it is not. What endless writing and biographying there has been about this man; in which one still reads, with a kind of lazy satisfaction, due to the subject, and to the French genius in that department! But the man himself, and his environment and practical aspects, what the actual physiognomy of his life and of him can have been, is dark from beginning to ending; and much is left in an ambiguous undecipherable condition to us. A proper History of Voltaire, in which should be discoverable, luminous to human creatures, what he was, what element he lived in, what work he did: this is still a problem for the genius of France!—

His Father's name is known to us; the name of his Father's profession, too, but not clearly the nature of it; still less his Father's character, economic circumstances, physiognomy

[1] Born 20th February 1694; the younger of two sons: Father, 'François Arouet, 'a Notary of the Châtelet, ultimately Treasurer of the Chamber of Accounts;' Mother, 'Marguerite d'Aumart, of a noble family of Poitou.'

spiritual or social: not the least possibility granted you of forming an image, however faint, of that notable man and household, which distinguished itself to all the earth by producing little François into the light of this sun. Of Madame Arouet, who, or what, or how she was, nothing whatever is known. A human reader, pestered continually with the Madame-Denises, Abbé-Mignots and enigmatic nieces and nephews, would have wished to know, at least, what children, besides François, Madame Arouet had: once for all, How many children? Name them, with year of birth, year of death, according to the church-registers: they all, at any rate, had that degree of history! No; even that has not been done. Beneficent correspondents of my own make answer, after some research, No register of the Arouets anywhere to be had. The very name VOLTAIRE, if you ask whence came it? there is no answer, or worse than none.—The fit "History" of this man, which might be one of the shining Epics of his Century, and the lucid summary and soul of any *History* France then had, but which would require almost a French demigod to do it, is still a great way off, if on the road at all! For present purposes, we select what follows from a well-known hand:

'*Youth of Voltaire* (1694-1725).—French Biographers have left the 'Arouet Household very dark for us; meanwhile we can perceive, or 'guess, that it was moderately well in economic respects; that François 'was the second of the Two Sons; and that old Arouet, a steady, prac-'tical and perhaps rather sharp-tempered old gentleman, of official legal 'habits and position, "Notary of the Châtelet" and something else, 'had destined him for the Law Profession; as was natural enough to 'a son of M. Arouet, who had himself succeeded well in Law, and 'could there, best of all, open roads for a clever second son. François 'accordingly sat "in chambers," as we call it; and his fellow-clerks 'much loved him,—the most amusing fellow in the world. Sat in 'chambers, even became an advocate; but did not in the least take to 'advocateship;—took to poetry, and other airy dangerous courses, spe-'culative, practical; causing family explosions and rebukes, which were 'without effect on him. A young fool, bent on sportful pursuits in-'stead of serious; more and more shuddering at Law. To the surprise 'and indignation of M. Arouet Senior. Law, with its wigs and sheep-'skins, pointing towards high honours and deep flesh-pots, had no 'charms for the young fool; he could not be made to like Law.

'Whereupon arose explosions, as we hint; family explosions on the 'part of M. Arouet Senior; such that friends had to interfere, and it 'was uncertain what would come of it. One judicious friend, "M.

'Caumartin,'' took the young fellow home to his house in the country 'for a time;—and there, incidentally, brought him acquainted with old 'gentlemen deep in the traditions of Henri Quatre and the cognate 'topics; which much inflamed the young fellow, and produced big 'schemes in the head of him.

'M. Arouet Senior stood strong for Law; but it was becoming 'daily more impossible. Madrigals, dramas (not without actresses), 'satirical wit, airy verse, and all manner of adventurous speculation, 'were what this young man went upon; and was getting more and 'more loved for; introduced, even, to the superior circles, and recog-'nised there as one of the brightest young fellows ever seen. Which 'tended, of course, to confirm him in his folly, and open other out-'looks and harbours of refuge than the paternal one.

'Such things, strange to M. Arouet Senior, were in vogue then; 'wicked Regent d'Orléans having succeeded sublime Louis XIV., and 'set strange fashions to the Quality. Not likely to profit this fool 'François, thought M. Arouet Senior; and was much confirmed in 'his notion, when a rhymed Lampoon against the Government having 'come out (*Les j'ai vu*, as they call it[2]), and become the rage, as a 'clever thing of the kind will, it was imputed to the brightest young 'fellow in France, M. Arouet's Son. Who, in fact, was not the Author; 'but was not believed on his denial; and saw himself, in spite of his 'high connexions, ruthlessly lodged in the Bastille in consequence. '"Let him sit," thought M. Arouet Senior, "and come to his senses 'there!" He sat for eighteen months (age still little above twenty); 'but privately employed his time, not in repentance, or in serious legal 'studies, but in writing a Poem on his Henri Quatre. "Epic Poem," 'no less; *La Ligue*, as he then called it; which it was his hope the 'whole world would one day fall in love with;—as it did. Nay, in 'two years more, he had done a Play, *Œdipe* the renowned name of 'it; which "ran for forty-eight nights" (18th November 1718, the first 'of them); and was enough to turn any head of such age. Law may 'be considered hopeless, even by M. Arouet Senior.

'Try him in the Diplomatic line; break these bad habits and con-'nexions, thought M. Arouet, at one time; and sent him to the French 'Ambassador in Holland,—on good behaviour, as it were, and by way 'of temporary banishment. But neither did this answer. On the con-'trary, the young fellow got into scrapes again; got into amatory in-'trigues,—young lady visiting you in men's clothes, young lady's mother 'inveigling, and I know not what;—so that the Ambassador was glad 'to send him home again unmarried; marked, as it were, "Glass, with 'care!" And the young lady's mother printed his Letters, not the least 'worth reading:—and the old M. Arouet seems now to have flung-up 'his head; to have settled some small allowance on him, with peremp-

[2] 'I have seen (*j'ai vu*)' this ignominy occur, 'I have seen' that other,—to the amount of a dozen or two;—'and am not yet twenty.' Copy of it, and guess as to authorship, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, i. 321.

'tory no-hope of more, and said, "Go your own way, then, foolish 'junior: the elder shall be my son." M. Arouet disappears at this 'point, or nearly so, from the history of his son François; and I think 'must have died in not many years. Poor old M. Arouet closed his 'old eyes without the least conception what a prodigious ever-memor-'able thing he had done unknowingly, in sending this François into 'the world, to kindle such universal "dry dungheap of a rotten world," 'and set it blazing! François, his Father's synonym, came to be re-'presentative of the family, after all; the elder Brother also having 'died before long. Except certain confused niece-and-nephew person-'ages, progeny of the sisters, François has no more trouble or solace-'ment from the paternal household. François meanwhile is his Father's 'synonym, and signs Arouet Junior, "François Arouet l. j. (*le jeune*)."

'"All of us Princes, then, or Poets!" said he, one night at supper, 'looking to right and left: the brightest fellow in the world, well fit 'to be Phœbus Apollo of such circles; and great things now ahead of 'him. Dissolute Regent d'Orléans, politest, most debauched of men, 'and very witty, holds the helm; near him Dubois the Devil's Cardinal, 'and so many bright spirits. All the Luciferous Spiritualism there is 'in France is lifting anchor, under these auspices, joyfully towards new 'latitudes and Isles of the Blest. What may not François hope to be-'come? "Hmph!" answers M. Arouet Senior, steadily, so long as 'he lives. Here are one or two subsequent phases, epochs or turning-'points, of the young gentleman's career.

'*Phasis First* (1725-1728).—The accomplished Duc de Sulli (Year '1725, day not recorded), is giving in his hôtel a dinner, such as usual; 'and a bright witty company is assembled;—the brightest young fel-'low in France sure to be there; and with his electric coruscations il-'luminating everything, and keeping the table in a roar. To the 'delight of most; not to that of a certain splenetic ill-given Duc de 'Rohan; grandee of high rank, great haughtiness, and very ill-behavi-'our in the world; who feels impatient at the notice taken of a mere 'civic individual, Arouet Junior. "*Quel est donc ce jeune homme qui 'parle si haut,* Who is this young man that talks so loud, then?" ex-'claims the proud splenetic Duke. "Monseigneur," flashes the young 'man back upon him in an electric manner, "It is one who does not 'drag a big name about with him; but who secures respect for the 'name he has!" Figure that, in the penetrating grandly clangorous 'voice (*voix sombre et majestueuse*), and the momentary flash of eyes 'that attended it. Duc de Rohan rose, in a sulphurous frame of 'mind; and went his ways. What date? You ask the idle French 'Biographer in vain;—see only, after more and more inspection, that 'the incident is true; and with labour date it, summer of the Year '1725. Treaty of Utrecht itself, though all the Newspapers and Own 'Correspondents were so interested in it, was perhaps but a foolish 'matter to date in comparison!

'About a week after, M. Arouet Junior was again dining with the 'Duc de Sulli, and a fine company as before. A servant whispers 'him, That somebody has called, and wants him below. "Cannot 'come," answers Arouet; "how can I, so engaged?" Servant returns 'after a minute or two: "Pardon, Monsieur; I am to say, it is to do 'an act of beneficence that you are wanted below!" Arouet lays down 'his knife and fork; descends instantly to see what act it is. A car-'riage is in the court, and hackney-coach near it: "Would Monsieur 'have the extreme goodness to come to the door of the carriage, in a 'case of necessity?" At the door of the carriage, hands seize the 'collar of him, hold him as in a vice; diabolic visage of Duc de Rohan 'is visible inside, who utters, looking to the hackney-coach, some '"*Voilà*, Now then!" Whereupon the hackney-coach opens, gives 'out three porters, or hired bullies, with the due implements: scanda-'lous actuality of horsewhipping descends on the back of poor Arouet, 'who shrieks and execrates to no purpose, nobody being near. "That 'will do," says Rohan at last, and the gallant ducal party drive off; 'young Arouet, with torn frills and deranged hair, rushing up-stairs 'again, in such a mood as is easy to fancy. Everybody is sorry, in-'consolable, everybody shocked; nobody volunteers to help in aveng-'ing. "Monseigneur de Sulli, is not such atrocity done to one of 'your guests, an insult to yourself?" asks Arouet. "Well, yes perhaps, 'but"—Monseigneur de Sulli shrugs his shoulders, and proposes no-'thing. Arouet withdrew, of course in a most blazing condition, to 'consider what he could, on his own strength, do in this conjuncture.

'His Biographer Duvernet says, he decided on doing two things: 'learning English and the small-sword exercise.[3] He retired to the 'country for six months, and perfected himself in these two branches. 'Being perfect, he challenged Duc de Rohan in the proper manner; 'applying ingenious compulsives withal, to secure acceptance of the 'challenge. Rohan accepted, not without some difficulty, and com-'pulsion at the Theatre or otherwise:—accepted, but withal confessed 'to his wife. The result was, no measuring of swords took place; 'and Rohan only blighted by public opinion, or incapable of farther 'blight that way, went at large; a convenient *Lettre de Cachet* having 'put Arouet again in the Bastille. Where for six months Arouet 'lodged a second time, the innocent not the guilty; making, we can 'well suppose, innumerable reflections on the phenomena of human 'life. Imprisonment once over, he hastily quitted for England; shaking 'the dust of ungrateful France off his feet,—resolved to change his un-'happy name, for one thing.

[3] *La Vie de Voltaire*, par M** (à Genève, 1786), pp. 55-57; or pp. 60-63, in his *second* form of the Book. The 'M**' is an Abbé Duvernet; of no great mark otherwise. He got into Revolution trouble afterwards, but escaped with his head; and republished his Book, swollen-out somewhat by new 'Anecdotes' and republican bluster, in this second instance; signing himself T. J. D. V- - - (Paris, 1797). A vague but not dark or mendacious little Book; with traces of real *eyesight* in it,—by one who had personally known Voltaire, or at least seen and heard him.

Aug. 1736.

'Smelfungus, denouncing the torpid fatuity of Voltaire's Biographers, says he never met with one Frenchman, even of the Literary classes, who could tell him whence this name VOLTAIRE originated. "A *petite terre*, small family estate," they said; and sent him hunting through Topographies, far and wide, to no purpose. Others answered "Volterra in Italy, some connexion with Volterra,"—and seemed even to know that this was but fatuity. "In ever-talking, ever-printing Paris, is it as in Timbuctoo, then, which neither prints nor has anything to print?" exclaims poor Smelfungus! He tells us at last, the name *Voltaire* is a mere Anagram of *Arouet l. j.*—you try it; A.R.O.U.E.T.L.J. = V.O.L.T.A.I.R.E; and perceive at once, with obligations to Smelfungus, that he has settled this small matter for you, and that you can be silent upon it forever thenceforth.

'The anagram VOLTAIRE, gloomily settled in the Bastille in this manner, can be reckoned a very famous wide-sounding outer result of the Rohan impertinence and blackguardism; but it is not worth naming beside the inner intrinsic result, of banishing Voltaire to England at this point of his course. England was full of Constitutionality and Freethinking; Tolands, Collinses, Wollastons, Bolingbrokes, still living; very free indeed. England, one is astonished to see, has its royal-republican ways of doing; something Roman in it, from Peerage down to Plebs; strange and curious to the eye of M. de Voltaire. Sciences flourishing; Newton still alive, white with fourscore years, the venerable hoary man; Locke's Gospel of Common Sense in full vogue, or even done into verse, by incomparable Mr. Pope, for the cultivated upper classes. In science, in religion, in politics, what a surprising "liberty" allowed or taken! Never was a freer turn of thinking. And (what to M. de Voltaire is a pleasant feature) it is Freethinking with ruffles to its shirt and rings on its fingers;—never yet, the least, dreaming of the shirtless or *sansculottic* state that lies ahead for it! That is the palmy condition of English Liberty, when M. de Voltaire arrives there.

'In a man just out of the Bastille on those terms, there is a mind driven by hard suffering into seriousness, and provoked by indignant comparisons and remembrances. As if you had elaborately ploughed and pulverised the mind of this Voltaire to receive with its utmost avidity, and strength of fertility, whatever seed England may have for it. That was a notable conjuncture of a man with circumstances. The question, Is this man to grow-up a Court Poet; to do legitimate dramas, lampoons, witty verses, and wild spiritual and practical magnificences, the like never seen; Princes and Princesses recognising him as plainly divine, and keeping him tied by enchantments to that poor trade as his task in life? is answered in the negative. No: and it is not quite to decorate and comfort your "dry dungheap" of a world, or the fortunate cocks that scratch on it, that the man Voltaire is here; but to shoot lightnings into it, and set it ablaze one day! That was an important alternative; truly of world-importance to the

'poor generations that now are; and it was settled, in good part, by 'this voyage to England, as one may surmise. Such is sometimes the 'use of a dissolute Rohan in this world; for the gods make implements 'of all manner of things.

'M. de Voltaire (for we now drop the Arouet altogether, and never 'hear of it more) came to England—when? Quitted England—when? 'Sorrow on all fatuous Biographers, who spend their time not in lay- 'ing permanent foundation-stones, but in fencing with the wind!—I at 'last find indisputably, it was in 1726 that he came to England:[4] and 'he himself tells us that he quitted it 'in 1728.' Spent, therefore, 'some two years there in all,—last year of George I.'s reign, and first 'of George II.'s. But mere inanity and darkness visible reign, in all 'his Biographies, over this period of his life, which was above all others 'worth investigating: seek not to know it; no man has inquired into 'it, probably no competent man now ever will. By hints in certain 'Letters of the period, we learn that he lodged, or at one time lodged, 'in "Maiden Lane, Covent Garden;" one of those old Houses that 'yet stand in Maiden Lane: for which small fact let us be thankful. 'His own Letters of the period are dated now and then from "Wands- 'worth." Allusions there are to Bolingbroke; but the Wandsworth is 'not Bolingbroke's mansion, which stood in Battersea; the Wandsworth 'was one Edward Fawkener's; a man somewhat admirable to young 'Voltaire, but extinct now, or nearly so, in human memory. He had 'been a Turkey Merchant, it would seem, and nevertheless was ad- 'mitted to speak his word in intellectual, even in political circles; 'which was wonderful to young Voltaire. This Fawkener, I think, 'became Sir Edward Fawkener, and some kind of "Secretary to the 'Duke of Cumberland:"—I judge it to be the same Fawkener; a man 'highly unmemorable now, were it not for the young Frenchman he 'was hospitable to. Fawkener's and Bolingbroke's are perhaps the 'only names that turn-up in Voltaire's *Letters* of this English Period: 'over which generally there reigns, in the French Biographies, inane 'darkness, with an intimation, half involuntary, that it *should* have 'been made luminous, and would if perfectly easy.

'We know, from other sources, that he had acquaintance with 'many men in England, with all manner of important men: Notes to 'Pope in Voltaire-English, visit of Voltaire to Congreve, Notes even 'to such as Lady Sundon in the interior of the Palace, are known of. 'The brightest young fellow in the world did not want for introduc- 'tions to the highest quarters, in that time of political alliance, and 'extensive private acquaintance, between his Country and ours. And 'all this he was the man to improve, both in the trivial and the deep 'sense. His bow to the divine Princess Caroline and suite, could it 'fail in graceful reverence or what else was needed? Dextrous right 'words in the right places, winged with *esprit* so-called: that was the

[4] Got out of the Bastille, with orders to leave France, '29th April' of that year (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, i. 40 n.).

Aug. 1736.

'man's supreme talent, in which he had no match, to the last. A most 'brilliant, swift, far-glancing young man, disposed to make himself 'generally agreeable. For the rest, his wonder, we can see, was kept 'awake; wonder readily inclining, in his circumstances, towards admir- 'ation. The stereotype figure of the Englishman, always the same, 'which turns-up in Voltaire's *Works*, is worth noting in this respect. 'A rugged surly kind of fellow, much-enduring, not intrinsically bad; 'splenetic without complaint, standing oddly inexpugnable in that na- 'tural stoicism of his; taciturn, yet with strange flashes of speech in 'him now and then, something which goes beyond laughter and articu- 'late logic, and is the taciturn elixir of these two, what they call '"humour" in their dialect: this is pretty much the *reverse* of Voltaire's 'own self, and therefore all the welcomer to him; delineated always 'with a kind of mockery, but with evident love. What excellences 'are in England, thought Voltaire; no Bastille in it, for one thing! 'Newton's Philosophy annihilated the vortexes of Descartes for him; 'Locke's Toleration is very grand (especially if all is uncertain, and '*you* are in the minority); then Collins, Wollaston and Company,— 'no vile Jesuits here, strong in their mendacious malodorous stupidity, 'despicablest yet most dangerous of creatures, to check freedom of 'thought! Illustrious Mr. Pope, of the *Essay on Man*, surely he is 'admirable; as are Pericles Bolingbroke, and many others. Even 'Bolingbroke's high-lackered brass is gold to this young French friend 'of his.—Through all which admirations and exaggerations the pro- 'gress of the young man, toward certain very serious attainments and 'achievements, is conceivable enough.

'One other man, who ought to be mentioned in the Biographies, 'I find Voltaire to have made acquaintance with, in England: a Ger- 'man M. Fabrice, one of several Brothers called Fabrice or Fabricius, '—concerning whom, how he had been at Bender, and how Voltaire 'picked *Charles Douze* from the memory of him, there was already 'mention. The same Fabrice who held poor George I. in his arms 'while they drove, galloping, to Osnabrück, that night, *in extremis*: '—not needing mention again. The following is more to the point.

'Voltaire, among his multifarious studies while in England, did not 'forget that of economics: his Poem *La Ligue*,—surreptitiously printed, 'three years since, under that title (one Desfontaines, a hungry Ex- 'Jesuit, the perpetrator),[5]—he now took in hand for his own benefit; 'washed it clean of its blots; christened it *Henriade*, under which name 'it is still known over all the world;—and printed it; published it 'here, by subscription, in 1726; one of the first things he undertook. 'Very splendid subscription; headed by Princess Caroline, and much 'favoured by the opulent of quality. Which yielded an unknown but 'very considerable sum of thousands sterling, and grounded not only 'the world-renown but the domestic finance of M. de Voltaire. For

[5] 1723, *Vie*, par T. J. D. V. (that is, 'M**' in the *second* form), p. 59.

'the fame of the "new epic," as this *Henriade* was called, soon spread 'into all lands. And such fame, and other agencies on his behalf, 'having opened the way home for Voltaire, he took this sum of Thou- 'sands Sterling along with him; laid it out judiciously in some city 'lottery, or profitable scrip then going at Paris, which at once doubled 'the amount: after which he invested it in Corn-trade, Army Clothing, 'Barbary-trade, Commissariat Bacon-trade, all manner of well-chosen 'trades,—being one of the shrewdest financiers on record;—and never 'from that day wanted abundance of money, for one thing. Which he 'judged to be extremely expedient for a literary man, especially in 'times of Jesuit and other tribulation. "You have only to watch," he 'would say, "what scrips, public loans, investments in the field of agio, 'are offered; if you exert any judgment, it is easy to gain there: do not 'the stupidest of mortals gain there, by intensely attending to it?"

'Voltaire got almost nothing by his Books, which he generally had 'to disavow, and denounce as surreptitious supposititious scandals, 'when some sharp-set Bookseller, in whose way he had laid the sa- 'voury article as bait, chose to risk his ears for the profit of snatching 'and publishing it. Next to nothing by his Books; but by his fine 'finance-talent otherwise, he had become possessed of ample moneys. 'Which were so cunningly disposed, too, that he had resources in every 'Country; and no conceivable combination of confiscating Jesuits and 'dark fanatic Official Persons could throw him out of a livelihood, 'whithersoever he might be forced to run. A man that looks facts in 'the face; which is creditable of him. The vulgar call it avarice and 'the like, as their way is: but M. de Voltaire is convinced that effects 'will follow causes; and that it well beseems a lonely Ishmaelite, hunt- 'ing his way through the howling wildernesses and confused ravenous 'populations of this world, to have money in his pocket. He died 'with a revenue of some 7,000*l.* a year, probably as good as 20,000*l.* 'at present; the richest literary man ever heard of hitherto, as well as 'the remarkablest in some other respects. But we have to mark the 'second phasis of his life' (in which Friedrich now sees him), 'and 'how it grew out of this first one.

'*Phasis Second* (1728-1733).—Returning home as if quietly triumph- 'ant, with such a talent in him, and such a sanction put upon it and 'him by a neighbouring Nation, and by all the world, Voltaire was 'warmly received, in his old aristocratic circles, by cultivated France 'generally; and now in 1728, in his thirty-second year, might begin to 'have definite outlooks of a sufficiently royal kind, in Literature and 'otherwise. Nor is he slow, far from it, to advance, to conquer and 'enjoy. He writes successful literature, falls in love with women of 'quality; encourages the indigent and humble; eclipses, and in case of 'need tramples down, the too proud. He elegises poor Adrienne Le- 'couvreur, the Actress,—our poor friend the Comte de Saxe's female 'friend; who loyally emptied out her whole purse for him, 30,000*l.* in

Aug. 1736.

'one sum, that he might try for Courland, and whether he could fall 'in love with her of the Swollen Cheek there; which proved impos- 'sible. Elegises Adrienne, we say, and even buries her under cloud 'of night: ready to protect unfortunate-females of merit. Especially 'theatrical females; having much to do in the theatre, which we per- 'ceive to be the pulpit or real preaching-place of cultivated France in 'those years. All manner of verse, all manner of prose, he dashes-off 'with surprising speed and grace: showers of light spray for the mo- 'ment; and always some current of graver enterprise, *Siècle de Louis 'Quatorze* or the like, going on beneath it. For he is a most diligent, 'swift, unresting man; and studies and learns amazingly in such a 'rackety existence. Victorious enough in some senses; defeat, in Litera- 'ture, never visited him. His Plays, coming thick on the heels of one 'another, rapid brilliant pieces, are brilliantly received by the unofficial 'world; and ought to dethrone dull Crébillon, and the sleepy potentates 'of Poetry that now are. Which in fact is their result with the public; 'but not yet in the highest courtly places;—a defect much to be con- 'demned and lamented.

'Numerous enemies arise, as is natural, of an envious venomous 'description; this is another ever-widening shadow in the sunshine. In 'fact we perceive he has, besides the inner obstacles and griefs, two 'classes of outward ones: There are Lions on his path and also Dogs. 'Lions are the Ex-Bishop of Mirepoix, and certain other dark Holy 'Fathers, or potent orthodox Official Persons. These, though Voltaire 'does not yet declare his heterodoxy (which, indeed, is but the *ortho- 'doxy* of the cultivated private circles), perceive well enough, even by 'the *Henriade*, and its talk of "tolerance," horror of "fanaticism" and 'the like, what this one's *'doxy* is; and how dangerous he, not a mere 'mute man of quality, but a talking spirit with winged words, may be; '—and they much annoy and terrify him, by their roaring in the dist- 'ance. Which roaring cannot, of course, convince; and since it is not 'permitted to kill, can only provoke a talking spirit into still deeper 'strains of heterodoxy for his own private behoof. These are the Lions 'on his path: beasts conscious to themselves of good intentions; but 'manifesting from Voltaire's point of view, it must be owned, a physi- 'ognomy unlovely to a degree. "Light is superior to darkness, I 'should think," meditates Voltaire; "power of thought to the want of 'power! The *Ane de Mirepoix* (Ass of Mirepoix),[6] pretending to use 'me in this manner, is it other, in the court of Rhadamanthus, than 'transcendent Stupidity, with transcendent Insolence superadded?" Vol- 'taire grows more and more heterodox; and is ripening towards dan- 'gerous utterances, though he strives to hold in.

'The Dogs upon his path, again, are all the disloyal envious per-

[6] Poor joke of Voltaire's, continually applied to this Bishop, or Ex-Bishop,—who was thought, generally, a rather tenebrific man for appointment to the *Feuille des Bénéfices* (charge of nominating Bishops, keeping King's conscience, &c.); and who, in that capacity, signed himself *Anc.* (by no means '*Ane*,' but '*Ancien*, Whilom') *de Mirepoix*,—to the enragement of Voltaire often enough.

'sons of the Writing Class, whom his success has offended; and, more 'generally, all the dishonest hungry persons who can gain a morsel 'by biting him: and their name is legion. It must be owned, about 'as ugly a Doggery ("*infâme Canaille*" he might well reckon them) as 'has, before or since, infested the path of a man. They are not hired 'and set on, as angry suspicion might suggest; but they are covertly 'somewhat patronised by the Mirepoix, or orthodox Official class. 'Scandalous Ex-Jesuit Desfontaines, Thersites Fréron,—these are but 'types of an endless Doggery; whose names and works should be blotted 'out; whose one claim to memory is, that the riding man so often 'angrily sprang down, and tried horsewhipping them into silence. A 'vain attempt. The individual hound flies howling, abjectly petition-'ing and promising; but the rest bark all with new comfort, and even '*he* starts again straightway. It is bad travelling in those woods, with 'such Lions and such Dogs. And then the sparsely scattered *Human* 'Creatures (so we may call them in contrast, persons of Quality for 'most part) are not always what they should be. The grand mansions 'you arrive at, in this waste-howling solitude, prove sometimes essen-'tially Robber-towers;—and there may be Armida Palaces, and divine-'looking Armidas, where your ultimate fate is still worse.

"Que le monde est rempli d'enchanteurs, je ne dis rien d'enchanteresses!"

'To think of it, the solitary Ishmaelite journeying, never so well mounted, 'through such a wilderness: with lions, dogs, human robbers and Ar-'midas all about him; himself lonely, friendless under the stars:—one 'could pity him withal, though that is not the feeling he solicits; nor 'gets hitherto, even at this impartial distance.

'One of the beautiful creatures of Quality,—we hope, not an Ar-'mida,—who came athwart Voltaire, in these times, was a Madame du 'Châtelet; distinguished from all the others by a love of mathematics 'and the pure sciences, were it nothing else. She was still young, under 'thirty; the literary man still under forty. With her Husband, to whom 'she had brought a child, or couple of children, there was no formal 'quarrel; but they were living apart, neither much heeding the other, 'as was by no means a case without example at that time; Monsieur 'soldiering, and philandering about, in garrison or elsewhere; Madame, 'in a like humour, doing the best for herself in the high circle of society, 'to which he and she belonged. Most wearisome barren circles to a 'person of thought, as both she and M. de Voltaire emphatically ad-'mitted to one another, on first making acquaintance. But is there 'no help?

'Madame had tried the pure sciences and philosophies, in Books: 'but how much more charming, when they come to you as a Human 'Philosopher; handsome, magnanimous, and the wittiest man in the 'world! Young Madame was not regularly beautiful; but she was very 'piquant, radiant, adventurous; understood other things than the pure 'sciences, and could be abundantly coquettish and engaging. I have

Aug. 1736.

'known her scuttle-off, on an evening, with a couple of adventurous 'young wives of Quality, to the remote lodging of the witty M. de Vol- 'taire, and make his dim evening radiant to him.[7] Then again, in 'public crowds, I have seen them; obliged to dismount to the peril of 'Madame's diamonds, there being a jam of carriages, and no getting 'forward for half the day. In short, they are becoming more and more 'intimate, to the extremest degree; and, scorning the world, thank 'Heaven that they are mutually indispensable. Cannot we get away 'from this scurvy wasp's-nest of a Paris, thought they, and live to our- 'selves and our books?

'Madame was of high quality, one of the Breteuils; but was poor 'in comparison, and her Husband the like. An old Château of theirs, 'named Cirey, stands in a pleasant enough little valley in Champagne; 'but so dilapidated, gaunt and vacant, nobody can live in it. Vol- 'taire, who is by this time a man of ample moneys, furnishes the re- 'quisite cash; Madame and he, in sweet symphony, concert the plans: 'Cirey is repaired, at least parts of it are, into a boudoir of the gods, 'regardless of expense; nothing ever seen so tasteful, so magnificent; 'and the two withdraw thither to study, in peace, what sciences, pure 'and other, they have a mind to. They are recognised as lovers, by 'the Parisian public, with little audible censure from anybody there, '—with none at all from the easy Husband; who occasionally even 'visits Cirey, if he be passing that way; and is content to take matters 'as he finds them, without looking below the surface.[8] For the Ten 'Commandments are at a singular pass in cultivated France at this 'epoch. Such illicit-idyllic form of life has been the form of Voltaire's 'since 1733,'—for some three years now, when Friedrich and we first make acquaintance with him. 'It lasted above a dozen years more: 'an illicit marriage after its sort, and subject only to the liabilities of 'such. Perhaps we may look in upon the Cirey Household, ourselves, 'at some future time; and'—This Editor hopes not!

'Madame admits that for the first ten years it was, on the whole, 'sublime; a perfect Eden on Earth, though stormy now and then.[9] 'After ten years, it began to grow decidedly dimmer; and in the course 'of few years more, it became undeniably evident that M. de Voltaire '"did not love me as formerly:"—in fact, if Madame could have seen 'it, M. de Voltaire was growing old, losing his teeth, and the like; and 'did not care for anything as formerly! Which was a dreadful discovery, 'and gave rise to results by and by.

[7] One of Voltaire's Letters.

[8] See (whoever is curious) Madame de Grafigny, *Vie Privée de Voltaire et de Madame du Châtelet* (Paris, 1820). A six months of actual Letters written by poor Grafigny, while sheltering at Cirey, Winter and Spring 1738-1739; straitened there in various respects,—extremely ill-off for fuel, among other things. Rugged practical Letters, shadowing-out to us, unconsciously oftenest, and like a very mirror, the splendid and the sordid, the seamy side and the smooth, of Life at Cirey, in her experience of it. Published, fourscore years after, under the above title.

[9] *Lettres Inédites de Madame la Marquise du Chastelet; auxquelles on a joint une Dissertation* (&c. of hers): Paris, 1806.

'In this retreat at Cirey, varied with flying visits to Paris, and kept 'awake by multifarious Correspondences, the quantity of Literature 'done by the two was great and miscellaneous. By Madame, chiefly 'in the region of the pure sciences, in Newtonian Dissertations, com- 'petitions for Prizes, and the like: really sound and ingenious Pieces, 'entirely forgotten long since. By Voltaire, in serious Tragedies, His- 'tories, in light Sketches and deep Dissertations:—mockery getting 'ever wilder with him; the satirical vein, in prose and verse, amazingly 'copious, and growing more and more heterodox, as we can perceive. 'His troubles from the ecclesiastical or Lion kind in the Literary forest, 'still more from the rabid Doggery in it, are manifold, incessant. And 'it is pleasantly notable,—during these first ten years,—with what des- 'perate intensity, vigilance and fierceness, Madame watches over all his 'interests and liabilities and casualties great and small; leaping with 'her whole force into M. de Voltaire's scale of the balance, careless of 'antecedences and consequences alike; flying, with the spirit of an angry 'brood-hen, at the face of mastiffs, in defence of any feather that is M. 'de Voltaire's. To which Voltaire replies, as he well may, with elo- 'quent gratitude; with Verses to the divine Emilie, with Gifts to her, 'verses and gifts the prettiest in the world;—and industriously celebrates 'the divine Emilie to herself and all third parties.

'An ardent, aerial, gracefully predominant, and in the end some- 'what termagant female figure, this divine Emilie. Her temper, radiant 'rather than bland, was none of the patientest on occasion; nor was 'M. de Voltaire the least of a Job, if you came athwart him the wrong 'way. I have heard, their domestic symphony was liable to furious 'flaws,—let us hope at great distances apart:—that "plates," in pre- 'sence of the lackeys, actual crockery or metal, have been known to 'fly from end to end of the dinner-table; nay they mention "knives" '(though only in the way of oratorical action); and Voltaire has been 'heard to exclaim, the sombre and majestic voice of him risen to a very 'high pitch: "*Ne me regardez tant de ces yeux hagards et louches*, Don't 'fix those haggard sidelong eyes on me in that way!"—mere shrillness 'of pale rage presiding over the scene. But we hope it was only once 'in the quarter, or seldomer: after which the element would be clearer 'for some time. A lonesome literary man, who has got a Brood Phœnix 'to preside over him, and fly at the face of gods and men for him in 'that manner, ought to be grateful.

'Perhaps we shall one day glance, personally, as it were, into Cirey 'with our readers;'—Not with this Editor or his! 'It will turn out 'beyond the reader's expectation. Tolerable illicit resting-place, so 'far as the illicit can be tolerable, for a lonesome Man of Letters, who 'goes into the illicit. Helpfulness, affection, or the flattering image of 'such, are by no means wanting: squalls of infirm temper are not more 'frequent than in the most licit establishments of a similar sort. Ma- 'dame, about this time, has a swift Palfrey, "*Rossignol* (Nightingale)" 'the name of him; and gallops fairy-like through the winding valleys;

Aug. 1736.

'being an ardent rider, and well-looking on horseback. Voltaire's study 'is inlaid with—the Grafigny knows all what:—mere china tiles, gilt 'sculptures, marble slabs, and the supreme of taste and expense: study 'fit for the Phœbus Apollo of France, so far as Madame could contrive 'it. Takes coffee with Madame, in the Gallery, about noon. And his 'bedroom, I expressly discern,[10] looks out upon a running brook, the 'murmur of which is pleasant to one.'

Enough, enough. We can perceive what kind of Voltaire it was to whom the Crown-Prince now addressed himself; and how luminous an object, shining afar out of the solitudes of Champagne upon the ardent young man, still so capable of admiration. Model Epic, *Henriade;* model History, *Charles Douze;* sublime Tragedies, *César*, *Alzire* and others, which readers still know though with less enthusiasm, are blooming fresh in Friedrich's memory and heart; such Literature as man never saw before; and in the background Friedrich has inarticulately a feeling as if, in this man, there were something grander than all Literatures: a Reform of human Thought itself; a new "Gospel," good-tidings or God's-Message, by this man;—which Friedrich does not suspect, as the world with horror does, to be a new *Ba'spel*, or Devil's-Message of bad-tidings! A sublime enough Voltaire; radiant enough, over at Cirey yonder. To all lands, a visible Phœbus Apollo, climbing the eastern steeps; with arrows of celestial "new light" in his quiver; capable of stretching many a big foul Python, belly uppermost, in its native mud, and ridding the poor world of her Nightmares and Mud-Serpents in some measure, we may hope!—

And so there begins, from this point, a lively Correspondence between Friedrich and Voltaire; which, with some interruptions of a notable sort, continued during their mutual Life; and is a conspicuous feature in the Biographies of both. The world talked much of it, and still talks; and has now at last got it all collected, and elucidated into a dimly legible form for studious readers.[11] It is by no means the diabolically wicked Correspondence it was thought to be; the reverse, indeed, on both sides;—but it has unfortunately become a very dull one, to the actual generation of mankind. Not without intrinsic merit; on the contrary (if you read intensely, and

[10] *Letters of Voltaire.*

[11] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxi. xxii. xxiii., Berlin, 1853); who supersedes the lazy French Editors in this matter.

bring the extinct alive again), it sparkles notably with epistolary grace and vivacity; and, on any terms, it has still passages of biographical and other interest: but the substance of it, then so new and shining, has fallen absolutely commonplace, the property of all the world, since then; and is now very wearisome to the reader. No doctrine or opinion in it that you have not heard, with clear belief or clear disbelief, a hundred times, and could wish rather not to hear again. The common fate of philosophical originalities in this world. As a Biographical Document, it is worth a very strict perusal, if you are interested that way in either Friedrich or Voltaire: finely significant hints and traits, though often almost evanescent, so slight are they, abound in this Correspondence; frankness, veracity under graceful forms, being the rule of it, strange to say! As an illustration of Two memorable Characters, and of their Century; showing on what terms the sage Plato of the Eighteenth Century and his Tyrant Dionysius correspond, and what their manners are to one another, it may long have a kind of interest to mankind: otherwise it has not much left.

In Friedrich's History it was, no doubt, an important fact, that there lived a Voltaire along with him, twenty years his senior. With another Theory of the Universe than the Voltaire one, how much *other* had Friedrich too been! But the Theory called by Voltaire's name was not properly of Voltaire's creating, but only of his uttering and publishing; it lay ready for everybody's finding, and could not well have been altogether missed by such a one as Friedrich. So that perhaps we exaggerate the effects of Voltaire on him, though undoubtedly they were considerable. Considerable; but not derived from this express correspondence, which seldom turns on didactic points at all; derived rather from Voltaire's Printed *Works*, where they lay derivable to all the world. Certain enough it is, Voltaire was at this time, and continued all his days, Friedrich's chief Thinker in the world; unofficially, the chief Preacher, Prophet and Priest of this Working King;—no better off for a spiritual Trismegistus was poor Friedrich in the world! On the practical side, Friedrich soon outgrew him,—perhaps had already outgrown, having far more veracity of character, and an intellect far better built in the silent parts of it, and trained too by hard experiences to know shadow

8th Aug. 1736.

from substance;—outgrew him, and gradually learned to look down upon him, occasionally with much contempt, in regard to the practical. But in all changes of humour towards Voltaire, Friedrich, we observe, considers him as plainly supreme in speculative intellect; and has no doubt but, for thinking and speaking, Nature never made such another. Which may be taken as a notable feature of Friedrich's History; and gives rise to passages between Voltaire and him, which will make much noise in time coming.

Here, meanwhile, faithfully presented though in condensed form, is the starting of the Correspondence: First Letter of it, and first Response. Two Pieces which were once bright as the summer sunrise on both sides, but are now fallen very dim; and have much needed condensation, and abridgment by omission of the unessential,—so lengthy are they, so extinct and almost dreary to us! Sublime 'Wolf' and his 'Philosophy,' how he was hunted out of Halle with it, long since; and now shines from Marburg, his 'Philosophy' and he supreme among mankind: this, and other extinct points, the reader's fancy will endeavour to rekindle in some slight measure:

To M. de Voltaire, at Cirey (From the Crown-Prince).

'Berlin, 8th August 1736.

'Monsieur,—Although I have not the satisfaction of knowing you 'personally, you are not the less known to me through your Works. 'They are treasures of the mind, if I may so express myself; and they 'reveal to the reader new beauties at every fresh perusal. I think I 'have recognised in them the character of their ingenious Author, who 'does honour to our age and to human nature. If ever the dispute on 'the comparative merits of the Moderns and the Ancients should be re-'vived, the modern great men will owe it to you, and to you only, that 'the scale is turned in their favour. With the excellent quality of Poet 'you join innumerable others more or less related to it. Never did Poet 'before put Metaphysics into rhythmic cadence: to you the honour was 'reserved of doing it first.

'This taste for Philosophy manifested in your writings, induces me 'to send you a translated Copy of the *Accusation and Defence of M.* '*Wolf*, the most celebrated Philosopher of our days; who, for having 'carried light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused 'of irreligion and atheism. Such is the destiny of great men; their 'superior genius exposes them to the poisoned arrows of calumny and 'envy. I am about getting a Translation made of the *Treatise on God,* '*the Soul, and the World*,'—Translation done by an Excellency Suhm,

as has been hinted, — 'from the pen of the same Author. I will 'send it you when it is finished; and I am sure that the force of evid- 'ence in all his propositions, and their close geometrical sequence, will 'strike you.

'The kindness and assistance you afford to all who devote them- 'selves to the Arts and Sciences, makes me hope that you will not ex- 'clude me from the number of those whom you find worthy of your 'instructions:—it is so I would call your intercourse by Correspondence 'of Letters; which cannot be other than profitable to every thinking 'being. ❁ ❁

❁ ❁ 'beauties without number in your works. Your *Henriade* 'delights me. The tragedy of *César* shows us sustained characters; the 'sentiments in it are magnificent and grand, and one feels that Brutus 'is either a Roman, or else an Englishman (*ou un Romain ou un Ang- 'lais*). Your *Alzire*, to the graces of novelty adds' ❁ ❁

'Monsieur, there is nothing I wish so much as to possess all your 'Writings,' even those not printed hitherto. 'Pray, Monsieur, do 'communicate them to me without reserve. If there be amongst your 'Manuscripts any that you wish to conceal from the eyes of the public, 'I engage to keep them in the profoundest secrecy. I am unluckily 'aware, that the faith of Princes is an object of little respect in our 'days; nevertheless I hope you will make an exception from the gene- 'ral rule in my favour. I should think myself richer in the possession 'of your Works than in that of all the transient goods of Fortune. 'These the same chance grants and takes away: your Works one can 'make one's own by means of memory, so that they last us whilst it 'lasts. Knowing how weak my own memory is, I am in the highest 'degree select in what I trust to it.

'If Poetry were what it was before your appearance, a strumming 'of wearisome idyls, insipid eclogues, tuneful nothings, I should re- 'nounce it forever:' but in your hands it becomes ennobled; a melo- dious 'course of morals; worthy of the admiration and the study of 'cultivated minds (*des honnêtes gens*). You'—in fine, 'you inspire the 'ambition to follow in your footsteps. But I, how often have I said 'to myself: "*Malheureux*, throw down a burden which is above thy 'strength! One cannot imitate Voltaire, without being Voltaire!"

'It is in such moments that I have felt how small are those ad- 'vantages of birth, those vapours of grandeur, with which vanity would 'solace us! They amount to little, properly to nothing (*pour mieux 'dire, à rien*). Nature, when she pleases, forms a great soul, endowed 'with faculties that can advance the Arts and Sciences; and it is the 'part of Princes to recompense his noble toils. Ah, would Glory but 'make use of me to crown your successes! My only fear would be, 'lest this Country, little fertile in laurels, proved unable to furnish 'enough of them.

'If my destiny refuse me the happiness of being able to possess you, 'may I, at least, hope one day to see the man whom I have admired

26th Aug. 1736.

'so long now from afar; and to assure you, by word of mouth, that I 'am,—With all the esteem and consideration due to those who, follow- 'ing the torch of truth for guide, consecrate their labours to the Public, '—Monsieur, your affectionate friend,

'FRÉDÉRIC, P. R. of Prussia.'[12]

By what route or conveyance this Letter went, I cannot say. In general, it is to be observed, these Friedrich-Voltaire Letters,—liable perhaps to be considered contraband at *both* ends of their course,—do not go by the Post; but by French-Prussian Ministers, by Hamburg Merchants, and other safe subterranean channels. Voltaire, with enthusiasm, and no doubt promptly, answers within three weeks:

To the Crown-Prince, at Reinsberg (From Voltaire).

'Cirey, 26th August 1736.

'Monseigneur,—A man must be void of all feeling who were not 'infinitely moved by the Letter which your Royal Highness has deigned 'to honour me with. My self-love is only too much flattered by it: but 'my love of Mankind, which I have always nourished in my heart, and 'which, I venture to say, forms the basis of my character, has given me 'a very much purer pleasure,—to see that there is, now in the world, 'a Prince who thinks as a man; a *Philosopher* Prince, who will make 'men happy.

'Permit me to say, there is not a man on the earth but owes thanks 'for the care you take to cultivate by sound philosophy a soul that is 'born for command. Good kings there never were except those that 'had begun by seeking to instruct themselves; by knowing good men 'from bad; by loving what was true, by detesting persecution and super- 'stition. No Prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might bring back 'the golden age into his Countries! And why do so few Princes seek 'this glory? You feel it, Monseigneur, it is because they all think more 'of their Royalty than of Mankind. Precisely the reverse is your case: '—and, unless, one day, the tumult of business and the wickedness of 'men alter so divine a character, you will be worshipped by your Peo- 'ple, and loved by the whole world. Philosophers, worthy of the name, 'will flock to your States; thinkers will crowd round that throne, as 'the skilfulest artisans do to the city where their art is in request. The 'illustrious Queen Christina quitted her kingdom to go in search of the 'Arts; reign you, Monseigneur, and the Arts will come to seek you.

'May you only never be disgusted with the Sciences by the quar- 'rels of their Cultivators! A race of men no better than Courtiers; 'often enough as greedy, intriguing, false and cruel as these,' and still more ridiculous in the mischief they do. 'And how sad for mankind

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi. 6.

'that the very Interpreters of Heaven's commandments, the Theolo-
'gians, I mean, are sometimes the most dangerous of all! Professed
'messengers of the Divinity, yet men sometimes of obscure ideas and
'pernicious behaviour; their soul blown-out with mere darkness; full of
'gall and pride, in proportion as it is empty of truths. Every thinking
'being who is not of their opinion is an Atheist; and every King who
'does not favour them will be damned. Dangerous to the very throne;
'and yet intrinsically insignificant:' best way is, leave their big talk and them alone; speedy collapse will follow. * * *

'I cannot sufficiently thank your Royal Highness for the gift of that
'little Book about Monsieur Wolf. I respect Metaphysical ideas; rays
'of lightning they are in the midst of deep night. More, I think, is
'not to be hoped from Metaphysics. It does not seem likely that the
'First-principles of things will ever be known. The mice that nestle in
'some little holes of an immense Building, know not whether it is eter-
'nal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we;
'and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I
'know of, told his secret to one of us. If anybody could pretend to
'guess correctly, it is M. Wolf.' Beautiful in your Royal Highness to protect such a man. And how beautiful it will be, to send me his chief Book, as you have the kindness to promise! 'The Heir of a Monarchy,
'from his palace, attending to the wants of a recluse far off! Condescend
'to afford me the pleasure of that Book, Monseigneur. * *

'What your Royal Highness thinks of poetry is just: verses that do
'not teach men new and touching truths, do not deserve to be read.'
As to my own poor verses—But, after all, 'that *Henriade* is the writing
'of an Honest Man: fit, in that sense, that it find grace with a Philo-
'sopher Prince.

'I will obey your commands as to sending those unpublished Pieces.
'You shall be my public, Monseigneur; your criticisms will be my re-
'ward: it is a price few Sovereigns can pay. I am sure of your secrecy:
'your virtue and your intellect must be in proportion. I should indeed
'consider it a precious happiness to come and pay my court to your
'Royal Highness! One travels to Rome to see paintings and ruins:
'a Prince such as you is a much more singular object; worthier of a
'long journey! But the friendship' (divine Emilie's) 'which keeps me
'in this retirement does not permit my leaving it. No doubt you think
'with Julian, that great and much-calumniated man, who said, "Friends
'should always be preferred to Kings."

'In whatever corner of the world I may end my life, be assured,
'Monseigneur, my wishes will continually be for you,—that is to say,
'for a whole People's happiness. My heart will rank itself among your
'subjects; your glory will ever be dear to me. I shall wish, May you
'always be like yourself, and may other Kings be like you!—I am,
'with profound respect, your Royal Highness's most humble

'VOLTAIRE.'[13]

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi. 10.

Aug. 1736.

The Correspondence, once kindled, went on apace; and soon burst forth, finding nourishment all round, into a shining little household fire, pleasant to the hands and hearts of both parties. Consent of opinions on important matters is not wanting; nor is emphasis in declaring the same. The mutual admiration, which is high,—high and intrinsic on Friedrich's side; and on Voltaire's, high if in part *ex*trinsic,—by no means wants for emphasis of statement: superlatives, tempered by the best art, pass and repass. Friedrich, reading Voltaire's immortal Manuscripts, confesses with a blush, before long, that he himself is a poor Apprentice that way. Voltaire, at sight of the Princely Productions, is full of admiration, of encouragement; does a little in correcting, solecisms of grammar chiefly; a little, by no means much. But it is a growing branch of employment; now and henceforth almost the one reality of function Voltaire can find for himself in this beautiful Correspondence. For, "Oh what a Crown-Prince, ripening forward to be the delight of human nature, and realise the dream of sages, Philosophy upon the Throne!" And on the other side, "Oh what a Phœbus Apollo, mounting the eastern sky, chasing the Nightmares,—sowing the Earth with Orient pearl, to begin with!"—In which fine duet, it must be said, the Prince is perceptibly the truer singer; singing within compass, and from the heart; while the Phœbus shows himself acquainted with art, and warbles in seductive quavers, now and then beyond the pitch of his voice. We must own also, Friedrich proves little seducible; shows himself laudably indifferent to such siren-singing;—perhaps more used to flattery, and knowing by experience how little meal is to be made of chaff. Voltaire, in an ungrateful France, naturally plumes himself a good deal on such recognition by a Foreign Rising Sun; and, of the two, though so many years the elder, is much more like losing head a little.

Elegant gifts are dispatched to Cirey; gold-amber trinkets for Madame, perhaps an amber inkholder for Monsieur: priceless at Cirey as the gifts of the very gods. By and by, a messenger goes express: the witty Colonel Keyserling, witty but experienced, whom we once named at Reinsberg; he is to go and see with his eyes, since his Master cannot. What a messenger there; ambassador from star to star! Keyserling's report at Reinsberg is not given; but we have Grafigny's, which is probably the more impartial. Keyserling's embassy was in

the end of next year;[14] and there is plenty of airy writing about it and him, in these Letters.

Friedrich has translated the name *Keyserling* (diminutive of *Kaiser*) into "Cæsarion;"—and I should have said, he plays much upon names and also upon things, at Reinsberg, in that style; and has a good deal of airy symbolism, and cloudwork ingeniously painted round the solidities of his life there. Especially a "Bayard Order," as he calls it: Twelve of his selectest Friends made into a Chivalry Brotherhood, the names of whom are all changed, "Cæsarion" one of them; with dainty devices, and mimetic procedures of the due sort. Which are not wholly mummery; but have a spice of reality, to flavour them to a serious young heart. For the selection was rigorous, superior merit and behaviour a strict condition; and indeed several of these Bayard Chevaliers proved notable practical Champions in time coming;—for example Captain Fouquet, of whom we have heard before, in the dark Cüstrin days. This is a mentionable feature of the Reinsberg life, and of the young Prince's character there: pleasant to know of, from this distance; but not now worth knowing more in detail.

The Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence contains much incense; due whiffs of it, from Reinsberg side, to the "divine Emilie," Voltaire's quasi better-half or worse-half; who responds always in her divinest manner to Reinsberg, eager for more acquaintance there. The Du Châtelets had a Lawsuit in Brabant; very inveterate, perhaps a hundred years old or more; with the 'House of Honsbrouck:'[15] this, not to speak of other causes, flights from French peril and the like, often brought Voltaire and his Dame into those parts; and gave rise to occasional hopes of meeting with Friedrich; which could not take effect. In more practical style, Voltaire solicits of him: "Could not your Royal Highness perhaps graciously speak to some of those Judicial Bigwigs in Brabant, and flap them up a little!" Which Friedrich, I think, did, by some good means. Happily, by one means or other, Voltaire got the Lawsuit ended,—1740, we might guess, but the time is not specified;—and Friedrich had a new claim, had there been need of new, to be regarded with worship by Madame.[16] But the proposed meeting with

[14] 3d November 1737 (as we gather from the Correspondence).

[15] *Lettres Inédites de Voltaire* (Paris, 1826), p. 0.

[16] Record of all this, left, like innumerable other things there, in an intrinsically dark condition, lies in Voltaire's *Letters*,—not much worth hunting-up into clear daylight, the process being so difficult to a stranger.

Aug. 1736.

Madame could never take effect; not even when Friedrich's hands were free. Nay I notice at last, Friedrich had privately determined it never should; Madame evidently an inconvenient element to him. A young man not wanting in private power of eyesight; and able to distinguish chaff from meal! Voltaire and he will meet; meet, and also part; and there will be passages between them:—and the reader will again hear of this Correspondence of theirs, where it has a biographical interest. We are to conceive it, at present, as a principal light of life to the young heart at Reinsberg; a cheerful new fire, almost an altar-fire, irradiating the common dusk for him there.

Of another Correspondence, beautifully irradiative for the young heart, we must say almost nothing: the Correspondence with Suhm. Suhm the Saxon Minister, whom we have occasionally heard of, is an old Friend of the Crown-Prince's, dear and helpful to him: it is he who is now doing those *Translations* of *Wolf*, of which Voltaire lately saw specimen; translating *Wolf* at large, for the young man's behoof. The young man, restless to know the best Philosophy going, had tried reading of Wolf's chief Book; found it too abstruse, in Wolf's German: wherefore Suhm translates; sends it to him in limpid French; fascicle by fascicle, with commentaries; young man doing his best to understand and admire,—gratefully, not too successfully, we can perceive. That is the staple of the famous *Suhm Correspondence;* staple which nobody could now bear to be concerned with.

Suhm is also helpful in finance difficulties, which are pretty frequent; works-out subventions, loans under a handsome form, from the Czarina's and other Courts. Which is an operation of the utmost delicacy; perilous, should it be heard of at Potsdam. Wherefore Suhm and the Prince have a covert language for it: and affect still to be speaking of 'Publishers' and 'new Volumes,' when they mean Lenders and Bank-Draughts. All these loans, I will hope, were accurately paid one day, as that from George II. was, in 'rouleaus of new gold.' We need not doubt the wholesome charm and blessing of so intimate a Correspondence to the Crown-Prince; and indeed his real love of the amiable Suhm, as Suhm's of him, comes beautifully to light in these Letters: but otherwise they are not now to be read without weariness, even dreariness, and have become a biographical reminiscence merely.

Concerning Graf von Manteufel, a third Literary Correspondent, and the only other considerable one, here, from a German Commentator on this matter, is a Clipping that will suffice:

'Manteufel was Saxon by birth, long a Minister of August the 'Strong, but quarrelled with August, owing to some frail female it is 'said, and had withdrawn to Berlin a few years ago. He shines there 'among the fashionable philosophical classes; underhand, perhaps does 'a little in the volunteer political line withal; being a very busy push-'ing gentleman. Tall of stature, "perfectly handsome at the age of 'sixty;"[17] great partisan of Wolf and the Philosophies, awake to the 'Orthodoxies too. Writes flowing elegant French, in a softly trench-'ant, somewhat too all-knowing style. High manners traceable in 'him; but nothing of the noble loyalty, natural politeness and pious 'lucency of Suhm. One of his Letters to Friedrich has this slightly 'impertinent passage;—Friedrich, just getting settled in Reinsberg, 'having transiently mentioned "the quantity of fair sex" that had come 'about him there:

'"*Berlin*, 26*th August* 1736 (To the Crown-Prince). * * I am 'well persuaded your Royal Highness will regulate all that to perfec-'tion, and so manage that your fair-sex will be charmed to find them-'selves with you at Reinsberg, and you charmed to have them there. 'But permit me, your Royal Highness, to repeat in this place, what I 'one day took the liberty of saying here at Berlin: Nothing in the 'world would better suit the present interests of your Royal Highness 'and of us all, than some Heir of your Royal Highness's making! 'Perhaps the tranquil convenience with which your Royal Highness 'at Reinsberg can now attend to that object, will be of better effect 'than all those hasty and transitory visits at Berlin were. At least I 'wish it with the best of my heart. I beg pardon, Monseigneur, for 'intruding thus into everything which concerns your Royal Highness;" '—In truth, I am a rather impudent busybodyish fellow, with super-'abundant dashing manner, speculation, utterance; and shall get my-'self ordered out of the Country, by my present correspondent, by and 'by.—"Being ever," with the due enthusiasm,

'"MANTEUFEL."'[18]

'To which Friedrich's Answer is of a kind to put a gag in the foul 'mouth of certain extraordinary Pamphleteerings, that were once very 'copious in the world; and, in particular, to set at rest the Herr Dr. 'Zimmermann, and his poor puddle of calumnies and credulities, got 'together in that weak pursuit of physiology under obscene circum-'stances;—

[17] Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 39-45.
[18] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 487;—Friedrich's Answer is, Reinsberg, 23d September (Ib. 489).

'Which is the one good result I have gathered from the 'Manteufel Correspondence,' continues our German friend; whom I vote with!—Or if the English reader never saw those Zimmermann or other dog-like Pamphleteerings and surmisings, let this Excerpt be mysterious and superfluous to the thankful English reader.

On the whole, we conceive to ourselves the abundant nature of Friedrich's Correspondence, literary and other; and what kind of event the transit of that Post functionary 'from Fehrbellin northwards,' with his leathern bags, 'twice a-week,' may have been at Reinsberg, in those years.

CHAPTER III.

CROWN-PRINCE MAKES A MORNING CALL.

THURSDAY 25th October 1736, the Crown-Prince, with Lieutenant Buddenbrock and an attendant or two, drove over into Mecklenburg, to a Village and serene Schloss called Mirow, intending a small act of neighbourly civility there; on which perhaps an English reader of our time will consent to accompany him. It is but some ten or twelve miles off, in a northerly direction; Reinsberg being close on the frontier there. A pleasant enough morning's-drive, with the October sun shining on the silent heaths, on the many-coloured woods and you.

Mirow is an Apanage for one of the Mecklenburg-Strelitz junior branches: Mecklenburg-Strelitz being itself a junior compared to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin of which, and its infatuated Duke, we have heard so much in times past. Mirow and even Strelitz are not in a very shining state,—but indeed, we shall see them, as it were, with eyes. And the English reader is to note especially those Mirow people, as perhaps of some small interest to him, if he knew it. The Crown-Prince reports to Papa, in a satirical vein, not ungenially, and with much more freedom than is usual in those Reinsberg letters of his:

'*To his Prussian Majesty* (From the Crown-Prince).

'Reinsberg, 26th October 1736.

* * 'Yesterday I went across to Mirow. To give my Most All-'gracious Father an idea of the place, I cannot liken it to anything

'higher than Gross-Kreutz' (term of comparison lost upon us; say *Garrat*, at a venture, or the *Clachan of Aberfoyle*): 'the one house in it, 'that can be called a house, is not so good as the Parson's there. I 'made straight for the Schloss; which is pretty much like the Garden-'house in Bornim: only there is a rampart round it; and an old Tower, 'considerably in ruins, serves as a Gateway to the House.

'Coming on the Drawbridge, I perceived an old stocking-knitter 'disguised as Grenadier, with his cap, cartridge-box and musket laid 'to a side, that they might not hinder him in his knitting-work. As 'I advanced, he asked, "Whence I came, and whitherward I was 'going?" I answered, that "I came from the Posthouse, and was 'going over this Bridge:" whereupon the Grenadier, quite in a passion, 'ran to the Tower; where he opened a door and called out the Cor-'poral. The Corporal seemed to have hardly been out of bed; and 'in his great haste, had not taken time to put-on his shoes, nor quite 'button his breeches; with much flurry he asked us, "Where we were 'for, and how we came to treat the Sentry in that manner?" Without 'answering him at all, we went our way towards the Schloss.

'Never in my life should I have taken this for a Schloss, had it 'not been that there were two glass lamps fixed at the door-posts, and 'the figures of two Cranes standing in front of them, by way of Guards. 'We made-up to the House; and after knocking almost half an hour 'to no purpose, there peered out at last an exceedingly old woman, 'who looked as if she might have nursed the Prince of Mirow's father. 'The poor woman, at sight of strangers, was so terrified, she slammed 'the door to in our faces. We knocked again; and seeing there could 'nothing be made of it, we went round to the stables; where a fellow 'told us, "The young Prince with his Consort was gone to Neu-Strelitz, 'a couple of miles off" (ten miles English); "and the Duchess his 'Mother, who lives here, had given him, to make the better figure, all 'her people along with him; keeping nobody but the old woman to 'herself."

'It was still early; so I thought I could not do better than profit 'by the opportunity, and have a look at Neu-Strelitz. We took post-'horses; and got thither about noon. Neu-Strelitz is properly a Village; 'with only one street in it, where Chamberlains, Office-Clerks, Domes-'tics all lodge, and where there is an Inn. I cannot better describe it 'to my Most All-gracious Father than by that street in Gumbinnen 'where you go up to the Townhall,—except that no house here is 'whitewashed. The Schloss is fine, and lies on a lake, with a big 'garden; pretty much like Reinsberg in situation.

'The first question I asked here was for the Prince of Mirow: but 'they told me he had just driven off again to a place called Kanow; 'which is only a couple of miles English from Mirow, where we had 'been. Buddenbrock, who is acquainted with Neu-Strelitz, got me, 'from a chamberlain, something to eat; and in the mean while that 'Böhme came in, who was Adjutant in my Most All-gracious Father's

'Regiment' (not of Goltz, but King's presumably): 'Böhme did not 'know me till I hinted to him who I was. He told me, "The Duke 'of Strelitz was an excellent seamster;" fit to be Tailor to your Majesty 'in a manner, had not Fate been cruel, "and that he made beautiful 'dressing-gowns (*cassaquins*) with his needle." This made me curious 'to see him: so we had ourselves presented as Foreigners; and it went 'off so well that nobody recognised me. I cannot better describe the 'Duke than by saying he is like old Stahl' (famed old medical man at Berlin, dead last year, physiognomy not known to actual readers), 'in 'a blonde Abbé's-periwig. He is extremely silly (*blöde*); his Hofrath 'Altrock tells him, as it were, everything he has to say.' About fifty, this poor Duke; shrunk into needlework, for a quiet life, amid such tumults from Schwerin and elsewhere.

'Having taken leave, we drove right off to Kanow; and got thither 'about six. It is a mere Village; and the Prince's Pleasure-House '(*Lusthaus*) here is nothing better than an ordinary Hunting-Lodge, 'such as any Forest-keeper has. I alighted at the Miller's; and had 'myself announced' at the *Lusthaus* 'by his maid: upon which the 'Major-Domo (*Haus-Hofmeister*) came over to the Mill, and compli- 'mented me; with whom I proceeded to the Residenz,'—that is, back again to Mirow, 'where the whole Mirow Family were assembled. 'The Mother is a Princess of Schwartzburg, and still the cleverest of 'them all,'—still under sixty; good old Mother, intent that her poor Son should appear to advantage, when visiting the more opulent Serenities. 'His Aunt also,' mother's sister, 'was there. The Lady 'Spouse is small; a Niece to the Prince of Hildburghausen, who is in 'the Kaiser's service: she was in the family-way; but (*aber*) seemed 'otherwise to be a very good Princess.

'The first thing they entertained me with was, the sad misfortune 'come upon their best Cook; who, with the cart that was bringing 'the provisions, had overset, and broken his arm; so that the provisions 'had all gone to nothing. Privately I have had inquiries made; there 'was not a word of truth in the story. At last we went to table; and, 'sure enough, it looked as if the Cook and his provisions had come to 'some mishap; for certainly in the Three Crowns at Potsdam' (worst inn, one may guess, in the satirical vein), 'there is better eating than 'here.

'At table there was talk of nothing but of all the German Princes 'who are not right in their wits (*nicht recht klug*),'—as Mirow himself, your Majesty knows, is reputed to be! 'There was Weimar,[1] Gotha, 'Waldeck, Hoym, and the whole lot of them, brought upon the car- 'pet:—and after our good Host had got considerably drunk, we rose, '—and he lovingly promised me that "he and his whole Family would

[1] Wilhelmina's acquaintance; wedded, not without difficulty, to a superfluous Baireuth Sister-in-law by Wilhelmina (*Mémoires de Wilhelmina*, ii. 185-194): Grandfather of Goethe's Friend;—is nothing like fairly out of his wits; only has a flea (as we may say) dancing occasionally in the ear of him. Perhaps it is so with the rest of these Serenities, here fallen upon evil tongues?

'come and visit Reinsberg." Come he certainly will; but how I shall 'get rid of him, God knows.

'I most submissively beg pardon of my Most All-gracious Father 'for this long Letter; and'—we will terminate here.[2]

Dilapidated Mirow and its inmates, portrayed in this satirical way, except as a view of Serene Highnesses fallen into Sleepy Hollow, excites little notice in the indolent mind; and that little, rather pleasantly contemptuous than really profitable. But one fact ought to kindle momentary interest in English readers: the young foolish Herr, in this dilapidated place, is no other than our "Old Queen Charlotte's" Father that is to be,—a kind of Ancestor of ours, though we little guessed it! English readers will scan him with new curiosity, when he pays that return visit at Reinsberg. Which he does within the fortnight.

'*To his Prussian Majesty* (From the Crown-Prince).

'Reinsberg, 8th November 1736.

* * 'that my Most All-gracious Father has had the graciousness 'to send us some Swans. My Wife also has been exceedingly delighted 'at the fine Present sent her.' * * 'General Prætorius,' Danish Envoy, with whose Court there is some tiff of quarrel, 'came hither 'yesterday to take leave of us; he seems very unwilling to quit 'Prussia.

'This morning, about three o'clock, my people woke me, with word 'that there was a Stafette come with Letters,'—from your Majesty or Heaven knows whom! 'I spring up in all haste; and opening the 'Letter,—find it is from the Prince of Mirow; who informs me that '"he will be here today at noon." I have got all things in readiness 'to receive him, as if he were the Kaiser in person; and I hope there 'will be material for some amusement to my Most All-gracious Father, 'by next post.'—Next post is half-a-week hence:

'*To his Prussian Majesty* (From the Crown-Prince).

'Reinsberg, 11th November.

* * 'The Prince of Mirow's visit was so curious, I must give my 'Most All-gracious Father a particular report of it. In my last I men-'tioned how General Prætorius had come to us: he was in the room, 'when I entered with the Prince of Mirow; at sight of him Prætorius 'exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by everybody, "*Voilà le Prince 'Cajuca!*"[3] Not one of us could help laughing; and I had my own 'trouble to turn it so that he did not get angry.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, pp. 104-106.

[3] Nickname out of some Romance, fallen extinct long since.

'Scarcely was the Prince got in, when they came to tell me, for his 'worse luck, that Prince Heinrich,' the Ill Margraf, 'was come;—who 'accordingly trotted him out, in such a way that we thought we should 'all have died with laughing. Incessant praises were given him, espe- 'cially for his fine clothes, his fine air, and his uncommon agility in 'dancing. And indeed I thought the dancing would never end.

'In the afternoon, to spoil his fine coat,'—a contrivance of the Ill Margraf's, I should think,—'we stept out to shoot at target in the rain: 'he would not speak of it, but one could observe he was in much 'anxiety about the coat. In the evening, he got a glass or two in his 'head, and grew extremely merry; said at last, "He was sorry that, 'for divers state-reasons and businesses of moment, he must of neces- 'sity return home;"—which, however, he put-off till about two in the 'morning. I think, next day he would not remember very much of it.

'Prince Heinrich is gone to his Regiment again;' Prætorius too is off;—and we end with the proper *Kow-tow*.[4]

These Strelitzers, we said, are juniors to infatuated Schwerin; and poor Mirow is again junior to Strelitz: plainly one of the least opulent of Residences. At present, it is Dowager Apanage (*Wittwen-Sitz*) to the Widow of the late Strelitz of blessed memory: here, with her one Child, a boy now grown to what manhood we see, has the Serene Dowager lived, these twenty-eight years past; a Schwartzburg by birth, 'the cleverest head among them all.' Twenty-eight years in dilapidated Mirow: so long has that Tailoring Duke, her eldest *stepson* (child of a prior wife) been Supreme Head of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; employed with his needle, or we know not how,—collapsed plainly into tailoring at this date. There was but one other Son; this clever Lady's, twenty years junior,—"Prince of Mirow" whom we now see. Karl Ludwig Friedrich is the name of this one; age now twenty-eight gone. He, ever since the third month of him, when the poor Serene Father died ('May 1708'), has been at Mirow with Mamma; getting what education there was,—not too successfully, as would appear. Eight years ago, 'in 1726,' Mamma sent him off upon his travels; to Geneva, Italy, France: he looked in upon Vienna, too; got a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the Kaiser's Service, but did not like it; soon gave it up; and returned home to vegetate, perhaps to seek a wife, —having prospects of succession in Strelitz. For the Serene Half-Brother proves to have no children: were *his* tailoring once finished in the world, our Prince of Mirow is Duke in

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. part 3d, p. 109.

Chief. On this basis he wedded last year: the little Wife has already brought him one child, a Daughter; and has (as Friedrich notices) another under way, if it prosper. No lack of Daughters, nor of Sons by and by: eight years hence came the little Charlotte,—subsequently Mother of England: much to her and our astonishment.[5]

The poor man did not live to be Duke of Strelitz; he died, 1752, in little Charlotte's eighth year; Tailor Duke *surviving* him a few months. Little Charlotte's Brother did then succeed, and lasted till 1794; after whom a second Brother, father of the now Serene Strelitzes;—who also is genealogically notable. For from him there came another still more famous Queen: Louisa of Prussia; beautiful to look upon, as "Aunt Charlotte" was not, in a high degree; and who showed herself a Heroine in Napoleon's time, as Aunt Charlotte never was called to do. Both Aunt and Niece were women of sense, of probity, propriety; fairly beyond the average of Queens. And as to their early poverty, ridiculous to this gold-nugget generation, I rather guess it may have done them benefits which the gold-nugget generation, in its Queens and otherwise, stands far more in want of than it thinks.

But enough of this Prince of Mirow, whom Friedrich has accidentally unearthed for us. Indeed there is no farther history of him, for or against. He evidently was not thought to have invented gunpowder, by the public. And yet who knows but, in his very simplicity, there lay something far beyond the Ill Margraf to whom he was so quizzable? Poor downpressed brother mortal; somnambulating so pacifically in Sleepy Hollow yonder, and making no complaint!

He continued, though soon with less enthusiasm, and in the end very rarely, a visitor of Friedrich's during this Reinsberg time. Patriotic English readers may as well take the few remaining vestiges too, before quite dismissing him to Sleepy Hollow. Here they are, swept accurately together, from that Correspondence of Friedrich with Papa:

'*Reinsberg*, 18*th November* 1736. * * report most submissively that 'the Prince of Mirow has again been here, with his Mother, Wife, Aunt, 'Hofdames, Cavaliers and entire Household; so that I thought it was

[5] Born (at Mirow), 19th May 1744; married (London), 8th September 1761; died, 18th November 1818 (Michaelis, ii. 445, 446; Hübner, t. 195; Œrtel, pp. 43, 22).

'the Flight out of Egypt' (Exodus of the Jews). 'I begin to have a fear 'of those good people, as they assured me they would have such plea-'sure in coming often!'

'*Reinsberg, 1st February* 1737.' Let us give it in the Original too, as a specimen of German spelling:

'*Der Printz von Mihrau ist vohr einigen thagen hier gewessen und 'haben wier einige Wasser schwermer in der See ihm zu Ehren gesmissen, 'seine frau ist mit einer thoten Printzesin nieder geKomen.—Der Gene-'ral schulenburg ist heute hier gekommen und wirdt morgen*'—That is to say:

'The Prince of Mirow was here a few days ago; and we let-off, in 'honour of him, a few water-rockets over the Lake: his Wife has been 'brought to bed of a dead Princess. General Schulenburg' (with a small *s*) 'came hither today; and tomorrow will' * *

'*Reinsberg, 28th March* 1737. * * Prince von Mirow was here 'yesterday; and tried shooting at the popinjay with us; he cannot see 'rightly, and shoots always with help of an opera-glass.'

'*Ruppin, 20th October* 1737. The Prince of Mirow was with us 'last Friday; and babbled much in his high way; among other things, 'white-lied to us, that the Kaiserinn gave him a certain porcelain snuff-'box he was handling; but on being questioned more tightly, he con-'fessed to me he had bought it in Vienna.'[6]

And so let him somnambulate yonder, till the two Queens, like winged Psyches, one after the other, manage to emerge from him.

Friedrich's Letters to his Father are described by some Prussian Editors as 'very attractive, *sehr anziehende Briefe*,' which, to a Foreign reader, seems a strange account of them. Letters very hard to understand completely; and rather insignificant when understood. They turn on Gifts sent to and sent from, 'swans,' 'hams,' with the unspeakable thanks for them; on recruits of so many inches; on the visitors that have been; they assure us that 'there is no sickness in the regiment,' or tell expressly how much:—wholly small facts; nothing of speculation, and of ceremonial pipeclay a great deal. We know already under what nightmare conditions Friedrich wrote to his Father! The attitude of the Crown Prince, sincerely reverent and filial, though obliged to appear ineffably so, and on the whole struggling under such mountains of encumbrance, yet loyally maintaining his equilibrium, does at last acquire,

[6] *Briefe an Vater*, p. 71 (*caret* in *Œuvres*); pp. 85-114.—See Ib., 6th November 1737, for faint trace of a visit; and 25th September 1739, for another still fainter, the last there is.

in these Letters, silently a kind of beauty to the best class of readers. But that is nearly their sole merit. By far the most human of them, that on the first visit to Mirow, the reader has now seen; and may thank us much that we show him no more of them.[7]

CHAPTER IV.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

WHILE these Mirow visits are about their best, and much else at Reinsberg is in comfortable progress, Friedrich's first year there just ending, there come accounts from England of quarrels broken out between the Britannic Majesty and his Prince of Wales. Discrepancies risen now to a height; and getting into the very Newspapers;—the Rising Sun too little under the control of the Setting, in that unquiet Country!

Prince Fred of England did not get to the Rhine Campaign, as we saw: he got some increase of Revenue, a Household of his own; and finally a Wife, as he had requested: a Sachsen-Gotha Princess; who, peerless Wilhelmina being unattainable, was welcome to Prince Fred. She is in the family-way, this summer 1737, a very young lady still; result thought to be due —When? Result being potential Heir to the British Nation, there ought to have been good calculation of the time when! But apparently nobody had well turned his attention that way. Or if Fred and Spouse had, as is presumable, Fred had given no notice to the Paternal Majesty,—"Let Paternal Majesty, always so cross to me, look-out for himself in that matter." Certain it is, Fred and Spouse, in the beginning of August 1737, are out at Hampton Court; potential Heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th in the evening, out at solitary Hampton Court; the poor young Mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth,—in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry, or by forethought, —instead of dashing-off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the necessary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled-off to the old unprovided Palace of St.

[7] *Friedrich des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, 1838). Reduced in size, by suitable omissions; and properly spelt; but with little other elucidation for a stranger: in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, pp. 1-123 (Berlin, 1856).

James's, London, with his poor Wife in person! Unwarned, unprovided; where nevertheless she was safely delivered that same night,—safely, as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway: never was such an imprudence. Owing, I will believe, to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment,—unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech, on Papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be. Papa doubts not, it was malice aforethought all of it. "Had the potential Heir of the British Nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!" thinks Papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since; the very Newspapers and coffee-houses and populaces now all getting vocal with it.

Papa, as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a visit, one visit to the poor young Mother, so soon as proper: coming out from the visit, Prince Fred obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace, in front of St. James's; and there knelt down on the street, in his fine silk breeches, careless of the mud, to "beg a Mother's blessing," and show what a son he was, he for his part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed tenor; drove off; and saw no more of Fred, she either. I fear, this kneeling in the mud tells against Prince Fred; but in truth I do not know, nor even much care.[1] What a noise in England about nothing at all! —What a noisy Country, your Prussian Majesty! Foolish 'rising sun' not restrainable there by the setting or shining one; opposition parties bowling him about among the constellations, like a very mad object!—

But in a month or two, there comes worse news out of England; falling heavy on the heart of Prussian Majesty: news that Queen Caroline herself is dead.[2] Died as she had lived, with much constancy of mind, with a graceful modest courage and endurance; sinking quietly under the load of private miseries long quietly kept hidden, but now become too heavy, and for which the appointed rest was now here. Little George blubbered a good deal; fidgeted and flustered a good deal:

[1] Lord Hervey, *Memoirs of George the Second*, ii. 362-370, 409.
'Sunday evening, 1st December (20th Nov.) 1737.' Ib. pp. 510-539.

much put about, poor foolish little soul. The dying Caroline recommended *him* to Walpole; advised his Majesty to marry again. "*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses* (No, I'll have mistresses)!" sobbed his Majesty passionately. "*Ah, mon Dieu, cela n'empêche pas* (that does not hinder)!" answered she, from long experience of the case. There is something stoically tragic in the history of Caroline with her flighty vapouring little King: seldom had foolish husband so wise a wife. "Dead!" thought Friedrich Wilhelm, looking back through the whirlwinds of life, into sunny young scenes far enough away: "Dead!"—Walpole continued to manage the little King; but not for long; England itself rising in objection. Jenkins's Ear, I understand, is lying in cotton; and there are mad inflammable strata in that Nation, capable of exploding at a great rate.

From the Eastern regions our Newspapers are very full of events: War with the Turk going on there; Russia and Austria both doing their best against the Turk. The Russians had hardly finished their Polish-Election fighting, when they decided to have a stroke at the Turk,—Turk always an especial eye-sorrow to them, since that "Treaty of the Pruth," and Czar Peter's sad rebuff there:—Münnich marched direct out of Poland through the Ukraine, with his eye on the Crimea and furious business in that quarter. This is his second Campaign there, this of 1737; and furious business has not failed. Last year he stormed the Lines of Perecop, tore open the Crimea; took Azoph, he or Lacy under him; took many things: this year he had laid his plans for Oczakow;—takes Oczakow,—fiery event, blazing in all the Newspapers, at Reinsberg and elsewhere. Concerning which will the reader accept this condensed testimony by an eye-witness?

'*Oczakow*, 13*th July* 1737. Day before yesterday, Feldmarschall 'Münnich got to Oczakow, as he had planned,'—strong Turkish Town in the nook between the Black Sea and the estuary of the Dnieper;—'with intention to besiege it. Siege-train, stores of every sort, which 'he had set afloat upon the Dnieper in time enough, were to have been 'ready for him at Oczakow. But the flotilla had been detained by 'shallows, by waterfalls; not a boat was come, nor could anybody say 'when they were coming. Meanwhile nothing is to be had here; the 'very face of the earth the Turks have burnt: not a blade of grass for 'cavalry within eight miles, nor a stick of wood for engineers; not a 'hole for covert, and the ground so hard you cannot raise redoubts on 'it: Münnich perceives he must attempt, nevertheless.

'On his right, by the seashore, Münnich finds some remains of gar-
'dens, palisades; scrapes together some vestige of shelter there (five
'thousand, or even ten thousand pioneers working desperately all that
'first night, 11th July, with only half success); and on the morrow
'commences firing with what artillery he has. Much out-fired by the
'Turks inside;—his enterprise as good as desperate, unless the Dnieper
'flotilla come soon. July 12th, all day the firing continues, and all
'night; Turks extremely furious: about an hour before daybreak, we
'notice burning in the interior, "Some wooden house kindled by us,
'town got on fire yonder,"—and, praise to Heaven, they do not seem
'to succeed in quenching it again. Münnich turns out, in various divi-
'sions; intent on trying something, had he the least engineer furniture;
'—hopes desperately there may be promise for him in that internal
'burning still visible.

'In the centre of Münnich's line is one General Keith, a deliberate
'stalwart Scotch gentleman, whom we shall know better; Münnich
'himself is to the right: Could not one try it by scalade; keep the in-
'ternal burning free to spread, at any rate? "Advance within musket-
'shot, General Keith!" orders Münnich's Aide-de-Camp cantering up.
'"I have been this good while within it," answers Keith, pointing to
'his dead men. Aide-de-Camp canters up a second time: "Advance
'within half musket-shot, General Keith, and quit any covert you have!"
'Keith does so; sends, with his respects to Feldmarschall Münnich,
'his remonstrance against such a waste of human life. Aide-de-Camp
'canters up a third time: "Feldmarschall Münnich is for trying a
'scalade; hopes General Keith will do his best to coöperate!" "For
'ward, then!" answers Keith; advances close to the glacis; finds a
'wet ditch twelve feet broad, and has not a stick of engineer furniture.
'Keith waits there two hours; his men, under fire all the while, trying
'this and that to get across; Münnich's scalade going off ineffectual in
'like manner:—till at length Keith's men, and all men, tire of such a
'business, and roll back in great confusion out of shot-range. Münnich
'gives himself up for lost. And indeed, says Mannstein, had the Turks
'sallied out in pursuit at that moment, they might have chased us back
'to Russia. But the Turks did not sally. And the internal conflagra-
'tion is not quenched, far from it;—and about nine A.M. their Powder-
'Magazine, conflagration reaching it, roared aloft into the air, and
'killed seven thousand of them.'[3]

So that Oczakow was taken, sure enough; terms, life only: and every remaining Turk packs-off from it, some 'twenty thousand inhabitants young and old' for one sad item.—A very blazing semi-absurd event, to be read of in Prussian military circles,—where General Keith will be better known one day.

Russian War with the Turk: that means withal, by old

[3] Mannstein, pp. 151-156.

Treaties, aid of thirty thousand men from the Kaiser to Russia. Kaiser, so ruined lately, how can he send thirty thousand, and keep them recruited, in such distant expedition? Kaiser, much meditating, is advised it will be better to go frankly into the Turk on his own score, and try for slices of profit from him in this game. Kaiser declares war against the Turk; and what is still more interesting to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Berlin Circles, Seckendorf is named General of it. Feldzeugmeister now Feldmarschall Seckendorf, envy may say what it will, he has marched this season into the Lower-Donau Countries,—going to besiege Widdin, they say,—at the head of a big Army (on paper, almost a hundred and fifty thousand, light troops and heavy)—virtually Commander-in-Chief; though nominally our fine young friend Franz of Lorraine bears the title of Commander, whom Seckendorf is to dry-nurse in the way sometimes practised. Going to besiege Widdin, they say. So has the poor Kaiser been advised. His wise old Eugene is now gone;[4] I fear his advisers,—a youngish Feldzeugmeister, Prince of Hildburghausen, the chief favourite among them,—are none of the wisest. All Protestants, we observe, these favourite Hildburghausens, Schmettaus, Seckendorfs of his; and Vienna is an orthodox papal Court;—and there is a Hofkriegsrath (Supreme Council of War), which has ruined many a General, poking too meddlesomely into his affairs! On the whole, Seckendorf will have his difficulties. Here is a scene, on the Lower Donau, different enough from that at Oczakow, not far from contemporaneous with it. The Austrian Army is at Kolitz, a march or two beyond Belgrad:

'*Kolitz, 2d July* 1737. This day, the Army not being on march, but 'allowed to rest itself, Grand Duke Franz went into the woods to hunt. 'Hunting up and down, he lost himself; did not return at evening; and, 'as the night closed in and no Generalissimo visible, the Generalissimo '*ad Latus* (such the title they had contrived for Seckendorf) was in 'much alarm. Generalissimo *ad Latus* ordered out his whole force of 'drummers, trumpeters: To fling themselves, postwise, deeper and 'deeper into the woods all round; to drum there, and blow, in ever-'widening circle, in prescribed notes, and with all energy, till the Grand 'Duke were found. Grand Duke being found, Seckendorf remonstrated, 'rebuked; a thought too earnestly, some say, his temper being flurried,' —voice snuffling somewhat in alt, with lisp to help:—'so that the Grand 'Duke took offence; flung-off in a huff: and always looked askance on

[4] Died 30th April 1736.

'the Feldmarschall from that time;'[5]—quitting him altogether before long; and marching with Khevenhüller, Wallis, Hildburghausen, or any of the subordinate Generals rather. Probably Widden will not go the road of Oczakow, nor the Austrians prosper like the Russians, this summer.

Pöllnitz, in Tobacco-Parliament, and in certain Berlin circles foolishly agape about this new Feldmarschall, maintains always, Seckendorf will come to nothing; which his Majesty zealously contradicts,—his Majesty, and some short-sighted private individuals still favourable to Seckendorf.[6] Exactly one week after that singular drum-and-trumpet operation on Duke Franz, the Last of the Medici dies at Florence;[7] and Serene Franz, if he knew it, is Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, according to bargain: a matter important to himself chiefly, and to France, who, for Stanislaus and Lorraine's sake, has had to pay him some 200,000*l.* a-year during the brief intermediate state.

Of Berg and Jülich again; and of Luiscius with the One Razor.

These remote occurrences are of small interest to his Prussian Majesty, in comparison with the Pfalz affair, the Cleve-Jülich succession, which lies so near home. His Majesty is uncommonly anxious to have this matter settled, in peace, if possible. Kaiser and Reich, with the other Mediating Powers, go on mediating; but when will they decide? This year the old Bishop of Augsburg, one Brother of the older Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip, dies; nothing now between us and the event itself, but Karl Philip alone, who is verging towards eighty: the decision, to be peaceable, ought to be speedy! Friedrich Wilhelm, in January last, sent the expert Degenfeld, once of London, to old Karl Philip; and has him still there, with the most conciliatory offers: "Will leave your Sulzbachs a part, then; will be content with part, instead of the whole, which is mine if there be force in sealed parchment; will do anything for peace!" To which the old Kur-Pfalz, foolish old creature, is steadily deaf; answers vaguely, negatively always, in a polite manner; pushing his Majesty upon extremities painful to think

[5] See *Lebensgeschichte des Grafen von Schmettau* (by his Son: Berlin, 1806), i. 27.

[6] Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 497-502. [7] 9th July (*Fastes de Louis XV.* p. 304).

of. "We hate war; but cannot quite do without justice, your Serenity," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm: "must it be the eighty thousand iron ramrods, then?" Obstinate Serenity continues deaf; and Friedrich Wilhelm's negotiations, there at Mannheim, over in Holland, and through Holland with England, not to speak of Kaiser and Reich close at hand, become very intense; vehemently earnest, about this matter, for the next two years. The details of which, inexpressibly uninteresting, shall be spared the reader.

Summary is, these Mediating Powers will be of no help to his Majesty; not even the Dutch will, with whom he is specially in friendship: nay, in the third year it becomes fatally manifest, the chief Mediating Powers, Kaiser and France, listening rather to political convenience, than to the claims of justice, go direct in Kur-Pfalz's favour;—by formal treaty of their own,[8] France and the Kaiser settle, "That the Sulzbachers shall, as a preliminary, get provisional possession, on the now Serenity's decease; and shall continue undisturbed for two years, till Law decide between his Prussian Majesty and them." Two years; Law decide;—and we know what are the *nine-points* in a Law-case! This, at last, proved too much for his Majesty. Majesty's abstruse dubitations, meditations on such treatment by a Kaiser and others, did then, it appears, gloomily settle into fixed private purpose of trying it by the iron ramrods, when old Kur-Pfalz should die,—of marching with eighty thousand men into the Cleve Countries, and *so* welcoming any Sulzbach or other guests that might arrive. Happily old Kur-Pfalz did not die in his Majesty's time; survived his Majesty several years: so that the matter fell into other hands,—and was settled very well, near a century after.

Of certain wranglings with the little Town of Herstal,—Prussian Town (part of the Orange Heritage, once *King Pepin's* Town, if that were any matter now) in the Bishop of Liége's neighbourhood, Town highly insignificant otherwise,—we shall say nothing here, as they will fall to be treated, and be settled, at an after stage. Friedrich Wilhelm was much grieved by the contumacies of that paltry little Herstal; and by the Bishop of Liége's highflown procedures in countenancing them;—es-

[8] 'Versailles, 13th January 1739' (Olrich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege*, i. 13); Mauvillon, ii. 405-446; &c.

pecially in a recruiting case that had fallen out there, and brought matters to a head.[9] The Kaiser too was afflictively high in countenancing the Bishop;—for which both Kaiser and Bishop got due payment in time. But his Prussian Majesty would not kindle the world for such a paltriness; and so left it hanging in a vexatious condition. Such things, it is remarked, weigh heavier on his now infirm Majesty than they were wont. He is more subject to fits of hypochondria, to talk of abdicating. "All gone wrong!" he would say, if any little flaw rose, about recruiting or the like. "One might go and live at Venice, were one rid of it!"[10] And his deep-stung clangorous growl against the Kaiser's treatment of him bursts out, from time to time; though he oftenest pities the Kaiser, too; seeing him at such a pass with his Turk War and otherwise.

It was in this Pfalz business that Herr Luiscius, the Prussian Minister in Holland, got into trouble; of whom there is a light dash of outline-portraiture by Voltaire, which has made him memorable to readers. This 'fat King of Prussia,' says Voltaire, was a dreadfully avaricious fellow, unbeautiful to a high degree in his proceedings with mankind:

'He had a Minister at the Hague called Luiscius; who certainly of 'all Ministers of Crowned Heads was the worst paid. This poor man, 'to warm himself, had made some trees be felled in the Garden of 'Honslardik, which belonged at that time to the House of Prussia; he 'thereupon received despatches from the King, intimating that a year 'of his salary was forfeited. Luiscius, in despair, cut his throat with 'probably the one razor he had (*seul rasoir qu'il eût*); an old valet came 'to his assistance, and unhappily saved his life. In after years, I found 'his Excellency at the Hague; and have occasionally given him an alms 'at the door of the *Vieille Cour* (Old Court), a Palace belonging to the 'King of Prussia, where this poor Ambassador had lived a dozen years. 'It must be owned, Turkey is a republic in comparison to the despotism 'exercised by Friedrich Wilhelm.'[11]

Here truly is a witty sketch; consummately dashed off, as nobody but Voltaire could; 'round as Giotto's O,' done at one stroke. Of which the prose facts are only as follows. Luiscius, Prussian Resident, not distinguished by salary or otherwise, had, at one stage of these negotiations, been told, from head-

[9] 'December 1738' is crisis of the recruiting case (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 63); '17th February 1739,' Bishop's highflown appearance in it (ib. 67); Kaiser's in consequence, '10th April 1739.'

[10] Förster (place *lost*).

[11] *Œuvres de Voltaire* (*Vie Privée*, or what they now call *Mémoires*), ii. 15.

quarters, He might, in casual extra-official ways, if it seemed furthersome, give their High Mightinesses the hope, or notion, that his Majesty did not intend actual war about that Cleve-Jülich Succession,—being a pacific Majesty, and unwilling to involve his neighbours and mankind. Luiscius, instead of casual hint delicately dropped in some good way, had proceeded by direct declaration; frank assurance to the High Mightinesses, That there would be no war. Which had never been quite his Majesty's meaning, and perhaps was now becoming rather the reverse of it. Disavowal of Luiscius had to ensue thereupon; who produced defensively his instruction from head-quarters; but got only rebukes for such heavy-footed clumsy procedure, so unlike Diplomacy with its shoes of felt;—and, in brief, was turned out of the Diplomatic function, as unfit for it; and appointed to manage certain Orange Properties, fragments of the Orange Heritage which his Majesty still has in those Countries. This misadventure sank heavily on the spirits of Luiscius, otherwise none of the strongest-minded of men. Nor did he prosper in managing the Orange Properties: on the contrary, he again fell into mistakes; got soundly rebuked for injudicious conduct there,—'cutting trees,' planting trees, or whatever it was;—and this produced such an effect on Luiscius, that he made an attempt on his own throat, distracted mortal; and was only stopped by somebody rushing in. 'It 'was not the first time he had tried that feat,' says Pöllnitz, 'and been prevented; nor was it long till he made a new 'attempt, which was again frustrated: and always afterwards 'his relations kept him close in view:' Majesty writing comfortable forgiveness to the perturbed creature, and also 'settling a pension on him;' adequate, we can hope, and not excessive; 'which Luiscius continued to receive, at the Hague, so long 'as he lived.' These are the prose facts; not definitely dated to us, but perfectly clear otherwise.[12]

Voltaire, in his Dutch excursions, did sometimes, in after years, lodge in that old vacant Palace, called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague; where he gracefully celebrates the decayed forsaken state of matters; dusky vast rooms with dim gilding; forgotten libraries 'veiled under the biggest spiderwebs in Europe;' for the rest, an uncommonly quiet place, convenient

[12] Pöllnitz, ii. 495, 496;—the '*new* attempt' seems to have been 'June 1739' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, in mense, p. 331).

for a writing man, besides costing nothing. A son of this Luiscius, a good young lad, it also appears, was occasionally Voltaire's amanuensis there; him he did recommend zealously to the new King of Prussia, who was not deaf on the occasion. This, in the fire of satirical wit, is what we can transiently call 'giving alms to a Prussian Excellency;'—not now excellent, but pensioned and cracked; and the reader perceives, Luiscius had probably more than one razor, had not one been enough, when he did the rash act! Friedrich employed Luiscius Junior, with no result that we hear of farther; and seems to have thought Luiscius Senior an absurd fellow, not worth mentioning again: 'ran away from the Cleve Country' (probably some madhouse there) 'above a year ago, I hear; and what is the matter where such a crackbrain end?'[13]

CHAPTER V.

VISIT AT LOO.

THE Pfalz question being in such a predicament, and Luiscius diplomatising upon it in such heavy-footed manner, his Majesty thinks a journey to Holland, to visit one's Kinsfolk there, and incidentally speak a word with the High Mightinesses upon Pfalz, would not be amiss. Such journey is decided on; Crown-Prince to accompany. Summer of 1738: a short visit, quite without fuss; to last only three days;—mere sequel to the Reviews held in those adjacent Cleve Countries; so that the Gazetteers may take no notice. All which was done accordingly: Crown-Prince's first sight of Holland; and one of the few reportable points of his Reinsberg life, and not quite without memorability to him and us.

On the 8th of July 1738, the Review Party got upon the road for Wesel: all through July, they did their reviewing in those Cleve Countries; and then struck across for the Palace of Loo in Geldern, where a Prince of Orange countable kinsman to his Prussian Majesty, and a Princess still more nearly connected,—English George's Daughter, own niece to his Prussian Majesty,—are in waiting for this distinguished honour. The Prince of Orange we have already seen, for a moment once; at the siege of Philipsburg four years ago, when

[13] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Letter to Friedrich, 7th October 1740), lxxii. 261; and Friedrich's answer (wrong dated), ib. 265; Preuss, xxii. 33.

the sale of Chasot's horses went off so well. "Nothing like selling horses when your company have dined well," whispered he to Chasot, at that time; since which date we have heard nothing of his Highness.

He is not a beautiful man; he has a crooked back, and features conformable; but is of prompt vivacious nature, and does not want for sense and good-humour. Paternal George, the gossips say, warned his Princess, when this marriage was talked of, "You will find him very ill-looking, though!" "And if I found him a baboon—!" answered she; being so heartily tired of St. James's. And in fact, for anything I have heard, they do well enough together. She is George II.'s eldest Princess;—next elder to our poor Amelia, who was once so interesting to us! What the Crown-Prince now thought of all that, I do not know; but the Books say, poor Amelia wore the willow, and specially wore the Prince's miniature on her breast all her days after, which were many. Grew corpulent, somewhat a huddle in appearance and equipment, 'eyelids like upper-*lips*,' for one item: but when life itself fled, the miniature was found in its old place, resting on the old heart after some sixty years. O Time, O Sons and Daughters of Time!—

His Majesty's reception at Loo was of the kind he liked,—cordial, honourable, unceremonious; and these were three pleasant days he had. Pleasant for the Crown-Prince too; as the whole Journey had rather been; Papa, with covert satisfaction, finding him a wise creature, after all, and "more serious" than formerly. "Hm, you don't know what things are in that Fritz!" his Majesty murmured sometimes, in these later years, with a fine light in his eyes.

Loo itself is a beautiful Palace: 'Loo, close by the Village 'Appeldoorn, is a stately brick edifice, built with architectural 'regularity; has finely decorated rooms, beautiful gardens, and 'round are superb alleys of oak and linden.'[1] There saunters pleasantly our Crown-Prince, for these three days;—and one glad incident I do perceive to have befallen him there: the arrival of a Letter from Voltaire. Letter much expected, which had followed him from Wesel; and which he answers here, in this brick Palace, among the superb avenues and gardens.[2]

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, viii. 69.
[2] *Œuvres*, xxi. 203, the Letter, 'Cirey, June 1738;' Ib. 222, the Answer to it 'Loo, 6th August 1738.'

No doubt a glad incident, irradiating, as with a sudden sunburst in gray weather, the commonplace of things. Here is news worth listening to; news as from the empyrean! Free interchange of poetries and proses, of heroic sentiments and opinions, between the Unique of Sages and the Paragon of Crown-Princes; how charming to both! Literary business, we perceive, is brisk on both hands; at Cirey the *Discours sur l'Homme* ('Sixth *Discours*' arrives in this packet at Loo, surely a deathless piece of singing); nor is Reinsberg idle: Reinsberg is copiously doing verse, such verse! and in prose, very earnestly, an "*Anti-Macchiavel*," which soon afterwards filled all the then world, though it has now fallen so silent again. And at Paris, as Voltaire announces with a flourish, 'M. de Maupertuis's excellent Book, *Figure de la Terre*, is out';[3] M. de Maupertuis, home from the Polar regions and from measuring the Earth there; the sublimest miracle in Paris society at present. Might build, new-build, an *Academy of Sciences* at Berlin for your Royal Highness, one day? suggests Voltaire, on this occasion: and Friedrich, as we shall see, takes the hint. One passage of the Crown-Prince's Answer is in these terms;—fixing this Loo Visit to its date for us, at any rate:

'*Loo in Holland, 6th August* 1739. * * I write from a place 'where there lived once a great man' (William III. of England, our Dutch William); 'which is now the Prince of Orange's House. The 'demon of Ambition sheds its unhappy poisons over his days. He 'might be the most fortunate of men; and he is devoured by chagrins 'in his beautiful Palace here, in the middle of his gardens and of a 'brilliant Court. It is pity in truth; for he is a Prince with no end 'of wit (*infiniment d'esprit*), and has respectable qualities.' Not Stadtholder, unluckily; that is where the shoe pinches; the Dutch are on the Republican tack, and will not have a Stadtholder at present. No help for it in one's beautiful gardens and avenues of oak and linden.

'I have talked a great deal about Newton with the Princess,'—about Newton; never hinted at Amelia; not permissible!—'from New-'ton we passed to Leibnitz; and from Leibnitz to the late Queen of 'England,' Caroline lately gone, 'who, the Prince told me, was of 'Clarke's sentiment' on that important theological controversy now dead to mankind.——And of Jenkins and his Ear did the Princess say nothing? That is now becoming a high phenomenon in England! But readers must wait a little.

[3] Paris, 1738: Maupertuis's 'measurement of a degree,' in the utmost North, 1736-7 (to prove the Earth flattened there). Vivid Narrative; somewhat gesticulative, but duly brief. The only Book of that great Maupertuis which is now readable to human nature.

Pity that we cannot give these two Letters in full; that no reader, almost, could be made to understand them, or to care for them when understood. Such the cruelty of Time upon this Voltaire-Friedrich Correspondence, and some others; which were once so rosy, sunny, and are now fallen drearily extinct, —studiable by Editors only! In itself the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, we can see, was charming; very blossomy at present: businesses increasing; mutual admiration now risen to a great height,—admiration sincere on both sides, most so on the Prince's, and extravagantly expressed on both sides, most so on Voltaire's.

Crown-Prince becomes a Freemason; and is harangued by Monsieur de Bielfeld.

His Majesty, we said, had three pleasant days at Loo; discoursing, as with friends, on public matters, or even on more private matters, in a frank unconstrained way. He is not to be called "Majesty" on this occasion; but the fact, at Loo, and by the leading Mightinesses of the Republic, who come copiously to compliment him there, is well remembered. Talk there was, with such leading Mightinesses, about the Jülich-and-Berg question, aim of this Journey: earnest enough private talk with some of them: but it availed nothing; and would not be worth reporting now to any creature, if we even knew it. In fact, the Journey itself remains mentionable chiefly by one very trifling circumstance; and then by another, not important either, which followed out of that. The trifling circumstance is,—That Friedrich, in the course of this Journey, became a Freemason: and the unimportant sequel was, That he made acquaintance with one Bielfeld, on the occasion; who afterwards wrote a Book about him, which was once much read, though never much worth reading, and is still citable, with precaution, now and then.[4] Trifling circumstance, of Freemasonry, as we read in Bielfeld and in many Books after him, befell in manner following.

Among the dinner-guests at Loo, one of those three days, was a Prince of Lippe-Bückeburg,—Prince of small territory, but of great speculation; whose territory lies on the Weser,

[4] Monsieur le Baron de Bielfeld, *Lettres Familières et Autres*, 1763;—second edition, 2 vols. à Leide, 1767, is the one we use here.

leading to Dutch connexions; and whose speculations stretch over all the Universe, in a high fantastic style:—he was a dinner-guest; and one of the topics that came up was Free-masonry; a phantasmal kind of object, which had kindled itself, or rekindled, in those years, in England first of all; and was now hovering about, a good deal, in Germany and other countries; pretending to be a new light of Heaven, and not a bog-meteor of phosphorated hydrogen, conspicuous in the murk of things. Bog-meteor, foolish putrescent will-o'-wisp, his Majesty promptly defined it to be: Tomfoolery and *Kinderspiel*, what else? Whereupon ingenious Bückeburg, who was himself a Mason, man of forty by this time, and had high things in him of the Quixotic type, ventured on defence; and was so respectful, eloquent, dextrous, ingenious, he quite captivated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown-Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. Crown-Prince, after table, took his Durchlaucht of Bückeburg aside; talked farther on the subject, expressed his admiration, his conviction,—his wish to be admitted into such a Hero Fraternity. Nothing could be welcomer to Durchlaucht. And so, in all privacy, it was made-up between them, That Durchlaucht, summoning as many mystic Brothers out of Hamburg as were needful, should be in waiting with them, on the Crown-Prince's road homeward,—say at Brunswick, night before the Fair, where we are to be,—and there make the Crown-Prince a Mason.[5]

This is Bielfeld's account, repeated ever since; substantially correct, except that the scene was not Loo at all: dinner and dialogue, it now appears, took place in Durchlaucht's own neighbourhood, during the Cleve Review time; 'probably at Minden, 17th July;' and all was settled into fixed program before Loo came in sight.[6] Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure at Brunswick, as he saw it and was himself part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind; and may, for anything we know, be correct in every particular.

He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now decipherable enough), The Durchlaucht of Lippe-Bückeburg

[5] Bielfeld, i. 14-16; Preuss, i. 111; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 41.

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 201: Friedrich's Letter to this Durchlaucht, 'Comte de Schaumbourg-Lippe' he calls him; date, 'Moyland, 26th July 1738:' Moyland, a certain *Schloss*, or habitable Mansion, of his Majesty's, few miles to north of Mörs in the Cleve Country; where his Majesty used often to pause;—and where (what will be much more remarkable to readers) the Crown-Prince and Voltaire had their first meeting, two years hence.

had summoned six Brethren of the Hamburg Lodge; of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmannsegge, a Baron von Oberg, both from Hanover, and Bielfeld himself, a Merchant's Son, of Hamburg; these, with 'Kielmannsegge's Valet to act as Tiler,' Valet being also a Mason, and the rule equality of mankind,—were to have the honour of initiating the Crown-Prince. They arrived at the Western Gate of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is Fair-time; all manner of traders, pedlars, showmen rendezvousing; many neighbouring Nobility too, as was still the habit. "Such a bulk of light luggage?" said the Custom-house people at the Gate;—but were pacified by slipping them a ducat. Upon which we drove to 'Korn's Hôtel' (if anybody now knew it) and there patiently waited. No great things of a Hôtel, says Bielfeld; but can be put-up with;—worst feature is, we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by, nothing but a wooden partition between us: How if he should overhear!—

Prussian Majesty and suite, under universal cannon salvos, arrived, Sunday the 12th; to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august Son-in-law and Daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at Court, the rest of us not; privately settles with the Prince: "Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure; that shall be the night: at Korn's Hôtel, late enough!" And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th-15th August 1738, the light-luggage trunks have yielded their stage-properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready; Tiler (Kielmannsegge's Valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. As to our Hanover neighbour, on the other side the partition, says Bielfeld, we waited on him, this day after dinner, successively paying our respects; successively pledged him in so many bumpers, he is lying dead drunk hours ago, could not overhear a cannon-battery, he. And soon after midnight, the Crown-Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate; and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them, on the Crown-Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way.

Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanour of this Prince, his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy; and how he was so 'intrepid,' and 'possessed himself so gracefully in the most

critical instants.' Extremely genial air, and so young, looks younger even than his years: handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (*beau brun*), a negligent plenty of it; 'his large blue eyes have something at once severe, sweet and gracious.' Eligible Mason indeed. Had better make dispatch at present, lest Papa be getting on the road before him!—Bielfeld delivered a small address, composed beforehand; with which the Prince seemed to be content. And so, with masonic grip, they made their adieus for the present; and the Crown-Prince and Wartensleben were back at their posts, ready for the road along with his Majesty.

His Majesty came on Sunday; goes on Wednesday, home now at a stretch; and, we hope, has had a good time of it here, these three days. Daughter Charlotte and her Serene Husband, well with their subjects, well with one another, are doing well; have already two little Children; a Boy the elder, of whom we have heard: Boy's name is Karl, age now three; sprightly, reckoned very clever, by the fond parents;—who has many things to do in the world, by and by; to attack the French Revolution, and be blown to pieces by it on the Field of Jena, for final thing! That is the fate of little Karl, who frolics about here, so sunshiny and ingenuous at present.

Karl's Grandmother, the Serene Dowager Duchess, Friedrich's own Mother-in-law, his Majesty and Friedrich would also of course see here. Fine Younger Sons of hers are coming forward; the reigning Duke beautifully careful about the furtherance of these Cadets of the House. Here is Prince Ferdinand, for instance; just getting ready for the Grand Tour; goes in a month hence:[7] a fine eupeptic loyal young fellow; who, in a twenty years more, will be Chatham's Generalissimo, and fight the French to some purpose. A Brother of his, the next elder, is now fighting the Turks for his Kaiser; does not like it at all, under such Seckendorfs and War-Ministries as there are. Then, elder still, eldest of all the Cadets, there is Anton Ulrich, over at Petersburg for some years past, with outlooks high enough: To wed the Mecklenburg Princess

[7] Mauvillon (*Fils*, son of him whom we cite otherwise), *Geschichte Ferdinands Herzogs von Braunschweig-Lüneburg* (Leipzig, 1794), i. 17-25.

there (Daughter of the unutterable Duke), and be as good as Czar of all the Russias one day. Little to his profit, poor soul!—These, historically ascertainable, are the aspects of the Brunswick Court during those three days of Royal Visit, in Fair-time; and may serve to date the Masonic Transaction for us, which the Crown-Prince has just accomplished over at Korn's.

As for the Transaction itself, there is intrinsically no harm in this initiation, we will hope: but it behoves to be kept well hidden from Papa. Papa's good opinion of the Prince has sensibly risen, in the course of this Journey, "so rational, serious, not dangling about among the women as formerly;"—and what a shock would this of Korn's Hôtel be, should Papa hear of it! Poor Papa, from officious talebearers he hears many things: is in distress about Voltaire, about Heterodoxies;—and summoned the Crown-Prince, by express, from Reinsberg, on one occasion lately, over to Potsdam, 'to take the Communion' there, by way of case-hardening against Voltaire and Heterodoxies! Think of it, human readers!—We will add the following stray particulars, more or less illustrative of the Masonic Transaction; and so end that trifling affair.

The Captain Wartensleben, fellow-recipient of the mysteries at Brunswick, is youngest son, by a second marriage, of old Feldmarschall Wartensleben, now deceased; and is consequently Uncle, Half-Uncle, of poor Lieutenant Katte, though some years younger than Katte would now have been. Tender memories hang by Wartensleben, in a silent way! He is Captain in the Potsdam Giants; somewhat an intimate, and not undeservedly so, of the Crown-Prince;—succeeds Wolden as Hofmarschall at Reinsberg, not many months after this; Wolden having died of an apoplectic stroke. Of Bielfeld comes a Book, slightly citable; from no other of the Brethren, or their Feat at Korn's, comes (we may say) anything whatever. The Crown-Prince prosecuted his Masonry, at Reinsberg or elsewhere, occasionally, for a year or two; but was never ardent in it; and very soon after his Accession, left off altogether: "Child's-play and *ignis fatuus* mainly!" A Royal Lodge was established at Berlin, of which the new King consented to be patron; but he never once entered the place; and only his Portrait (a welcomely good one, still to be found there) presided over the mysteries in that Establishment. Harmless

'fire,' but too 'fatuous;' mere flame-circles cut in the air, for infants, we know how!—

With Lippe-Bückeburg there ensued some Correspondence, high enough on his Serenity's side; but it soon languished on the Prince's side; and in private Poetry, within a two years of this Brunswick scene, we find Lippe used proverbially for a type-specimen of Fools.[8] A windy fantastic individual;—overwhelmed in finance-difficulties too! Lippe continued writing; but 'only Secretaries now answered him' from Berlin. A son of his, son and successor, something of a Quixote too, but notable in Artillery-practice and otherwise, will turn-up at a future stage.

Nor is Bielfeld with his Book a thing of much moment to Friedrich or to us. Bielfeld too has a light airy vein of talk; loves Voltaire and the Philosophies in a light way;—knows the arts of Society, especially the art of flattering; and would fain make himself agreeable to the Crown-Prince, being anxious to rise in the world. His Father is a Hamburg Merchant, Hamburg 'Sealing-wax Manufacturer,' not ill-off for money: Son has been at schools, high schools, under tutors, posture-masters; swashes about on those terms, with French *esprit* in his mouth, and lace-ruffles at his wrists; still under thirty; showy enough, sharp enough; considerably a coxcomb, as is still evident. He did transiently get about Friedrich, as we shall see; and hoped to have sold his heart to good purpose there;—was, by and by, employed in slight functions; not found fit for grave ones. In the course of some years, he got a title of Baron; and sold his heart more advantageously, to some rich Widow or Fräulein; with whom he retired to Saxony, and there lived on an Estate he had purchased, a stranger to Prussia thenceforth.

His Book (*Lettres Familières et Autres*, all turning on Friedrich), which came out in 1763, at the height of Friedrich's fame, and was much read, is still freely cited by Historians as an Authority. But the reading of a few pages sufficiently intimates that these 'Letters' never can have gone through a terrestrial Post-office; that they are an afterthought, composed from vague memory and imagination, in that fine Saxon re-

[8] "Taciturne, Caton, avec mes bons parents,
Aussi fou que la Lippe avec les jeunes gens."
Œuvres, xi. 80 (*Discours sur la Fausseté*, written 1740).

treat;—a sorrowful ghost-like '*Travels of Anacharsis*,' instead of living words by an eye-witness! Not to be cited 'freely' at all, but sparingly and under conditions. They abound in small errors, in misdates, mistakes; small fictions even, and impossible pretensions:—foolish mortal, to write down his bit of knowledge in that form! For the man, in spite of his lace-ruffles and gesticulations, has brisk eyesight of a superficial kind: he *could* have done us this little service (apparently his one mission in the world, for which Nature gave him bed and board here); and he, the lace-ruffles having gone into his soul, has been tempted into misdoing it!—Bielfeld and Bieldfeld's Book, such as they are, appear to be the one conquest Friedrich got of Freemasonry; no other result now traceable to us of that adventure in Korn's Hôtel, crowning event of the Journey to Loo.

Seckendorf gets lodged in Grätz.

Feldmarschall Seckendorf, after unheard-of wrestlings with the Turk War, and the Vienna War-Office (*Hofkriegsrath*), is sitting, for the last three weeks,—where thinks the reader?—in the Fortress of Grätz among the Hills of Styria; a State-Prisoner, not likely to get out soon! Seckendorf led forth, in 1737, "such an Army, for number, spirit and equipment," say the Vienna people, "as never marched against the Turk before;" and it must be owned, his ill success has been unparalleled. The blame was not altogether his; not chiefly his, except for his rash undertaking of the thing, on such terms as there were. But the truth is, that first scene we saw of him,—an Army all gone out trumpeting and drumming into the woods to *find* its Commander-in-Chief,—was an emblem of the Campaign in general. Excellent Army; but commanded by nobody in particular; commanded by a *Hofkriegsrath* at Vienna, by a Franz Duke of Tuscany, by Feldmarschall Seckendorf, and by subordinates who were disobedient to him: which accordingly, almost without help of the Turk and his disorderly ferocity, rubbed itself to pieces before long. Roamed about, now hither now thither, with plans laid and then with plans suddenly altered, Captain being Chaos mainly; in swampy countries, by overflowing rivers, in hunger, hot weather, forced marches; till it was marched gradually off its feet; and the clouds of chaotic Turks, who did finally show face, had a cheap pennyworth of

15th Aug. 1738.

it. Never was such a campaign seen as this of Seckendorf in 1737, said mankind. Except indeed that the present one, Campaign of 1738, in those parts, under a different hand, is still worse; and the Campaign of 1739, under still a different, will be worst of all!—Kaiser Karl and his Austrians do not prosper in this Turk War, as the Russians do,—who indeed have got a General equal to his task: Münnich, a famed master in the art of handling Turks and War-Ministries: real father of Russian Soldiering, say the Russians still.[9]

Campaign 1737, with clouds of chaotic Turks now sabering on the skirts of it, had not yet ended, when Seckendorf was called out of it; on polite pretexts, home to Vienna; and the command given to another. At the gates of Vienna, in the last days of October 1737, an Official Person, waiting for the Feldmarschall, was sorry to inform him, That he, Feldmarschall Seckendorf, was under arrest; arrest in his own house, in the *Kohlmarkt* (Cabbage-market so-called), a captain and twelve musketeers to watch over him with fixed bayonets there; strictly private, till the *Hofkriegsrath* had satisfied themselves in a point or two. "Hmph!" snuffled he; with brow blushing slate-colour, I should think, and gray eyes much alight. And ever since, for ten months or so, Seckendorf, sealed-up in the Cabbage-market, has been fencing for life with the *Hofkriegsrath;* who want satisfaction upon 'eighty-six' different 'points;' and make no end of chicaning to one's clear answers. And the Jesuits preach, too: "A Heretic, born enemy of Christ and his Kaiser; what is the use of questioning!" And the Heathen rage, and all men gnash their teeth, in this uncomfortable manner.

Answering done, there comes no verdict, much less any acquittal; the captain and twelve musketeers, three of them with fixed bayonets in one's very bedroom, continue. One evening, 21st July 1738, glorious news from the seat of War,—not *till* evening, as the Imperial Majesty was out hunting,—enters Vienna; blowing trumpets; shaking flags: "Grand Victory over the Turks!" so we call some poor skirmish there has been; and Vienna bursting all into three-times-three, the populace get very high. Populace rush to the Kohlmarkt: break the Seckendorf windows; intent to massacre the Seckendorf, had

[9] See *Mannstein* for Münnich's plans with the Turk (methods and devices of steady Discipline in small numbers *versus* impetuous Ferocity in great); and Berenhorst (*Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, Leipzig, 1796), a first-rate Authority, for examples and eulogies of them.

not fresh military come, who were obliged to fire and kill one or two. 'The house captain and his twelve musketeers, of 'themselves, did wonders; Seckendorf and all his domestics 'were in arms:' "*Jarni-bleu*" for the last time!—This is while the Crown-Prince is at Wesel; sound asleep, most likely; Loo, and the Masonic adventure, perhaps twinkling prophetically in his dreams.

At two next morning, an Official Gentleman informs Seckendorf, That he, for his part, must awaken, and go to Grätz. And in one hour more (3 A.M.), the Official Gentleman rolls off with him; drives all day; and delivers his Prisoner at Grätz: —'Not so much as a room ready there; Prisoner had to wait an hour in the carriage,' till some summary preparation were made. Wall-neighbours of the poor Feldmarschall, in his Fortress here, were 'a *Gold-Cook* (swindling Alchemist), who had 'gone crazy; and an Irish Lieutenant, confined thirty-two years 'for some love-adventure, likewise pretty crazy; their noises 'in the night-time much disturbed the Feldmarschall.'[10] One human thing there still is in his lot, the Feldmarschall's old Gräfinn. True old Dame, she, both in the Kohlmarkt and at Grätz, stands by him, 'imprisoned along with him' if it must be so; ministering, comforting, as only a true Wife can;—and hope has not quite taken wing.

Rough old Feldmarschall; now turned of sixty: never made such a Campaign before, as this of '37 followed by '38! There sits he; and will not trouble us any more during the present Kaiser's lifetime. Friedrich Wilhelm is amazed at these sudden cantings of Fortune's wheel, and grieves honestly as for an old friend: even the Crown-Prince finds Seckendorf punished unjustly; and is almost sorry for him, after all that has come and gone.

The Ear of Jenkins reëmerges.

We must add the following, distilled from the English Newspapers, though it is now almost four months after date:

'*London*, *1st April* 1738. In the English House of Commons, 'much more in the English Public, there has been furious debating for 'a fortnight past: Committee of the whole House, examining witnesses, 'hearing counsel; subject, the Termagant of Spain, and her West-'Indian procedures;—she, by her procedures somewhere, is always cut-

[10] *Seckendorfs Leben*, ii. 170-277. See *Schmettau*, pp. 27-59.

'ting-out work for mankind! How English and other strangers, fallen-
'in with in those seas, are treated by the Spaniards, readers have heard,
'nay have chanced to see; and it is a fact painfully known to all na-
'tions. Fact which England, for one nation, can no longer put-up
'with. Walpole and the Official Persons would fain smooth the matter;
'but the West-India Interest, the City, all Mercantile and Navigation
'Interests are in dead earnest: Committee of the whole House, "Pre-
'sided by Alderman Perry," has not ears enough to hear the immensi-
'ties of evidence offered; slow Public is gradually kindling to some
'sense of it. This had gone on for two weeks, when—what shall we
'say?—the *Ear of Jenkins* reëmerged for the second time; and pro-
'duced important effects!

'Where Jenkins had been all this while,—steadfastly navigating to
'and fro, steadfastly eating tough junk with a wetting of rum; not
'thinking too much of past labours, yet privately "always keeping his
'lost Ear in cotton" (with a kind of ursine piety, or other dumb feeling),
'—no mortal now knows. But to all mortals it is evident he was home
'in London at this time; no doubt a noted member of Wapping society,
'the much-enduring Jenkins. And witnesses, probably not one but
'many, had mentioned him to this Committee, as a case eminently in
'point. Committee, as can still be read in its Rhadamanthine Journals,
'orders: "*Die Jovis*, 16° *Martii* 1737-8, That Captain Robert Jenkins
'do attend this House immediately;" and then more specially, "17°
'*Martii*,"—captious objections having risen in Official quarters, as we
'guess,—"That Captain Robert Jenkins do attend upon Tuesday morn-
'ing next."[11] Tuesday next is 21st March,—1st of April 1738 by our
'modern Calendar;—and on that day, not a doubt, Jenkins does at-
'tend; narrates that tremendous passage we already heard of, seven
'years ago, in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida; and produces his
'Ear wrapt in cotton:—setting all on flame (except the Official per-
'sons) at sight of it.'

Official persons, as their wont is in the pressure of debate, endeavoured to deny, to insinuate in their vile Newspapers, That Jenkins lost his Ear nearer home and not for nothing; as one still reads in the History Books.[12] Sheer calumnies, we now find. Jenkins's account was doubtless abundantly emphatic; but there is no ground to question the substantial truth of him and it. And so, after seven years of unnoticeable burning upon the thick skin of the English Public, the case of Jenkins accidentally burns through, and sets England bellowing; such a smart is there of it,—not to be soothed by Official wet-cloths; but getting worse and worse, for the nineteen months ensuing. And in short—But we will not anticipate!

[11] *Commons Journals*, xxiii. (in diebus). [12] Tindal (xx. 372), Coxe, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; JOURNEY TO PREUSSEN.

THE Idyllium of Reinsberg,—of which, except in the way of sketchy suggestion, there can no history be given,—lasted less than four years; and is now coming to an end, unexpectedly soon. A pleasant Arcadian Summer in one's life;—though it has not wanted its occasional discords, flaws of ill weather in the general sunshine. Papa, always in uncertain health of late, is getting heavier of foot and of heart under his heavy burdens; and sometimes falls abstruse enough, liable to bewilderments from bad people and events: not much worth noticing here.[1] But the Crown-Prince has learned to deal with all this; all this is of transient nature; and a bright long future seems to lie ahead at Reinsberg;—brightened especially by the Literary Element; which, in this year of 1739, is brisker than it had ever been. Distinguished Visitors, of a literary turn, look in at Reinsberg; the Voltaire Correspondence is very lively; on Friedrich's part there is copious production, various enterprise, in the form of prose and verse; thoughts even of going to press with some of it: in short, the Literary Interest rises very prominent at Reinsberg in 1739. Biography is apt to forget the Literature there (having her reasons); but must at last take some notice of it, among the phenomena of the year.

To the young Prince himself, 'courting tranquillity,' as his door-lintel intimated,[2] and forbidden to be active except within limits, this of Literature was all along the great light of existence at Reinsberg; the supplement to all other employments or wants of employment there. To Friedrich himself, in those old days, a great and supreme interest; while again, to the modern Biographer of him, it has become dark and vacant; a thing to be shunned, not sought. So that the fact as it stood with Friedrich differs far from any description that can be given of the fact. Alas, we have said already, and the constant truth is, Friedrich's literatures, his distinguished literary visitors and enterprises, which were once brand-new and brilliant,

[1] See Pöllnitz, ii. 509-515; Friedrich's Letter to Wilhelmina ('Berlin, 20th Jan. 1739:' in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, pp. 60-61); &c. &c.

[2] '*Frederico tranquillitatem colenti*' (Infrà, p. 280).

1739.

have grown old as a garment, and are a sorrow rather than otherwise to existing mankind! Conscientious readers, who would represent to themselves the vanished scene at Reinsberg, in this point more especially, must make an effort.

As biographical documents, these Poetries and Proses of the young man give a very pretty testimony of him; but are not of value otherwise. In fact, they promise, if we look well into them, That here is probably a practical faculty and intellect of the highest kind; which again, on the speculative, especially on the poetical side, will never be considerable, nor has even tried to be so. This young soul does not deal in meditation at all, and his tendencies are the reverse of sentimental. Here is no introspection, morbid or other, no pathos or complaint, no melodious informing of the public what dreadful emotions you labour under: here, in rapid prompt form, indicating that it is truth and not fable, are generous aspirations for the world and yourself, generous pride, disdain of the ignoble, of the dark, mendacious;—here, in short, is a swift-handed, valiant, *steel*-bright kind of soul; very likely for a King's, if other things answer, and not likely for a Poet's. No doubt he could have made something of Literature too; could have written Books, and left some stamp of a veracious, more or less victorious intellect, in that strange province too. But then he must have applied himself to it, as he did to reigning: done in the cursory style, we see what it has come to.

It is certain, Friedrich's reputation suffers, at this day, from his writing. From his *not* having written nothing, he stands lower with the world. Which seems hard measure;—though perhaps it is the law of the case, after all. 'Nobody 'in these days,' says my poor Friend, 'has the least notion 'of the sinful waste there is in talk, whether by pen or tongue. 'Better probably that King Friedrich had written no Verses; 'nay I know not that David's Psalms did David's Kingship 'any good!' Which may be truer than it seems. Fine aspirations, generous convictions, purposes,—they are thought very fine: but it is good, on various accounts, to keep them rather silent; strictly unvocal, except on call of real business; so dangerous are they for becoming conscious of themselves! Most things do not ripen at all except underground. And it is a sad but sure truth, that every time you *speak* of a fine purpose, especially if with eloquence and to the admiration of

bystanders, there is the *less* chance of your ever making a fact of it in your poor life.—If Reinsberg, and its vacancy of great employment, was the cause of Friedrich's verse-writing, we will not praise Reinsberg on that head! But the truth is, Friedrich's verses came from him with uncommon fluency; and were not a deep matter, but a shallow one, in any sense. Not much more to him than speaking with a will; than fantasying on the flute in an animated strain. Ever and anon through his life, on small hint from without or on great, there was found a certain leakage of verses, which he was prompt to utter;—and the case at Reinsberg, or afterwards, is not so serious as we might imagine.

Pine's Horace; and the Anti-Macchiavel.

In late months Friedrich had conceived one notable project; which demands a word in this place. Did modern readers ever hear of 'John Pine, the celebrated English Engraver'? John Pine, a man of good scholarship, good skill with his burin, did 'Tapestries of the House of Lords,' and other things of a celebrated nature, famous at home and abroad: but his peculiar feat, which had commended him at Reinsberg, was an Edition of *Horace:* exquisite old *Flaccus* brought to perfection, as it were; all done with vignettes, classical borderings, symbolic marginal ornaments, in fine taste and accuracy, the Text itself engraved; all by the exquisite burin of Pine.[3] This Edition had come out last year, famous over the world; and was by and by, as rumour bore, to be followed by a *Virgil* done in the like exquisite manner.

The Pine *Horace*, part of the Pine *Virgil* too, still exist in the libraries of the curious; and are doubtless known to the proper parties, though much forgotten by others of us. To Friedrich, scanning the Pine phenomenon with interest then brand-new, it seemed an admirable tribute to classical genius; and the idea occurred to him, "Is not there, by Heaven's blessing, a living genius, classical like those antique Romans, and worthy of a like tribute?" Friedrich's idea was, That Voltaire being clearly the supreme of Poets, the *Henriade*, his supreme of Poems, ought to be engraved like *Flaccus;* text and all, with vignettes, tail-pieces, classical borderings

[3] 'London, 1737' (*Biographie Universelle*, xxxiv. 465).

1739.

beautifully symbolic and exact; by the exquisite burin of Pine. Which idea the young hero-worshipper, in spite of his finance-difficulties, had resolved to realise; and was even now busy with it, since his return from Loo. "Such beautiful enthusiasm," say some readers; "and in behalf of that particular demigod!" Alas, yes; to Friedrich he was the best demigod then going; and Friedrich never had any doubt about him.

For the rest, this heroic idea could not realise itself; and we are happy to have nothing more to do with Pine or the *Henriade*. Correspondences were entered into with Pine, and some pains taken: Pine's high prices were as nothing; but Pine was busy with his *Virgil;* probably, in fact, had little stomach for the *Henriade;* "could not for seven years to come enter upon it:" so that the matter had to die away; and nothing came of it but a small *Dissertation*, or Introductory Essay, which the Prince had got ready,—which is still to be found printed in Voltaire's Works[4] and in Friedrich's, if any body now cared much to read it. Preuss says it was finished, 'the 10th August 1739;' and that minute fact in Chronology, with the above tale of Hero-worship hanging to it, will suffice my readers and me.

But there is another literary project on hand, which did take effect;—much worthy of mention, this year; the whole world having risen into such a Chorus of *Te Deum* at sight of it next year. In this year falls, what at any rate was a great event to Friedrich, as literary man, the printing of his first Book,—assiduous writing of it with an eye to print. The Book is that 'celebrated *Anti-Macchiavel*,' ever-praiseworthy Refutation of Macchiavel's *Prince;* concerning which there are such immensities of Voltaire Correspondence, now become, like the Book itself, inane to all readers. This was the chosen soul's employment of Friedrich, the flower of life to him, at Reinsberg, through the year 1739. It did not actually get to press till Spring 1740; nor actually come out till Autumn,—by which time a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and circumstances: but we may as well say here what little is to be said of it for modern readers.

'The Crown-Prince, reading this bad Book of Macchiavel's, years 'ago, had been struck, as all honest souls, especially governors or ap-

[4] *Œuvres*, xiii. 393-402.

'prentices to governing, must be, if they thought of reading such a 'thing, with its badness, its falsity, detestability; and came by degrees, 'obliquely fishing-out Voltaire's opinion as he went along, on the no- 'tion of refuting Macchiavel; and did refute him, the best he could. 'Set down, namely, his own earnest contradiction to such ungrounded 'noxious doctrines; elaborating the same more and more into clear 'logical utterance, till it swelled into a little Volume; which, so excel- 'lent was it, so important to mankind, Voltaire and friends were clear 'for publishing. Published accordingly it was; goes through the press 'next Summer (1740), under Voltaire's anxious superintendence:[5] for 'the Prince has at length consented; and Voltaire hands the Manuscript, 'with mystery yet with hints, to a Dutch Bookseller, one Van Duren 'at the Hague, who is eager enough to print such an article. Voltaire 'himself,—such his magnanimous friendship, especially if one have 'Dutch Lawsuits, or business of one's own, in those parts,—takes charge 'of correcting; lodges himself in the "Old Court" (Prussian Mansion, 'called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague, where "Luiscius," figuratively speak- 'ing, may "get an alms" from us); and therefrom corrects, alters; cor- 'responds with the Prince and Van Duren, at a great rate. Keeps cor- 'recting, altering, till Van Duren thinks he is spoiling it for sale;—and 'privately determines to preserve the original Manuscript, and have an 'edition of that, with only such corrections as seem good to Van Duren. 'A treasonous step on this mule of a Bookseller's part, thinks Voltaire; 'but mulishly persisted in by the man. Endless correspondence, to 'right and left, ensues; intolerably wearisome to every reader. And, 'in fine, there came out, in Autumn next,'—the Crown-Prince no longer a Crown-Prince by that time, but shining conspicuous under Higher Title,—'not one *Anti-Macchiavel* only, but a couple or a trio 'of *Anti-Macchiavels;* as printed "at the Hague;" as reprinted "at 'London" or elsewhere; the confused Bibliography of which has now 'fallen very insignificant. First there was the Voltaire text, Authorised 'Edition, "end of September 1740;" then came, in few weeks, the 'Van Duren one; then, probably, a third, combining the two, the vari- 'ations given as foot-notes:—in short, I know not how many editions, 'translations, printings and reprintings; all the world being much 'taken up with such a message from the upper regions, and eager to 'read it in any form.

'As to Friedrich himself, who of course says nothing of the *Anti-* '*Macchiavel* in public, he privately, to Voltaire, disowns all these 'editions; and intends to give a new one of his own, which shall be

[5] Here, gathered from Friedrich's Letters to Voltaire, is the Chronology of the little Enterprise:

1738, *March* 21, *June* 17, "Macchiavel a baneful man," thinks Friedrich. "Ought to be refuted by somebody?" thinks he (date not known).

1739, *March* 22, Friedrich thinks of doing it himself. Has done it, *December* 4; —"a Book which ought to be printed," say Voltaire and the literary visitors.

1740, *April* 26, Book given up to Voltaire for printing. Printing finished; Book appears, 'end of *September*,' when a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and position.

'the right article; but never did it, having far other work cut-out for 'him in the months that came. But how zealous the world's humour 'was in that matter, no modern reader can conceive to himself. In 'the frightful Compilation called *Helden-Geschichte*, which we some-'times cite, there are, excerpted from the then "Bibliothèques" (*Nou-'velle Bibliothèque* and another; shining Periodicals of the time, now 'gone quite dead), two "reviews" of the *Anti-Macchiavel*, which fill 'modern readers with amazement: such a *Domine dimittas* chanted 'over such an article!—These details, in any other than the Biographi-'cal point of view, are now infinitely unimportant.'

Truly, yes! The Crown-Prince's *Anti-Macchiavel*, final correct edition (in two forms, Voltaire's as corrected, and the Prince's own as written), stands now in clear type;[6] and, after all that jumble of printing and counter-printing, we can any of us read it in a few hours; but, alas, almost none of us with the least interest, or, as it were, with any profit whatever. So different is present tense from past, in all things, especially in things like these! It is sixscore years since the *Anti-Macchiavel* appeared. The spectacle of one who was himself a King (for the mysterious fact was well known to Van Duren and everybody) stepping forth to say with conviction, That Kingship was not a thing of attorney mendacity, to be done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity, to be set about under quite Other patronage; and that, in fact, a King was the "born servant of his People" (*domestique* Friedrich once calls it), rather than otherwise: this, naturally enough, rose upon the then populations, unused to such language, like the dawn of a new day; and was welcomed with such applauses as are now incredible, after all that has come and gone! Alas, in these sixscore years, it has been found so easy to profess and speak, even with sincerity! The actual Hero-Kings were long used to be silent; and the Sham-Hero kind grow only the more desperate for us, the more they speak and profess!—This *Anti-Macchiavel* of Friedrich's is a clear distinct Treatise; confutes, or at least heartily contradicts, paragraph by paragraph, the incredible sophistries of Macchiavel. Nay it leaves us, if we sufficiently force our attention, with the comfortable sense that his Royal Highness is speaking with conviction, and honestly from the heart, in the affair: but that is all the conquest we get of it, in these days. Treatise fallen

[6] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, viii. 61-163.

more extinct to existing mankind it would not be easy to name.

Perhaps indeed mankind is getting weary of the question altogether. Macchiavel himself one now reads only by compulsion. "What is the use of arguing with anybody that can believe in Macchiavel?" asks mankind, or might well ask; and, except for Editorial purposes, eschews any *Anti-Macchiavel;* impatient to be rid of bane and antidote both. Truly the world has had a pother with this little Nicolò Macchiavelli and his perverse little Book:—pity almost that a Friedrich Wilhelm, taking his rounds at that point of time, had not had the "refuting" of him; Friedrich Wilhelm's method would have been briefer than Friedrich's! But let us hope the thing is now, practically, about completed. And as to the other question, "Was the Signor Nicolò serious in this perverse little Book; or did he only do it ironically, with a serious inverse purpose?" we will leave that to be decided, any time convenient, by people who are much at leisure in the world!—

The printing of the *Anti-Macchiavel* was not intrinsically momentous in Friedrich's history; yet it might as well have been dispensed with. He had here drawn a fine program, and needlessly placarded it for the street populations: and afterwards there rose, as could not fail on their part, comparison between program and performance; scornful cry, chiefly from men of weak judgment, "Is this King an *Anti*-Macchiavel, then? Pfui!" Of which,—though Voltaire's voice, too, was heard in it, in angry moments,—we shall say nothing: the reader, looking for himself, will judge by and by. And herewith enough of the *Anti-Macchiavel.* Composition of *Anti-Macchiavel* and speculation of the Pine *Henriade* lasted, both of them, all through this Year 1739, and farther: from these two items, not to mention any other, readers can figure sufficiently how literary a year it was.

Friedrich in Preussen again; at the Stud of Trakehnen. A tragically great Event coming on.

In July this year the Crown-Prince went with Papa on the Prussian Review-journey.[7] Such attendance on Review-journeys, a mark of his being well with Papa, is now becoming

[7] 'Set out, 7th July' (*Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, 67 n.).

27th July 1739.

usual; they are agreeable excursions, and cannot but be instructive as well. On this occasion, things went beautifully with him. Out in those grassy Countries, in the bright Summer, once more he had an unusually fine time;—and two very special pleasures befell him. First was, a sight of the Emigrants, our Salzburgers and other, in their flourishing condition, over in Lithuania yonder. Delightful to see how the waste is blossoming up again; busy men, with their industries, their steady pious husbandries, making all things green and fruitful: horse-droves, cattle-herds, waving cornfields;—a very "*Schmalzgrube* (Butter-pit)" of those Northern parts, as it is since called.[8] The Crown-Prince's own words on this matter we will give; they are in a Letter of his to Voltaire, perhaps already known to some readers;—and we can observe he writes rather copiously from those localities at present, and in a cheerful humour with everybody.

'*Insterburg*, 27*th July* 1739 (Crown-Prince to Voltaire). * * Prus-'sian Lithuania is a Country a hundred and twenty miles long, by from 'sixty to forty broad;[9] it was ravaged by Pestilence at the beginning 'of this Century; and they say Three-hundred Thousand people died 'of disease and famine.' Ravaged by Pestilence and the neglect of King Friedrich I.; till my Father, once his hands were free, made personal survey of it, and took it up, in earnest.

'Since that time,' say twenty years ago, 'there is no expense that 'the King has been afraid of, in order to succeed in his salutary views. 'He made, in the first place, regulations full of wisdom; he rebuilt 'wherever the Pestilence had desolated: thousands of families, from 'the ends of Europe,' Seventeen Thousand Salzburgers for the last item, 'were conducted hither; the Country repeopled itself; trade be-'gan to flourish again;—and now, in these fertile regions, abundance 'reigns more than it ever did.

'There are above half a million of inhabitants in Lithuania; there 'are more towns than there ever were, more flocks than formerly, more 'wealth and more productiveness than in any other part of Germany. 'And all this that I tell you of is due to the King alone; who not only 'gave the orders, but superintended the execution of them; it was he 'that devised the plans, and himself got them carried to fulfilment; and 'spared neither care nor pains, nor immense expenditures, nor promises 'nor recompenses, to secure happiness and life to this half million of 'thinking beings, who owe to him alone that they have possessions and 'felicity in the world.

'I hope this detail does not weary you. I depend on your humanity

[8] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, ii. 1049.

[9] 'Miles *English*,' we always mean, *unless* &c.

'extending itself to your Lithuanian brethren, as well as to your French, 'English, German, or other,—all the more as, to my great astonish-'ment, I passed through villages where you hear nothing spoken but 'French.—I have found something so heroic, in the generous and la-'borious way in which the King addressed himself to making this 'desert flourish with inhabitants and happy industries and fruits, that 'it seemed to me you would feel the same sentiments in learning the 'circumstances of such a reëstablishment.

'I daily expect news of you from Enghien' (in those Dutch-Lawsuit Countries). * * 'The divine Emilie; * * the Duke' (D'Aremberg, Austrian Soldier, of convivial turn,—remote Welsh-Uncle to a certain little Prince de Ligne, now spinning tops in those parts;[10] not otherwise interesting), 'whom Apollo contends for against Bacchus. * * 'Adieu. *Ne m'oubliez pas, mon cher ami.*'[11]

This is one pleasant scene, to the Crown-Prince and us, in those grassy localities. And now we have to mention that, about a fortnight later, at Königsberg one day, in reference to a certain Royal Stud or Horse-breeding Establishment in those same Lithuanian regions, there had a still livelier satisfaction happened him; satisfaction of a personal and filial nature. The name of this Royal Stud, inestimable on such ground, is Trakehnen,—lies south of Tilsit, in an upper valley of the Pregel river;—very extensive Horse-Establishment, 'with seven farms under it,' say the Books, and all 'in the most perfect order,' they need hardly add, Friedrich Wilhelm being master of it. Well, the Royal Party was at Königsberg, so far on the road homewards again from those outlying parts, when Friedrich Wilhelm said one day to his Son, quite in a cursory manner, "I give thee that Stud of Trakehnen; thou must go back and look to it;"—which struck Fritz quite dumb at the moment.

For it is worth near upon 2,000*l.* a year (12,000 thalers); a welcome new item in our impoverished budget; and it is an undeniable sign of Papa's good humour with us, which is more precious still. Fritz made his acknowledgments, eloquent with looks, eloquent with voice, on coming to himself; and is, in fact, very proud of his gift, and celebrates it to his Wilhelmina, to Camas and others who have a right to know such a thing. Grand useful gift; and handed over by Papa grandly, in three business words, as if it had been a brace of game: "I

[10] Born 23d May 1735, this latter little Prince; lasted till 13th Dec. 1814 ("*danse, mais il ne marche pas*").

[11] *Œuvres*, xxi. 304, 305.

give it thee, Fritz!" A thing not to be forgotten. 'At bottom 'Friedrich Wilhelm was not avaricious' (not a miser, only a man grandly abhorring waste, as the poor vulgar cannot do), 'not avaricious,' says Pöllnitz once; 'he made munificent 'gifts, and never thought of them more.' This of Trakehnen, —perhaps there might be a whiff of coming Fate concerned in it withal: "I shall soon be dead, not able to give thee anything, poor Fritz!" To the Prince and us it is very beautiful; a fine effulgence of the inner man of Friedrich Wilhelm. The Prince returned to Trakehnen, on this glad errand; settled the business details there; and, after a few days, went home by a route of his own;—well satisfied with this Prussian-Review journey, as we may imagine.

One sad thing there was, though Friedrich did not yet know how sad, in this Review-journey: the new fit of illness that overtook his Majesty. From Pöllnitz, who was of the party, we have details on that head. In his Majesty's last bad illness, five years ago, when all seemed hopeless, it appears the surgeons had relieved him,—in fact recovered him, bringing off the bad humours in quantity,—by an incision in the foot or leg. In the course of the present fatigues, this old wound broke out again; which of course stood much in the way of his Majesty; and could not be neglected, as probably the causes of it were. A regimental surgeon, Pöllnitz says, was called in; who, in two days, healed the wound,—and declared all to be right again; though in fact, as we may judge, it was dangerously worse than before. 'All well here,' writes Friedrich; 'the King has been out of order, but is now en-
'tirely recovered (*tout à fait remis*).'[12]

Much reviewing and heavy business followed at Königsberg;—gift of Trakehnen, and departure of the Crown-Prince for Trakehnen, winding it up. Directly on the heel of which, his Majesty turned homewards, the Crown-Prince not to meet him till once at Berlin again. Majesty's first stage was at Pillau, where we have been. At Pillau, or next day at Dantzig, Pöllnitz observed a change in his Majesty's humour, which had been quite sunshiny all this journey hitherto. At Dantzig Pöllnitz first noticed it; but at every new stage it grew worse, evil accidents occurring to worsen it; and at Berlin it was

[12] 'Königsberg, 30th July 1739,' to his Wife (*Œuvres*, xxvi. 6).

worst of all;—and, alas, his poor Majesty never recovered his sunshine in this world again! Here is Pollnitz's account of the journey homewards:

'Till now,' till Pillau and Dantzig, 'his Majesty had been in espe-'cially good humour; but in Dantzig his cheerfulness forsook him;—'and it never came back. He arrived about ten at night in that City' (Wednesday 12th August or thereby); 'slept there; and was off again 'next morning at five. He drove only thirty miles this day; stopped 'in Lupow' (coast road through Pommern), 'with Herr von Grumkow' (the late Grumkow's Brother), 'Kammer President in this Pommern 'Province. From Lupow he went to a poor Village near Belgard, 'eighty miles farther;'—last village on the great road, Belgard lying to left a little, on a side road;—'and stayed there overnight.

'At Belgard, next morning, he reviewed the Dragoon Regiment von 'Platen; and was very ill-content with it. And nobody, with the 'least understanding of that business, but must own that never did 'Prussian Regiment manœuvre worse. Conscious themselves how bad 'it was, they lost head, and got into open confusion. The King did 'all that was possible to help them into order again. He withdrew 'thrice over, to give the Officers time to recover themselves; but it was 'all in vain. The King, contrary to wont, restrained himself amazingly, 'and would not show his displeasure in public. He got into his car-'riage, and drove away with the Fürst of Anhalt,' Old Dessauer, 'and 'Von Winterfeld,' Captain in the Giant Regiment, 'who is now Major-'General von Winterfeld;[13] not staying to dine with General von Platen, 'as was always his custom with Commandants whom he had reviewed. 'He bade Prince Wilhelm and the rest of us stay and dine; he himself 'drove away,'—towards the great road again, and some uncertain lodging there.

'We stayed accordingly; and did full justice to the good cheer,'—though poor Platen would certainly look flustered, one may fancy. 'But 'as the Prince was anxious to come up with his Majesty again, and 'knew not where he would meet him, we had to be very swift with the 'business.

'We found the King with Anhalt and Winterfeld, by and by; sit-'ting in a village, in front of a barn, and eating a cold pie there, which the Fürst of Anhalt had chanced to have with him; his Majesty, 'owing to what he had seen on the parade-ground, was in the utmost 'ill-humour (*höchst übler Laune*). Next day, Saturday, he went a hun-'dred and fifty or two hundred miles; and arrived in Berlin at ten at 'night. Not expected there till the morrow; so that his rooms were 'locked,—her Majesty being over in Monbijou, giving her children a 'Ball;'[14]—and we can fancy what a frame of mind there was!

Nobody, not at first even the Doctors, much heeded this

[13] Major-General since 1743, of high fame; fell in fight, 7th Sept. 1757.
[14] Pöllnitz, ii. 534-537.

new fit of illness; which went and came: "changed temper," deeper or less deep gloom of "bad humour," being the main phenomenon to bystanders. But the sad truth was, his Majesty never did recover his sunshine; from Pillau onwards he was slowly entering into the shadows of the total Last Eclipse; and his journeyings and reviewings in this world were all done. Ten months hence, Pöllnitz and others knew better what it had been!—

CHAPTER VII.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG: TRANSIT OF BALTIMORE AND OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS.

FRIEDRICH had not been long home again from Trakehnen and Preussen, when the routine of things at Reinsberg was illuminated by Visitors, of brilliant and learned quality; some of whom, a certain Signor Algarotti for one, require passing mention here. Algarotti, who became a permanent friend or satellite, very luminous to the Prince, and was much about him in coming years, first shone out upon the scene at this time,—coming unexpectedly, and from the Eastward as it chanced.

On his own score, Algarotti has become a wearisome literary man to modern readers: one of those half-remembered men; whose books seem to claim a reading, and do not repay it you when given. Treatises, of a serious nature, *On the Opera;* setting forth; in earnest, the potential "moral uses" of the Opera, and dedicated to Chatham; *Neutonianismo per le Donne* (Astronomy for Ladies): the mere Titles of such things are fatally sufficient to us; and we cannot, without effort, nor with it, recall the brilliancy of Algarotti and them to his contemporary world.

Algarotti was a rich Venetian Merchant's Son, precisely about the Crown-Prince's age; shone greatly in his studies at Bologna and elsewhere; had written Poesies (*Rime*); written especially that *Newtonianism for the Dames* (equal to Fontenelle, said Fame, and orthodox Newtonian withal, not heterodox or Cartesian);—and had shone, respected, at Paris, on the strength of it, for three or four years past: friend of Voltaire in consequence, of Voltaire and his divine Emilie, and a

welcome guest at Cirey; friend of the cultivated world generally, which was then labouring, divine Emilie in the van of it, to understand Newton and be orthodox in this department of things. Algarotti did fine Poesies, too, once and again; did Classical Scholarships, and much else: everywhere a clear-headed, methodically distinct, concise kind of man. A high style of breeding about him, too; had powers of pleasing, and used them: a man beautifully lucent in society, gentle yet impregnable there; keeping himself unspotted from the world and its discrepancies,—really with considerable prudence, first and last.

He is somewhat of the Bielfeld type; a Merchant's Son, we observe, like Bielfeld; but a Venetian Merchant's, not a Hamburg's; and also of better natural stuff than Bielfeld. Concentrated himself upon his task with more seriousness, and made a higher thing of it than Bielfeld; though, after all, it was the same task the two had. Alas, our "Swan of Padua" (so they sometimes called him) only sailed, paddling grandly, nowhither,—as the Swan-Goose of the Elbe did, in a less stately manner! One cannot well bear to read his Books. There is no light upon Friedrich to tempt us; better light than Bielfeld's there could have been, and much of it: but he prudently, as well as proudly, forbore such topics. He approaches very near fertility and geniality in his writings, but never reaches it. Dilettantism become serious and strenuous, in those departments—Well, it was beautiful to young Friedrich and the world at that time, though it is not to us!—Young Algarotti, Twenty-seven this year, has been touring about as a celebrity these four years past, on the strength of his fine manners and *Newtonianism for the Dames*.

It was under escort of Baltimore, 'an English Milord,' recommended from Potsdam itself, that Algarotti came to Reinsberg: the Signor had much to do with English people now and after. Where Baltimore first picked him up, I know not: but they have been to Russia together; Baltimore by twelve years the elder of the two: and now, getting home towards England again, they call at Reinsberg in the fine Autumn weather;—and considerably captivate the Crown-Prince, Baltimore playing chief, in that as in other points. The visit lasted five days:[1] there was copious speech on many things;—dis-

[1] 20th-25th September 1739 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. p. xiv.).

25th Sept.-10th Oct. 1739.

cussion about Printing of the *Anti-Macchiavel;* Algarotti to get it printed in England, Algarotti to get Pine and his Engraved *Henriade* put under way; neither of which projects took effect;—readers can conceive what a charming five days these were. Here, in the Crown-Prince's own words, are some brief glimmerings which will suffice us:

Reinsberg, 25th Sept. 1739 (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * that 'nothing new has occurred in the Regiment, and we have few sick. Here 'has the English Milord, who was at Potsdam, passed through' (stayed five days, though we call it passing, and suppress the Algarotti, Baltimore being indeed chief). 'He is gone towards Hamburg, to take ship 'for England there. As I heard that my Most All-gracious Father 'wished I should show him courtesy, I have done for him what I could. 'The Prince of Mirow has also been here,'—our old Strelitz friend. Of Baltimore nothing more to Papa. But to another Correspondent, to the good Suhm (who is now at Petersburg, and much in our intimacy, ready to transact loans for us, translate Wolf, or do what is wanted), there is this passage next day:

Reinsberg, 26th September 1739 (To Suhm). 'We have had Milord 'Baltimore here, and the young Algarotti; both of them men who, by 'their accomplishments, cannot but conciliate the esteem and consider-'ation of all who see them. We talked much of you' (Suhm), 'of 'Philosophy, of Science, Art; in short, of all that can be included in 'the taste of cultivated people (*honnêtes gens*).'[2] And again to another, about two weeks hence:

Reinsberg, 10th October 1739 (To Voltaire). 'We have had Milord 'Baltimore and Algarotti here, who are going back to England. This 'Milord is a very sensible man (*homme très-sensé*); who possesses a 'great deal of knowledge, and thinks, like us, that sciences can be no 'disparagement to nobility, nor degrade an illustrious rank. I admired 'the genius of this *Anglais*, as one does a fine face through a crape 'veil. He speaks French very ill, yet one likes to hear him speak it; 'and as for his English, he pronounces it so quick, there is no possi-'bility of following him. He calls a Russian "a mechanical animal." 'He says "Petersburg is the eye of Russia, with which it keeps civilised 'countries in sight; if you took this eye from it, Russia would fall again 'into barbarism, out of which it is just struggling."[3] * * Young Alga-'rotti, whom you know, pleased me beyond measure. He promised 'that he'—But Baltimore, promise or not, is the chief figure at present.

Evidently an original kind of figure to us, *cet Anglais.* And indeed there is already finished a rhymed *Epistle* to Baltimore; *Epître sur la Liberté* (copy goes in that same *Letter*, for Vol-

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 378. [3] Ib. xxi. 326, 327.

taire's behoof), which dates itself likewise October 10th; beginning,

'*L'esprit libre, Milord, qui règne en Angleterre*,'—

which, though it is full of fine sincere sentiments, about human dignity, papal superstition, Newton, Locke, and aspirations for progress of culture in Prussia, no reader could stand at this epoch.

What Baltimore said in answer to the *Epître*, we do not know; probably not much: it does not appear he ever saw or spoke to Friedrich a second time. Three weeks after, Friedrich writing to Algarotti, has these words: 'I pray you make 'my friendships to Milord Baltimore, whose character and man-'ner of thinking I truly esteem. I hope he has, by this time, 'got my *Epître* on the English Liberty of Thought.'[4] And so Baltimore passes on, silent in History henceforth,—though Friedrich seems to have remembered him to late times, as a kind of type-figure when England came into his head. For the sake of this small transit over the sun's disk, I have made some inquiry about Baltimore; but found very little;—perhaps enough:

'He was Charles, Sixth Lord Baltimore, it appears; Sixth, and 'last but one. First of the Baltimores, we know, was Secretary Cal-'vert (1618-1624), who colonised Maryland; last of them (1774) was 'the Son of this Charles; something of a fool, to judge by the face of 'him in Portraits, and by some of his doings in the world. He, that 'Seventh Baltimore, printed one or two little Volumes ("now of ex-'treme rarity,"—cannot be too rare); and winded-up by standing an 'ugly Trial at Kingston Assizes (plaintiff an unfortunate-female). After 'which he retired to Naples, and there ended, 1774, the last of these 'Milords.[5]

'He of the Kingston Assizes, we say, was not this Charles; but his 'Son, whom let the reader forget. Charles, age forty at this time, had 'travelled about the Continent a good deal: once, long ago, we ima-'gined we had got a glimpse of him (but it was a guess merely) loung-'ing about Lunéville and Lorraine, along with Lyttelton, in the Con-'gress-of-Soissons time? Not long after that, it is certain enough, he 'got appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince Fred; who 'was a friend of speculative talkers and cultivated people. In which 'situation Charles Sixth Baron Baltimore continued all his days after; 'and might have risen by means of Fred, as he was anxious enough to 'do, had both of them lived; but they both died; Baltimore first, in

[4] 29th October 1739, To Algarotti in London (*Œuvres*, xviii. 5).
[5] Walpole (by Park), *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* (London, 1806), v. 278.

'1751, a year before Fred. Bubb Doddington, diligent labourer in 'the same Fred vineyard, was much infested by this Baltimore,—who, 'drunk or sober (for he occasionally gets into liquor), is always putting 'out Bubb, and stands too well with our Royal Master, one secretly 'fears! Baltimore's finances, I can guess, were not in too good order; 'mostly an Absentee; Irish Estates not managed in the first style, while 'one is busy in the Fred vineyard! "The best and honestest man in the 'world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge," Walpole calls him 'once: "but not capable of conducting a party."[6] Oh no;—and died, at any rate, Spring 1751:[7] and we will not mention him farther.

Bielfeld, what he saw at Reinsberg and around.

Directly on the rear of these fine visitors, came, by invitation, a pair of the Korn's-Hôtel people; Masonic friends; one of whom was Bielfeld, whose dainty Installation Speech and ways of procedure had been of promise to the Prince on that occasion. 'Baron von Oberg' was the other:—Hanoverian Baron: the same who went into the Wars, and was a "General von Oberg" twenty years hence? The same or another, it does not much concern us. Nor does the visit much, or at all; except that Bielfeld, being of writing nature, professes to give ocular account of it. Honest transcript of what a human creature actually saw at Reinsberg, and in the Berlin environment at that date, would have had a value to mankind: but Bielfeld has adopted the fictitious form; and pretty much ruined for us any transcript there is. Exaggeration, gesticulation, fantastic uncertainty afflict the reader; and prevent comfortable belief, except where there is other evidence than Bielfeld's.

At Berlin the beautiful straight streets, Linden Avenues (perhaps a better sample than those of our day), were notable to Bielfeld; bridges, statues very fine; grand esplanades, and such military drilling and parading as was never seen. He had dinner-invitations, too, in quantity; likes this one and that (all in prudent asterisks),—likes Truchsess von Waldburg very much, and his strange mode of bachelor housekeeping, and the way he dines and talks among his fellow-creatures, or sits studious among his Military Books and Paper-litters. But all is loose far-off sketching, in the style of *Anacharsis the Younger;* and makes no solid impression.

6 Walpole's *Letters to Mann* (London, 1843), ii. 175: 27th January 1747. See ib. i. 82.

7 *Peerage of Ireland* (London, 1768), ii. 172-174.

Getting to Reinsberg, to the Town, to the Schloss, he crosses the esplanade, the moat; sees what we know, beautiful square Mansion among its woods and waters;—and almost nothing that we do not know, except the way the moat-bridge is lighted: 'Bridge furnished,' he says, 'with seven Statues 'representing the seven Planets, each holding in her hand a 'glass lamp in the form of a globe;' which is a pretty object in the night-time. The House is now finished; Knobelsdorf rejoicing in his success; Pesne and others giving the last touch to some ceilings of a sublime nature. On the lintel of the gate is inscribed *Frederico Tranquillitatem Colenti* (To Friedrich courting Tranquillity). The gardens, walks, hermitages, grottoes, are very spacious, fine: not yet completed,—perhaps will never be. A Temple of Bacchus is just now on hand, somewhere in those labyrinthic woods: 'twelve gigantic Satyrs as caryatides, crowned by an inverted Punch-bowl for dome;' that is the ingenious Knobelsdorf's idea, pleasant to the mind. Knobelsdorf is of austere aspect; austere, yet benevolent and full of honest sagacity; the very picture of sound sense, thinks Bielfeld. M. Jordan is handsome, though of small stature; agreeable expression of face; eye extremely vivid; brown complexion, 'bushy eyebrows as well as beard are black.'[8]

Or did the reader ever hear of 'M. Fredersdorf,' Head Valet at this time? Fredersdorf will become, as it were, Privy-Purse, House-friend, and domestic Factotum, and play a great part in coming years. 'A tall handsome man;' much 'silent sense, civility, dexterity;' something 'magnificently clever in him,' thinks Bielfeld (now, or else twenty years afterwards); whom we can believe.[9] He was a gift from General Schwerin, this Fredersdorf; once a Private in Schwerin's regiment, at Frankfurt-on-Oder,—excellent on the flute, for one quality. Schwerin, who had an eye for men, sent him to Friedrich, in the Cüstrin time; hoping he might suit in fluting and otherwise. Which he conspicuously did. Bielfeld's account, we must candidly say, appears to be an afterthought; but readers can make their profit of it, all the same.

As to the Crown-Prince and Princess, words fail to express their gracious perfections, their affabilities, polite ingenuities:—Bielfeld's words do give us some pleasant shadowy conceivability of the Crown-Princess:

[8] Bielfeld (abridged), i. 45. [9] Ib. p. 49.

'Tall, and perfect in shape; bust such as a sculptor might copy; 'complexion of the finest; features ditto; nose, I confess, smallish and 'pointed, but excellent of that kind; hair of the supremest flaxen, "shin-'ing" like a flood of sunbeams, when the powder is off it. A humane 'ingenuous Princess; little negligences in toilet or the like, if such occur, 'even these set her off, so ingenuous are they. Speaks little; but always 'to the purpose, in a simple, cheerful and wise way. Dances beauti-'fully; heart (her soubrette assures me) is heavenly;—and "perhaps 'no Princess living has a finer set of diamonds."'

Of the Crown-Princess there is some pleasant shadow traced as on cobweb, to this effect. But of the Crown-Prince there is no forming the least conception from what he says:—this is mere cobweb with Nothing elaborately painted on it. Nor do the portraits of the others attract by their verisimilitude. Here is Colonel Keyserling, for instance; the witty Courlander, famous enough in the Friedrich circle; who went on embassy to Cirey, and much else: he 'whirls in with uproar (*fracas*) like Boreas in the Ballet;' fowling-piece on shoulder, and in his 'dressing-gown' withal, which is still stranger; snatches-off Bielfeld, unknown till that moment, to sit by him while dressing; and there, with much capering, pirouetting, and indeed almost ground-and-lofty tumbling, for accompaniment, 'talks of Horses, Mathematics, Painting, Architecture, Literature, and the Art of War,' while he dresses. This gentleman was once Colonel in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army; is now fairly turned of forty, and has been in troubles: we hope he is not *like* in the Bielfeld Portrait;—otherwise, how happy that we never had the honour of knowing him! Indeed, the Crown-Prince's Household generally, as Bielfeld paints it in flourishes of panegyric, is but unattractive; barren to the modern onlooker; partly the Painter's blame, we doubt not. He gives details about their mode of dining, taking coffee, doing concert;—and describes once an incidental drinking-bout got-up aforethought by the Prince; which is probably in good part fiction, though not ill done. These fantastic sketchings, rigorously winnowed into the credible and actual, leave no great residue in that kind; but what little they do leave is of favourable and pleasant nature.

Bielfeld made a visit privately to Potsdam, too: saw the Giants drill; made acquaintance with important Captains of theirs (all in *asterisks*) at Potsdam; with whom he dined, not in a too credible manner, and even danced. Among the asterisks, we easily pick-out Captain Wartensleben (of the Korn's-Hôtel operation), and Winterfeld, a still more important Captain, whom we saw dining on cold pie with his Majesty, at a barn-door in Pommern, not long since. Of the Giants, or their life at Potsdam, Bielfeld's word is not worth hearing,—worth suppressing rather;—his knowledge being so small, and hung forth in so fantastic a way. This transient sight he had of his Majesty in person; this, which is worth something to us,—fact being evidently lodged in it. 'After church-parade,' Autumn Sunday afternoon (day uncertain, Bielfeld's date being fictitious, and even impossible), Majesty drove out

to Wusterhausen, 'where the quantities of game surpass all belief;' and Bielfeld had one glimpse of him:

'I saw his Majesty only, as it were, in passing. If I may judge 'by his Portraits, he must have been of a perfect beauty in his young 'time; but it must be confessed there is nothing left of it now. His 'eyes truly are fine; but the glance of them is terrible: his complexion 'is composed of the strongest tints of red, blue, yellow, green,'—not a lovely complexion at all; 'big head; the thick neck sunk between the 'shoulders; figure short and heavy (*courte et ramassée*).'[10]

'Going out to Wusterhausen,' then, that afternoon, 'October 1739.' How his Majesty is crushed down; quite bulged out of shape in that sad way, by the weight of time and its pressures: his thoughts, too, most likely, of a heavy-laden and abstruse nature! The old Pfalz Controversy has misgone with him; Pfalz, and so much else in the world;—the world in whole, probably enough, near ending to him; the final shadows, sombre, grand and mournful, closing-in upon him!—

Turk War ends; Spanish War begins. A Wedding in Petersburg.

Last news come to Potsdam in these days is, The Kaiser has ended his disastrous Turk War; been obliged to end it; sudden downbreak, and as it were panic terror, having at last come upon his unfortunate Generals in those parts. Duke Franz was passionate to be out of such a thing; Franz, General Neipperg and others; and now, '2d September 1739,' like lodgers leaping from a burning house, they are out of it. The Turk gets Belgrad itself, not to mention wide territories farther east,—Belgrad without shot fired;—nay the Turk was hardly to be kept from hanging the Imperial Messenger (a General Neipperg, Duke Franz's old Tutor, and chief Confidant, whom we shall hear more of elsewhere), whose passport was not quite right on this occasion!—Never was a more disgraceful Peace. But also never had been worse fighting; planless, changeful, powerless, melting into futility at every step:—not to be mended by imprisonments in Grätz, and still harsher treatment of individuals. "Has all success forsaken me, then, since Eugene died?" said the Kaiser; and snatched at this Turk Peace; glad to have it, by mediation of France, and on any terms.

Has not this Kaiser lost his outlying properties at a fearful

[10] Bielfeld, p. 35.

rate? Naples is gone; Spanish Bourbon sits in our Naples; comparatively little left for us in Italy. And now the very Turk has beaten us small; insolently fillips the Imperial nose of us, —threatening to hang our Neipperg, and the like. Were it not for Anne of Russia, whose big horsewhip falls heavy on this Turk, he might almost get to Vienna again, for anything we could do! A Kaiser worthy to be pitied;—whom Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive, does honestly pity. A Kaiser much beggared, much disgraced, in late years; who has played a huge life-game so long, diplomatising, warring; and, except the Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, has nothing to retire upon.

The Russians protested, with astonishment, against such Turk Peace on the Kaiser's part. But there was no help for it. One ally is gone, the Kaiser has let-go this Western skirt of the Turk; and 'Thamas Kouli Khan' (called also Nadir Shah, famed Oriental slasher and slayer of that time) no longer stands upon the Eastern skirt, but 'has entered India,' it appears: the Russians,—their cash, too, running low,—do themselves make peace, 'about a month after;' restoring Azoph and nearly all their conquests; putting off the ruin of the Turk till a better time.

War is over in the East, then; but another in the West, England against Spain (Spain and France to help), is about beginning. Readers remember how Jenkins's Ear reëmerged, Spring gone a year, in a blazing condition? Here, through *Sylvanus Urban* himself, are two direct glimpses, a twelvemonth nearer hand, which show us how the matter has been proceeding since:

'*London*, *19th February* 1739. The City Authorities,'—laying or going to lay 'the foundation of the Mansion-House' (Edifice now very black in our time), and doing other things of little moment to us, 'had 'a Masquerade at the Guildhall this night. There was a very splendid 'appearance at the Masquerade; but among the many humorous and 'whimsical characters, what seemed most to engage attention was a 'Spaniard, who called himself "Knight of the Ear;" as Badge of which 'Order he wore on his breast the form of a Star, with its points tinged 'in blood; and on the body of it an Ear painted, and in capital letters 'the word JENKINS encircling it. Across his shoulder there hung, 'instead of ribbon, a large Halter; which he held-up to several persons 'dressed as English Sailors, who seemed in great terror of him, and 'falling on their knees suffered him to rummage their pockets; which 'done, he would insolently dismiss them with strokes of his halter.

'Several of the Sailors had a bloody Ear hanging down from their 'heads; and on their hats were these words, *Ear for Ear;* on others, 'No Search or no Trade; with the like sentences.'[11] The conflagration evidently going on; not likely to be damped-down again, by ministerial art!—

'*London, 19th March* 1739.' Grand Debate in Parliament, on the late "Spanish Convention," pretended Bargain of redress lately got from Spain: Approve the Convention, or Not approve? 'A hundred 'Members were in the House of Commons before seven, this morning; 'and four hundred had taken their seat by ten; which is an unheard-'of thing. Prince of Wales,' Fred in person, 'was in the gallery till 'twelve at night, and had his dinner sent to him. Sir Robert Walpole 'rose: "Sir, the great pains that have been taken to influence all ranks 'and degrees of men in this Nation— * * But give me leave to"'— apply a wet cloth to Honourable Gentlemen. Which he does, really with skill and sense. France and the others are so strong, he urges; England so unprepared; Kaiser at such a pass; "War like to be, about the Palatinate Dispute" (our friend Friedrich Wilhelm's): "Where is England to get allies?"—and hours long of the like sort. A judicious wet cloth; which proved unavailing.

For 'William Pitts' (so they spell the great Chatham that is to be) was eloquent on the other side: "Despairing Merchants," "Voice of England," and so on. And the world was all in an inflamed state. And Mr. Pulteney exclaimed: Palatinate? Allies? "We need no allies; the case of Mr. Jenkins will raise us volunteers everywhere!" And in short,—after eight months more of haggling, and applying wet cloths,—Walpole, in the name of England, has to declare War against Spain;[12] the public humour proving unquenchable on that matter. War; and no Peace to be, "till our undoubted right," to roadway on the oceans of this Planet, become permanently manifest to the Spanish Majesty.

Such the effect of a small Ear, kept about one in cotton, from ursine piety or other feelings. Has not Jenkins's Ear reëmerged, with a vengeance? It has kindled a War; dangerous for kindling other Wars, and setting the whole world on fire,—as will be too evident in the sequel! The *Ear of Jenkins* is a singular thing. Might have mounted to be a Constellation, like *Berenice's Hair*, and other small facts become mythical, had the English People been of poetic turn! Enough of *it*, for the time being.—

[11] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739, p. 103;—our *dates*, as always, are N.S.
[12] '3d November (23d October) 1739.'

Oct. 1739.

This Summer, Anton Ulrich, at Petersburg, did wed his Serene Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias: 'July 14th, 1739,'—three months before that Drive to Wusterhausen, which we saw lately. Little Anton Ulrich, Cadet of Brunswick; our Friedrich's Brother-in-Law;—a noticeably small man in comparison to such bulk of destiny, thinks Friedrich, though the case is not without example![13]

'Anton Ulrich is now five-and-twenty,' says one of my Notebooks; 'a young gentleman of small stature, shining courage in battle, but 'somewhat shy and bashful; who has had his troubles in Petersburg 'society, till the trial came,—and will have. Here are the stages of 'Anton Ulrich's felicity:

'*Winter* 1732-3. He was sent-for to Petersburg (his serene Aunt 'the German Kaiserinn, and Kaiser Karl's diplomatists, suggesting it 'there), with the view of his paying court to the young Mecklenburg 'Princess, Heiress of all the Russias, of whom we have often heard. 'February 1733, he arrived on this errand;—not approved of at all by 'the Mecklenburg Princess, by Czarina Anne or anybody there: what 'can be done with such an uncomfortable little creature? They gave 'him a Colonelcy of Cuirassiers: "Drill there, and endure."

'*Spring* 1737. Much-enduring, diligently drilling, for four years 'past, he went this year to the Turk War under Münnich;—much 'pleased Münnich, at Oczakow and elsewhere; who reports in the War-'Office high things of him. And on the whole,—the serene Vienna 'people now again bestirring themselves, with whom we are in co-'partnery in this Turk business,—little Anton Ulrich is encouraged to 'proceed. Proceeds; formally demands his Mecklenburg Princess; 'and,

'*July 14th*, 1739, weds her; the happiest little man in all the 'Russias, and with the biggest destiny, if it prosper. Next year, too, 'there came a son and heir; whom they called Iwan, in honour of his 'Russian Great-grandfather. Shall we add the subsequent felicities of 'Anton Ulrich here; or wait till another opportunity?'

Better wait. This is all, and more than all, his Prussian Majesty, rolling out of Wusterhausen that afternoon, ever knew of them, or needed to know!—

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

AT Wusterhausen, this Autumn, there is game as usual, but little or no hunting for the King. He has to sit drearily within

[13] A Letter of his to Suhm; touching on Franz of Lorraine and this Anton Ulrich.

doors, for most part; listening to the rustle of falling leaves, to dim Winter coming with its rains and winds. Field-sports are a rumour from without: for him now no joyous sow-baiting, deer-chasing;—that, like other things, is past.

In the beginning of November, he came to Berlin; was worse there, and again was better;—strove to do the Carnival, as had been customary; but in a languid, lamed manner. One night he looked in upon an evening-party which General Schulenburg was giving: he returned home, chilled, shivering; could not, all night, be brought to heat again. It was the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.[1] Lieutenant-General Schulenburg: the same who doomed young Friedrich to death, as President of the Court-Martial; and then wrote the Three Letters about him which we once looked into: illuminates himself in this manner in Berlin society,—Carnival season 1740, weather fiercely cold. Maypole Schulenburg the lean Aunt, Ex-Mistress of George I., over in London,—I think she must now be dead? Or if not dead, why not! Memory, for the tenth time, fails me, of the humanly unmemorable, whom perhaps even flunkies should forget; and I will try it no more. The stalwart Lieutenant-General will reappear on us once, twice at the utmost, and never again. He gave the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm is in truth very ill; tosses about all day, in and out of bed,—bed and wheeled-chair drearily alternating; suffers much;—and again, in Diplomatic circles, the rumours are rife and sinister. Ever from this chill at Schulenburg's the medicines did him no good, says Pöllnitz: if he rallied, it was the effect of Nature, and only temporary. He does daily, with punctuality, his Official business; perhaps the best two hours he has of the four-and-twenty, for the time hangs heavy on him. His old Generals sit round his bed, talking, smoking, as it was five years ago; his Feekin and his Children much about him, out and in: the heavy-laden, weary hours roll round as they can. In general there is a kind of constant Tabaks-Collegium, old Flans, Camas, Hacke, Pöllnitz, Derschau, and the rest by turns always there; the royal Patient cannot be left alone, without faces he likes: other Generals, estimable in their way, have a physiognomy displeasing to the sick man; and will smart for it if they enter,—"At sight of

[1] Pöllnitz (ii. 538); who gives no date.

him every pain grows painfuler!"—the poor King being of poetic temperament, as we often say. Friends are encouraged to smoke, especially to keep-up a stream of talk; if at any time he fall into a doze and they cease talking, the silence will awaken him.

He is worst-off in the night; sleep very bad: and among his sore bodily pains, ennui falls very heavy to a mind so restless. He can paint, he can whittle, chisel: at last they even mount him a table, in his bed, with joiner's tools, mallets, gluepots, where he makes small carpentry,—the talk to go on the while; —often at night is the sound of his mallet audible in the Palace Esplanade; and Berlin townsfolk pause to listen, with many thoughts of a sympathetic or at least inarticulate character: "*Hm, Weh, Ihro Majestät: ach Gott*, pale Death knocks with impartial foot at the huts of poor men and the Palaces of Kings!"[2] Reverend Herr Roloff, whom they call Provost (*Probst*, Chief Clergyman) Roloff, a pious honest man and preacher, he, I could guess, has already been giving spiritual counsel now and then; later interviews with Roloff are expressly on record: for it is the King's private thought, ever and anon borne in upon him, that death itself is in this business.

Queen and Children, mostly hoping hitherto, though fearing too, live in much anxiety and agitation. The Crown-Prince is often over from Reinsberg; must not come too often, nor even inquire too much: his affectionate solicitude might be mistaken for solicitude of another kind! It is certain he is in no haste to be King; to quit the haunts of the Muses, and embark on Kingship. Certain, too, he loves his Father; shudders at the thought of losing *him*. And yet again there will gleams intrude of a contrary thought; which the filial heart disowns, with a kind of horror, "Down, thou impious thought!" —We perceive he manages in general to push the crisis away from him; to believe that real danger is still distant. His demeanour, so far as we can gather from his Letters or other evidence, is amiable, prudent, natural; altogether that of a human Son in those difficult circumstances. Poor Papa is heavy-laden: let us help to bear his burdens;—let us hope the crisis is still far off!—

Once, on a favourable evening, probably about the beginning of April, when he felt as if improving, Friedrich Wilhelm

[2] Pöllnitz, ii. 539.

resolved to dress, and hold Tobacco-Parliament again in a formal manner. Let us look in there, through the eyes of Pöllnitz, who was of it, upon the last Tobacco-Parliament:

'A numerous party; Schwerin, Hacke, Derschau, all the chiefs 'and commandants of the Berlin Garrison are there; the old circle full; 'social human speech once more, and pipes alight; pleasant to the 'King. He does not himself smoke on this occasion; but he is unusually 'lively in talk; much enjoys the returning glimpse of old days; and 'the Tobacco circle was proceeding through its phases, successful be-'yond common. All at once the Crown-Prince steps in; direct from 'Reinsberg:[3] an unexpected pleasure. At sight of whom the Tobacco 'circle, taken on the sudden, simultaneously started up, and made him 'a bow. Rule is, in Tobacco-Parliament you do not rise for anybody; 'and they have risen. Which struck the sick heart in a strange pain-'ful way. "Hm, the Rising Sun?" thinks he; "Rules broken through, 'for the Rising Sun. But I am not dead yet, as you shall know!" ring-'ing for his servants in great wrath; and had himself rolled out, regard-'less of protestations and excuses. "Hither, you Hacke!" said he.

'Hacke followed; but it was only to return on the instant, with the 'King's order, "That you instantly quit the Palace, all of you, and 'don't come back!" Solemn respectful message to his Majesty was of 'no effect, or of less; they had to go, on those terms; and Pöllnitz, 'making for his Majesty's apartment next morning as usual, was 'twitched by a Gensdarme, "No admittance!" And it was days be-'fore the matter would come round again, under earnest protestations 'from the one side, and truculent rebukes from the other.'[4] Figure the Crown-Prince, figure the poor sick Majesty; and what a time in those localities!

With the bright spring weather he seemed to revive; towards the end of April he resolved for Potsdam, everybody thinking him much better, and the outer Public reckoning the crisis of the illness over. He himself knew other. It was on the 27th of the month that he went; he said, "Fare thee well, "then, Berlin; I am to die in Potsdam, then (*ich werde in "Potsdam sterben*)!" The May-flowers came late; the weather was changeful, ungenial for the sick man: this winter of 1740 had been the coldest on record; it extended itself into the very summer; and brought great distress of every kind;—of which some oral rumour still survives in all countries. Friedrich Wilhelm heard complaints of scarcity among the people; admonitions to open his Corn-granaries (such as he always has in store

[3] 12th April 1740? (*Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 29); Pöllnitz is dateless.
[4] Pöllnitz (abridged), ii. 540.

27th April 1740.

against that kind of accident); but he still hesitated and refused; unable to look into it himself, and fearing deceptions.

For the rest, he is struggling between death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief Preacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanour at this supreme time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world,—which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel-off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King "never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honoured the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?" To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. "Did I behave ill, then; did I ever do injustice?" Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhut the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. "He had no trial; but was there any doubt *he* had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!" Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savouring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

"Well,—is there anything more? Out with it, then; better now than too late!"—Much oppression, forcing men to build in Berlin.—"Oppression? was it not their benefit, as well as Berlin's and the Country's? I had no interest in it other. Derschau, you who managed it?" and his Majesty turned to Derschau. For all the smoking generals and company are still here; nor will his Majesty consent to dismiss them from the presence and be alone with Roloff: "What is there to conceal? They are people of honour, and my friends." Derschau, whose feats in the building way are not unknown even to us, answers

with a hard face, It was all right and orderly ; nothing out of square in his building operations. To which Roloff shakes his head : "A thing of public notoriety, Herr General."—"I will prove everything before a Court," answers the Herr General with still harder face ; Roloff still austerely shaking his head. Hm !—And then there is forgiveness of enemies ; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven ? "Well, I will, I do ; you Feekin, write to your Brother (unforgiveablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him."—Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff.—"No, after I am dead," persists the Son of Nature,—that will be safer ![5] An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity ; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, "You (*Er*, He) do not spare me ; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man."[6]

Roloff, I perceive, had several Dialogues with the King ; and stayed in Potsdam some days for that object. The above bit of jotting is from the Seckendorf Papers (probably picked up by Seckendorf Junior), and is dated only 'May.' Of the two Potsdam Preachers, one of whom is 'Oesfeld, Chaplain of the Giant Grenadiers,' and the other is 'Cochius, Calvinist Hofprediger,' each published on his own score some Notes of dialogue and circumstance ;[7] which are to the same effect, so far as they concern us ; and exhibit the same rugged Son of Nature, looking with all his eyesight into the near Eternity, and sinking in a human and not inhuman manner amid the floods of Time. 'Wa, wa, what great God is this, that pulls 'down the strength of the strongest Kings !'—

The poor King's state is very restless, fluctuates from day to day ; he is impatient of bed ; sleeps very ill ; is up whenever

[5] Wrote accordingly, 'not able to finish without many tears:' honest sensible Letter (though indifferently spelt), 'Berlin, 1st June 1740;'—lies now in State-Paper Office: '*Royal Letters*, vol. xciv., Prussia, 1689-1777.'

[6] *Notata ex ore Roloffi* ('found among the Seckendorf Papers,' no date but 'May 1740'), in Förster, ii. 154, 155 ; in a fragmentary state : completed in Pöllnitz, ii. 545-549.

[7] Cochius the *Hofprediger's* (Calvinist Court-Chaplain's) *Account* of his Interviews (first of them 'Friday 27th May 1740, about 9 P.M.') ; followed by ditto from Oesfeld (Chaplain of the Giants), who usually accompanied Cochius,—are in Seyfarth, *Geschichte Friedrich des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1783-1788), i. (Beylage) 24-40. Seyfarth was "Regiments-Auditor" in Halle : his Work, solid though stupid, consists nearly altogether of multifarious *Beylagen* (Appendices) and *Notes ;* which are creditably accurate, and often curious ; and, as usual, have no Index for an unfortunate reader.

26th May 1740.

possible; rolls about in his wheeled chair, and even gets into the air: at one time looking strong, as if there were still months in him, and anon sunk in fainting weakness, as if he had few minutes to live. Friedrich at Reinsberg corresponds very secretly with Dr. Eller; has other friends at Potsdam whose secret news he very anxiously reads. To the last he cannot bring himself to think it serious.[8]

On Thursday 26th of May, an express from Eller, or the Potsdam friends, arrives at Reinsberg: He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive! The step may have danger, too; but Friedrich, a world of feelings urging him, is on the road next morning before the sun. His journey may be fancied; the like of it falls to all men. Arriving at last, turning hastily a corner of the Potsdam Schloss, Friedrich sees some gathering in the distance: it is his Father in his *rollwagen* (wheeled-chair),—not dying; but out of doors, giving orders about founding a House, or seeing it done. House for one Philips, a crabbed Englishman he has; whose tongue is none of the best, not even to Majesty itself, but whose merits as a Groom, of English and other Horses, are without parallel in those parts. Without parallel, and deserve a House before we die. Let us see it set agoing, this blessed May-day! Of Philips, who survived deep into Friedrich's time, and uttered rough sayings (in mixed intelligible dialect) when put upon in his grooming, or otherwise disturbed, I could obtain no farther account: the man did not care to be put in History (a very small service to a man); cared to have a house with trim fittings, and to do his grooming well, the fortunate Philips.

At sight of his Son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! It was a scene to make all bystanders and even Philips weep.—Probably the emotion hurt the old King; he had to be taken in again straightway, his show of strength suddenly gone, and bed the only place for him. This same Friday he dictated to one of his Ministers (Boden, who was in close attendance) the Instruction for his Funeral; a rude characteristic Piece, which perhaps the English reader knows. Too long and rude for reprinting here.[9]

[8] Letter to Eller, 25th May 1740 (*Œuvres*, xvi. 184).

[9] Copy of it, in Seyfarth (ubi suprà), i. 19-24. Translated in Mauvillon (ii. 432-437); in &c. &c.

He is to be buried in his uniform, the Potsdam Grenadiers his escort; with military decorum, three volleys fired (and take care they be well fired, '*nicht plackeren*'), so many cannon salvos;—and no fuss or flaunting ceremony: simplicity and decency is what the tenant of that oak coffin wants, as he always did when owner of wider dominions. The coffin, which he has ready and beside him in the Palace this good while, is a stout piece of carpentry, with leather straps and other improvements; he views it from time to time; solaces his truculent imagination with the look of it: "I shall sleep right well *there*," he would say. The image he has of his Burial, we perceive, is of perfect visuality, equal to what a Defoe could do in imagining. All is seen, settled to the last minuteness: the coffin is to be borne out by so and so, at such and such a door; this detachment is to fall-in here, that there, in the attitude of 'cover arms' (musket inverted under left arm); and the band is to play, with all its blackamoors, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (O Head, all bleeding wounded); a Dirge his Majesty had liked, who knew music, and had a love for it, after his sort. Good Son of Nature: a dumb Poet, as I say always; most dumb, but real; the value of him great, and unknown in these babbling times. It was on this same Friday night that Cochius was first sent for; Cochius, and Oesfeld with him, 'about nine o'clock.'

For the next three days (Saturday to Monday) when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while: "Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!" And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent; endeavoured to talk a little, could at least smoke, and look friendly; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his Successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished, Monday night), why not abdicate altogether; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

31st May 1740.

His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes, "Pray for me; *Betet, betet.*" And more than once, in deep tone: "Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified!" The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it), which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words, 'Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go,'—"No," said he, 'always with vivacity,' at this passage; "not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on:" Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again. 'The late Graf Alexander von Wartenberg,'—Captain Wartenberg, whom we know, and whose opportunities,—'was wont to relate this.'[10]

Tuesday 31st May, 'about one in the morning,' Cochius was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. "I can remember nothing," said the King; "I cannot pray, I have forgotten all my prayers."—"Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart," said Cochius; and soothed the heavy-laden man as he could. "Fare you well," said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; "most likely we shall not meet again in this world." Whereat Cochius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well: "Poor little Ferdinand, adieu, then, my little child!" This is the Father of that fine Louis Ferdinand, who was killed at Jena; concerning whom Berlin, in certain emancipated circles of it, still speaks with regret. He, the Louis Ferdinand, had fine qualities; but went far a-roving, into radicalism, into romantic love, into champagne; and was cut-down on the threshold of Jena, desperately fighting,—perhaps happily for him.

From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. "Feekin, O my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!" The good

[10] Büsching (in 1786), *Beyträge*, iv. 100.

Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate; and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling-on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled-chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: '"It is over (*Das ist vollbracht*)," said 'the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his 'nightcap, and a blue mantle thrown round him.' He was wheeled into his anteroom; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you old Fürst of Anhalt Dessau my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke faithfulest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb-show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: "You have chosen the very worst," said Friedrich Wilhelm: "Take that other, I will warrant him a good one!" The grim Old Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. "Nay, nay, my friend," Friedrich Wilhelm said, "this is a debt we have all to pay."

The Official people, Queen, Friedrich, Minister Boden, Minister Podewils, and even Pöllnitz, being now all present, Friedrich Wilhelm makes his Declaration, at considerable length; old General Bredow repeating it aloud,[11] sentence by sentence, the King's own voice being too weak; so that all may hear: "That he abdicates, gives up wholly, in favour of his good Son Friedrich; that foreign Ambassadors are to be informed; that you are all to be true and loyal to my Son as you were to me"—and what else is needful. To which the judicious Podewils makes answer, "That there must first be a written Deed of this high Transaction executed, which shall be straightway set about; the Deed once executed, signed and sealed,—the high Royal will, in all points, takes effect." Alas, before Podewils has done speaking, the King is like falling into a faint; does faint, and is carried to bed: too unlikely any Deed of Abdication will be needed.

[11] Pöllnitz, ii. 561.

31st May 1740.

Ups and downs there still were; sore fluctuating labour, as the poor King struggles to his final rest, this morning. He was at the window again, when the *Wacht-parade* (Grenadiers on Guard) turned out; he saw them make their evolutions for the last time.[12] After which, new relapse, new fluctuation. It was about eleven o'clock, when Cochius was again sent for. The King lay speechless, seemingly still conscious, in bed; Cochius prays with fervour, in a loud tone, that the dying King may hear and join. "Not so loud!" says the King, rallying a little. He had remembered that it was the season when his servants got their new liveries; they had been ordered to appear this day in full new costume: "O vanity! O vanity!" said Friedrich Wilhelm, at sight of the ornamented plush. "Pray for me, pray for me; my trust is in the Saviour!" he often said. His pains, his weakness are great; the cordage of a most tough heart rending itself piece by piece. At one time, he called for a mirror: that is certain:—rugged wild man, son of Nature to the last. The mirror was brought; what he said at sight of his face is variously reported: "Not so worn out as I thought," is Pöllnitz's account, and the likeliest;—though perhaps he said several things, "ugly face," "as good as dead already;" and continued the inspection for some moments.[13] A grim, strange thing.

"Feel my pulse, Pitsch," said he, noticing the Surgeon of his Giants: "tell me how long this will last."—"Alas, not long," answered Pitsch.—"Say not, alas; but how do you (He) know?"—"The pulse is gone!"—"Impossible," said he, lifting his arm: "how could I move my fingers so, if the pulse were gone?" Pitsch looked mournfully steadfast. "Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; in life and in death thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*)." These were the last words Friedrich Wilhelm spoke in this world. He again fell into a faint. Eller gave a signal to the Crown-Prince to take the Queen away. Scarcely were they out of the room, when the faint had deepened into death; and Friedrich Wilhelm, at rest from all his labours, slept with the primeval sons of Thor.

No Baresark of them, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff;—I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic,

[12] Pauli, viii. 280. [13] Pöllnitz, ii. 564; Wilhelmina, ii. 321.

Papin's-Digester, Truculent-Charlatan and other species of "Kings," alone attainable for the sunk flunky populations of an Era given up to Mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm, to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? 'Would give,' I have written; but alas, it ought to have been '*should* give.' What *they* 'would' give is too mournfully plain to me, in spite of ballotboxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downwards and upwards!—Tuesday 31st May 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died; age fifty-two, coming 15th August next. Same day, Friedrich his Son was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet and the like, doing what is customary on such occasions.

On Saturday 4th June, the King's body is laid out in state; all Potsdam at liberty to come and see. He lies there, in his regimentals, in his oaken coffin, on a raised place in the middle of the room; decent mortuary draperies, lamps, garlands, banderols furnishing the room and him: at his feet, on a black-velvet *tabouret* (stool), are the chivalry emblems, helmet, gauntlets, spurs; and on similar stools, at the right hand and the left, lie his military insignia, hat and sash, sword, guidon, and what else is fit. Around, in silence, sit nine veteran military dignitaries; Buddenbrock, Waldau, Derschau, Einsiedel, and five others whom we omit to name. Silent they sit. A grim earnest sight in the shine of the lamplight, as you pass out of the June sun. Many went, all day; looked once again on the face that was to vanish. Precisely at ten at night, the coffin-lid is screwed down: Twelve Potsdam Captains take the coffin on their shoulders; Four-and-twenty Corporals with wax torches, Four-and-twenty Sergeants with inverted halberts lowered; certain Generals on order, and very many following as volunteers; these perform the actual burial,—carry the body to the Garrison Church, where are clergy waiting, which is but a small step off; see it lodged, oak coffin and all, in a marble coffin in the side vault there, which is known to Tourists.[14] It is the end of the week, and the actual burial is done,—hastened forward for reasons we can guess.

Filial piety by no means intends to defraud a loved Father

[14] Pauli, viii. 281.

of the Spartan ceremonial contemplated as obsequies by him: very far from it. Filial piety will conform to that with rigour; only adding what musical and other splendours are possible, to testify his love still more. And so, almost three weeks hence, on the 23d of the month, with the aid of Dresden Artists, of Latin Cantatas, and other pomps (not inexcusable, though somewhat out of keeping), the due Funeral is done, no Corpse but a Wax Effigy present in it;—and in all points, that of the Potsdam Grenadiers not forgotten, there was rigorous conformity to the Instruction left. In all points, even to the extensive funeral dinner, and drinking of the appointed cask of wine, 'the best cask in my cellar.' Adieu, O King.

The Potsdam Grenadiers fired their three volleys (not '*plackering*,' as I have reason to believe, but well); got their allowance, dinner-liquor, and appointed coin of money: it was the last service required of them in this world. That same night they were dissolved, the whole Four Thousand of them, at a stroke; and ceased to exist as Potsdam Grenadiers. Colonels, Captains, all the Officers known to be of merit, were advanced, at least transferred. Of the common men, a minority, of not inhuman height and of worth otherwise, were formed into a new Regiment on the common terms: the stupid splay-footed eight-feet mass were allowed to stalk off whither they pleased, or vegetate on frugal pensions; Irish Kirkman, and a few others neither knock-kneed nor without head, were appointed *heyducs*, that is, porters to the King's or other Palaces; and did that duty in what was considered an ornamental manner.

Here are still two things capable of being fished-up from the sea of nugatory matter; and meditated on by readers, till the following Books open.

The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears; looking back through the gulfs of the Past, upon such a Father now rapt away forever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory, —the lost Loved One all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong!—This, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his Father, written with a loyal admiration throughout: 'We have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great

'Prince: readers must have some indulgence for the faults of 'the Children, in consideration of the virtues of such a Fa-'ther.'[15] All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

In a little while the Old Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau, ventures in to the Crown-Prince, Crown-Prince no longer; 'embraces his knees;' offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation;—hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old Dessauer, "will have the same authority as in the late reign." Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash-out tearless, strangely Olympian. "In "your posts I have no thought of making change: in your "posts, yes;—and as to authority, I know of none there can "be but what resides in the King that is sovereign!". Which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old Dessauer; and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin; met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping. Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, 'half-dressed, with dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself.' "These huzzahings only tell me what I have lost!" said the new King.—"*He* was in great suffering," suggested Pöllnitz; "he is now at rest." "True, he suffered; but he was here with us: and now—!"[16]

[15] *Œuvres*, i. 174 (*Mém. de Brandebourg:* finished about 1747).
[16] Ranke (ii. 46, 47), from certain Fragments, still in manuscript, of Pöllnitz's *Memoiren*.

END OF VOL. III.

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